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The life of Mrs. Mary D.

James











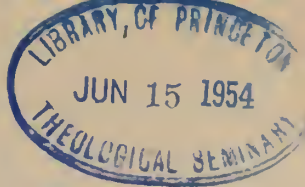




Millie Jeffries



*Mary D. James.*



THE LIFE  
OF  
MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

BY HER SON,

Joseph H. James

INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

"All for Jesus."

*--Motto of Mrs. James.*

NEW YORK :  
PALMER & HUGHES,  
62 AND 64 BIBLE HOUSE.

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Press of J. J. Little & Co.  
Astor Place, New York

## INTRODUCTION.

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To write an introduction to a biography is a task from which most persons of discrimination shrink. The space is too limited for a portraiture; descanting upon the uses of biography is superfluous, because trite. Often the biographer, whose work is introduced, has fallen into an excess of eulogy, distasteful to him who is placed in the attitude of indorsing the work. Occasionally the defect is at the other extreme; a coldness pervades the pages, where life and warmth are required in justice to the character portrayed.

In the present instance I feel no such shrinking. A life-long acquaintance with the subject of this memoir and with her son, its author, removes all the difficulties. That there is no possibility of excess of eulogy so far as the moral elements of the character of Mary D. James are concerned, I believe firmly. That coldness is impossible, when a son writes of such a mother, I am as well assured as that when the subject is allowed to speak through her epistolary and other writings a genial warmth will be diffused. It will not be easy to treat with equal delicacy and fullness her intellectual traits or personal manners; for these blended with remarkable spirituality so as to make a picture of unchanging simplicity and beauty. These words are written in the confidence that none of the thousands in the Middle States and in New England who had come under her influence will think the picture overdrawn.

The *Christian Advocate* for October 18, 1883, spoke of Mary D. James, editorially, thus: "Her life during the greater part of her more than seventy years was 'hid with Christ in God.' Spirituality was her normal state; her soul was ever wrapt in divine contemplations, and her 'words, fitly chosen,' expressed her elevated experience so as to suggest the scriptural figure of 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Who that ever saw her can forget her pale face, her speaking eyes, her winning smile? The writer was accustomed to hear her in his childhood in the Sabbath-school, the prayer-meeting, and in private conversation. 'Salvation dwelt upon her tongue;' none could pronounce the word more sweetly."

The *Christian Advocate* also said: "She is worthy to be mentioned with Lady Huntingdon, Lady Maxwell, Mrs. Fleteher, or any of those women who stand as types of saintly piety combined with feminine delicacy and native refinement. Without censoriousness, and full of love for the young, her presence was a benediction to all whom she met. Mrs. James was an humble and unobtrusive professor of 'the higher life.' Where she moved none doubted that there is a state so superior to that in which most Christians live as to be worthy of St. Paul's description, 'a more excellent way.' Her death was the exhalation of a spirit prepared to see God."

After the lapse of three years, in which I have had ample time to reflect upon these words, to consider whether they are extravagant, whether early influences created a prepossession which invested her character with that ethereal purity which has in it more of the ideal than of the real, or whether there were not defects of sufficient magnitude to shade the picture, the closest

analysis of which I am capable leaves the settled conviction that her graces were more numerous and fully developed and her defects and infirmities fewer and less important than are often found in this imperfect state.

Not until we enter those realms from which human imperfection is forever excluded shall we find many, if any, to whom can be applied with less reserve St. John's inspired description, "the elect lady."

Whoever shall read this book needs a warning, not to remember the partiality of biographers, but the inadequacy of any biography to attain the height necessary to command a full vision of a character whose chief excellence, by which all other gifts and graces were irradiated, was constant communion with God.

J. M. BUCKLEY.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE OFFICE, EDITORIAL ROOMS,  
805 Broadway, New York, *November 20, 1886.*





## P R E F A C E .

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ABUNDANT materials for a biography of Mrs. James were furnished by her own pen. The little volume, *Mary ; or, The Young Christian*, the series of articles entitled *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*, multiplied contributions, in prose and verse, to various periodicals, about fifteen hundred private letters, and almost innumerable pages of diaries and memoranda have been examined in the preparation of the work. To select from such a mass of matter that adapted to the purpose and arrange it as here presented was no small task. This work, delightful in itself, but occupying so many hours, has been performed in such fragments of time as could be secured without neglecting the duties of an exacting pastorate. This explains the delay in the appearance of the book, which has been regretted by no one so much as myself. This may also account in part for faults of style and for the fragmentary character of the book itself, though it was believed that its purpose would be better served by the separate presentation of different phases of the life and work under consideration than by attempting a connected narrative.

The many kind friends who, by contributions or the loan of letters for use in these pages, or by counsels, suggestions, prayers, or expressions of interest, have aided in the labor will please accept my heartfelt thanks.

Quotations are in type smaller than that of the body

of the book, quotation marks being omitted so far as practicable. Of the extracts the source of which is not stated, those in the third person are from *The Young Christian, or Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*; those in the first person are from letters to the immediate family of Mrs. James. Her own language is introduced so largely because it was believed that no other would be so satisfactory to the reader. In many cases quotations have been condensed, by the omission of words, and even whole sentences, care being used not to change the meaning. Those familiar with the fervid style of this writer will miss the marks of emphasis with which the earnest pen sought to arrest the eye, as did the moving voice the ear, but the thought and the glow remain. The charm of her utterances was in the aroma of heaven. This came through the devotional spirit in which she always spoke and wrote. It will not be lost by those who read in the same spirit.

In requesting her friend to preach at her funeral, she whose history is here recorded said: "Please don't exalt me, but exalt Christ. I am of no account; let Christ be all in all." This injunction has been constantly in the mind of her biographer. The record is designed to show, by the history of one, what Jesus will do for all who will fully place themselves in His hands.

And now this tribute of grateful love for one of the best of mothers is laid at the feet of Him to whom was given the life it so imperfectly portrays. He accepted the life and filled it with beauty and usefulness. May He make the record a blessing to every reader and so perpetuate that usefulness.

JOSEPH H. JAMES.

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# THE LIFE OF MRS. JAMES.

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## PART FIRST.

### THE CONSECRATED MAIDEN.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE BEGINNING.

EARLY in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, witnessed an occurrence which has passed into history. General George Washington, who had just been chosen first President of the new Republic, was on his way to New York city for the inauguration ceremonies. His whole journey was a triumphal march, but nowhere was he treated with more cordiality than in Trenton, the scene of the first decisive victory of the little American Army, twelve years before. Young ladies from leading families strewed his path with flowers, and all classes delighted to do him honor.

On the day before the arrival of the distinguished visitor the place was thronged with people, eager to see

the right way of the Lord. . . . She considered the Word of God as infinitely important, and in reading the sacred volume her heart was often much affected, and she earnestly desired to comprehend the meaning of every word.

So strong was the hold of religious sentiment upon this little child that "when, through the volatility of her disposition, and the example of her young companions, she was led into trifling or rude behavior, she felt great remorse of conscience, and wept and prayed for hours together, fearing she had offended God." She even shunned her young friends, "resolved to engage no more in their plays and amusements, and rejected their invitations to join them in their little parties, lest she should bring condemnation to her soul by incurring the divine displeasure."

It might be expected that one so carefully taught in the principles of religion, so sensitive to good impressions, and, from her earliest infancy, so conscientious in her conduct, would enter upon a Christian experience and life without passing through any strongly marked crisis of conversion. This, however, was far from being true in the case of Mary Yard.

A Methodist church had been built just across the street from the home of the family. In the services at this little "Bethesda," as it was called, some of the family had become deeply interested. Edmund,\* one of the older brothers, had found Christ and united with this church, and the mother and several of the brothers were frequent attendants there. Soon after Mary had passed her tenth birthday this church was visited with a re-

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\* The account of his experience may be found in *The Soul Winner*, a memoir of Edmund J. Yard, by his sister, Mrs. Mary D. James, published at the Methodist Book Concern, N. Y.

vival of religion, under the labors of the Rev. Solomon Sharp. In the special revival meetings the child became deeply interested.

One Sabbath evening, as she was preparing to go to the sanctuary of the Lord, her mother said to her, "Mary, there are so many getting religion now, I think it is high time for you to begin in earnest to seek it." These words affected Mary's heart much, and she that moment resolved to seek more earnestly the salvation of her soul, and to rest not until she felt that she was accepted of God through the Beloved. The sermon that evening was deeply impressive and powerful; every word seemed as if spoken to her own heart, and she was ready, even before an invitation was given, to prostrate herself at the altar as an humble suppliant, where she hoped, through the intercessions of the people of God, her sins would be canceled by the all-atoning blood.

When the invitation was given, however, the place designated for penitents was speedily filled and the child sat still in her place, her heart deeply stirred, and the tears streaming from her eyes.

Seeing her emotion, a member of the church, approaching her, said, "My little girl, are you seeking Jesus?" She replied, "Yes, sir, I do want a new heart." "Well," said he, "Jesus will give it to you, my dear. Would you like to go to the altar?" "Yes, sir," she answered, "but there is no room for me." "Why, bless your little heart, you shall go there if you want to go," said the kind brother, and, taking her up in his arms, he carried her through the crowd and placed her at the altar. She continued in fervent prayer till a late hour in the night, but, without obtaining the desire of her heart, left the spot and went weeping home. Retiring to her chamber, she spent most of the night in sleepless anxiety and fervent prayer.

Encouraged by her mother, who rejoiced that her little Mary had thus early chosen the good part, she continued earnestly seeking the assurance of God's favor.

On the following Tuesday evening, February 18, 1821, at a prayer-meeting, Mary obtained the glorious prize for which she had been seeking "three days sorrowing," namely, the remission of her sins, justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, whereby she was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

One of the marked features of the progress of the Christian Church has been its recognition of the fact that little children may be the subjects of divine grace. Sixty years ago the conversion of a child was a very rare occurrence, and few had come to believe it possible that a little girl of ten years could have a genuine Christian experience. Mrs. Yard was ready to believe that her "child of many prayers" had indeed accepted Christ, but the heart of the little convert was deeply pained, a few days after this experience, to hear her venerable grandmother say to her mother :

"I have heard something which very much surprises me. It is that little Mary has made a profession of religion. And I am the more astonished that you encourage her in it, for I am sure there can be nothing real or lasting in it. I suppose her childish feelings have been wrought up to a high state of excitement at those noisy meetings, and she was persuaded that she had religion. But who could think that a child of her age could know what true religion is? No, no; there is nothing in it. She will soon show that there is no heart work about it."

The child's high estimate of the wisdom of her grandmother and of her knowledge in spiritual things as well, for the old lady was an honored member of the Baptist Church, caused these words to come to her young heart with cruel power. At first it seemed to her that the grandmother must be right and she had been deceived. Doubtless Satan strove to strengthen this conviction. Happy would it be if all tempted ones would take the course that Mary took.

She ran up-stairs, and with streaming eyes looked up to heaven and besought the Lord that He would, for the sake of Jesus Christ, enlighten her mind and show her, by the direct influence of His Spirit, if she were His child. She had scarcely knelt before such a flood of divine light and love and joy was poured into her heart that she was quite overwhelmed, and for some time was scarcely conscious that she was on earth.

“The Omnipotent Himself drew nigh  
And sealed the gift Himself had given.”

He spoke to her heart the joyful words, “It is I, be not afraid! Thou art indeed My child; and now be strong! Fear not; though earth and hell thy way oppose, I am with thee to defend and preserve thee. Cleave to Me, and thou shalt be secure.” Now, indeed, her joy was full, for she felt that she was owned and blessed of God. She could no more doubt the genuineness of her conversion than her natural existence.

The influence of this revelation of God to the soul of little Mary never left her. She was made to realize that all about her were snares and perils, but she was safe while her trust was in the Savior. Often has the writer heard her allude to that experience, and she would always add that, not very long after, she had the satisfaction of hearing her grandmother say to her mother:

“After all, I do think that child has been converted. I have been watching her closely, and see a great change in her spirit and life.”

One effect of this trial and victory may have been to make the little convert more careful, watchful, and prayerful. At any rate, she seems thus early in her Christian life to have formed the habit of very often lifting her heart to God in such a prayer as: “O keep me faithful! O help me every moment to cleave to Thee, and enable me to resist every temptation.” Her heart was continually in a frame of devotion, unwaveringly fixed on

things above, and ever aspiring to the Source of all her joys.

What a grand beginning of life! Consecrated to God from her birth by a praying mother, from her earliest infancy carefully taught the good and right way, clearly and happily converted at a little more than ten years of age, and entering upon a Christian life with a deep sense of her need of constant help from Heaven, and with a habit of praying almost literally "without ceasing." And these words describe her life for more than sixty years. Is it too much to say that that life was "ALL FOR JESUS"?

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CHILD AT WORK.

ABOUT the time of the conversion of her daughter, Mrs. Yard's religious experience became more satisfactory, and she had become so attached to the little band of Methodists worshipping at the "Bethesda" that she desired to unite with them. If her husband was not a very ardent Quaker, he was strong in his prejudices against some other sects, and particularly the Methodists. When Mrs. Yard had spoken to him of her wish to join this society, he had, in no equivocal terms, expressed his opposition to such a course on her part. Now that their daughter, always the pet of her father, had found Christ, the child very earnestly desired to unite with the people of God. She knew the difficulty that might be in her way. Let her tell us how it was met.

She spoke to her mother in reference to joining the church, and her reply was: "I am quite willing for you to do so, but your father will not consent." Her daughter said: "I think God will make father willing. I'll pray that He will." Earnestly did she ask God to influence her father's heart. Strong in the faith that her prayer would be answered, she approached him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, said: "Father, won't you please to let me join the Methodist Church?" He seemed surprised, and said: "Why do you want to join the church?" She replied: "Because I want to go to heaven, and I think it will help me to get there." He was silent for some minutes, and his little daughter was praying, "Lord, make him willing!" Looking into his face she saw tears flowing from his eyes, and, tenderly kissing her, he replied: "My dear, if

it will do you any good, I am willing you should connect yourself with the church of your choice." After Mary had obtained his consent for her to join the church, she asked for the same privilege to be granted to her mother. Without hesitation it was given, and mother and daughter from that time joyfully worshiped with the devoted band of Christians whom they so much loved.

Her relation to the church, which was only severed by death, was, in those early days, greatly helpful to the child Christian. Of some of the ways in which she was benefited by her relation to that little band she thus writes :

There were some of God's faithful ones who took the feeble child by the hand and helped her onward. One of them, an aged class-leader, always had a loving smile and a kind word for her. Placing his hand upon her head he would lift his eyes heavenward, saying, "God bless the dear child! Mary hath chosen that good part which shall never be taken away from her." That little heart was strengthened, and she went on her way rejoicing, after such a benediction. Several others of the leading members of the church soon became interested in the young Christian, and often spoke encouraging words to her.

Is there not a suggestion for many just here? It is not unusual in a time of special interest for Christians to labor to bring souls to Christ, but how many take the same pains to *build them up* in the faith of the Gospel? To the writer it has been one of his saddest experiences in the Christian ministry to see how generally church-members seem to leave young converts to get along as they can, with rarely a word of cheer or help, and almost never a kind inquiry after their spiritual welfare. In many a case such a word at the right moment might have saved one from backsliding and given a new, strong impulse in the heavenward way. Doubtless those words



in season to little Mary had much to do with the rapid progress she made from the very beginning of her course.

To this child, as to tens of thousands, the class-meeting proved helpful.

Her class-leader took special pains in giving her faithful instructions and watching over her in love. The class-room was the gate of heaven to her soul, and she always looked forward to its sacred privileges with delight, not allowing any engagement to interfere with the duty of attending class.

The prayer-meeting, too, had strong attractions, and afforded great encouragement and strength in her upward journey. It seemed strange that a child so young should be called upon to lead in prayer, yet Mary was often asked to do so in the small social prayer-meetings. To this her mother felt an objection which she expressed. It appeared to her wrong to lay so heavy a burden on one so weak. . . . In consequence of her mother's objection the child thought, at first, that she might be excused ; but, on making it a subject of prayer, felt that it was her duty to pray when called upon, and stating this conviction to her mother, the latter allowed the child to act according to her sense of duty. In attempting to lead in prayer, or to speak as a witness for Jesus, she would tremble from timidity and conscious weakness, but, remembering the promises of help from above, she would look to the Strong for strength, and always felt that she had divine aid, and that she gained an increase of grace every time she lifted the cross.

The little heart so overflowed with joy and so yearned that others might share this joy that Mary could not be content with working in the ordinary lines. She soon began to speak personally with her schoolmates and other children, telling them, in her simple, child-like way, of the joy she found in the love of Jesus, and inviting them, often with tears and earnest entreaties, to begin at once to seek God. Nor were these efforts in vain. Mary had the satisfaction of seeing some of her associates start with

her heavenward. With such she loved to talk of their religious experiences. Sometimes she held little prayer-meetings with these children, and they were seasons of refreshing to them as well as to the young leader.

An incident of those early school-days is thus narrated :

One day the teacher, having occasion to be absent from the school for an hour, left Mary as "monitor." Following the teacher to the door, she asked permission to talk with the girls on the interests of their souls and have prayer with them. No objection being made, she spoke to them of the importance of giving their hearts to Christ, telling them of her own happiness in His service. At first, some of them laughed and ridiculed her earnest appeal, but soon their levity gave place to tears. Then she asked if she should pray for them. All knelt as she poured out her soul in prayer, while sobs and groans were heard from many contrite ones. The teacher, returning, found them still bowed in prayer, and rejoiced to find that the hour had been so well spent. Several souls were added to the circle of little Christians as the result of that hour of prayer.

One method of working for the Master Mary loved was unique. It was to use the time allotted for "recess" in talking with or writing little letters to her young friends. If such a course interfered with the physical advantages to be secured by play-spells in the midst of study hours, and therefore is not to be commended for imitation to children of to-day, it proved in this case to have been acceptable to God, who was pleased to bless this kind of effort to win souls.

One day, while sitting at her desk writing a note, her teacher came to her and said : "Mary, why don't you go out with the rest and enjoy the recess?" She replied : "I don't desire to play ; I prefer to spend the time in writing." He said : "Won't you let me see what you have been writing?" She replied : "It is not fit for you to read—it is only a little note to one of the girls." He urged her to allow him to read it, and she consented. As he read

the earnest invitation to her young friend to come and taste with her the joys of salvation, tears flowed from his eyes. He took the hand of his little pupil, and pressing it to his lips, he said : " My dear Mary, won't you teach me how to come to Jesus ?" Astonished that her teacher should make such a request, she replied : " O sir, I am too young to teach a gentleman like you." " No," he said, " you are not too young. I am sorry to say I am ignorant of the way of salvation, but you know it and can teach me. Tell me how you found Jesus ?" Then, lifting her heart in prayer for divine aid, she commenced to tell the blessed story. Listening with deepest interest until the time came for the children to come in, he said : " I will hear the rest another time."

Soon after, the opportunity was found to resume the conversation. It brought from the teacher an earnest request for prayers in his behalf, with the promise that he would seek with all his heart " the pearl of great price." It was not long before the delighted scholar could call her teacher " brother in Christ." He became a member, and was for many years an elder, in a Presbyterian church in Trenton. The Christian friendship then commenced continued until the teacher passed away from earth.

If the young student's notions in regard to engaging with her schoolmates in their games and recreations were extreme, and tended to prevent physical development, their influence in helping her to resist the temptations of youth was salutary. She was careful, however, not to let religious exercises interfere with her school duties. Indeed, she sought and obtained help in study from her Best Friend, and thus early learned that Jesus is interested in every matter that concerns one who is trying to serve Him. Her experiences of this kind were often alluded to in urging boys and girls to form right habits at the beginning of life.

## CHAPTER III.

### LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.

Not many months after Mary Yard was received to church fellowship, the Rev. Solomon Sharp, who had been her pastor, was removed, in accordance with the usages of his denomination, to another field of labor. The spirit of the true shepherd of souls, which prompted him to careful watch over this lamb of the fold, moved him to say to his successor, "Take good care of little Mary." It would have been hard to find one better adapted to such a work than the Rev. Joseph Lybrand, who now entered upon the pastorate of the Trenton church.

Immediately on his arrival, he inquired after the little one that had been committed to his care. He met her with a most cordial greeting. His heavenly countenance and benignant smile made her think of Jesus. . . . But few days passed during his pastorate without his seeing her. To his counsels, instructions, and prayers she was indebted under God for her rapid growth in grace in that early period of her Christian life, and the blessed results through all the subsequent years. Indeed, she always spoke of Mr. Lybrand as "the chief instrument in her salvation."

So clearly did he present the privilege and duty of believers to be cleansed from all sin, to walk in the constant light of the Redeemer's countenance, and have the testimony that they please God; and so plain, so scriptural, were his arguments and so full of the Holy Ghost his appeals, that the church could not fail to see the divine requirement and feel the hallowed power of gospel truth. Speaking from the fullness of his own heart in its rich

experience of the great salvation, his seraphic countenance showing the blessedness of the indwelling Holy Spirit, he drew many hearts to a closer walk with Jesus, and raised the church to a much more elevated experience.

To these glowing presentations of the glorious things of the kingdom of God, little Mary listened with deep and increasing interest. From the beginning of her Christian experience it had been her strongest desire to be a decided, devoted follower of Jesus and to enjoy all that was her privilege. Feeling sometimes the risings of evil in her heart, though kept by grace from yielding to its power, she longed intensely to be entirely free in Christ, and to have all the powers of her being under the complete control of His love.

Had the richest jewels of earth been placed before her in profusion, she would not have grasped them with the eagerness which she manifested in claiming the pearl of perfect love. So sweet to her heart had been her experience thus far in the Christian life, that the prospect of greater enjoyments, in close intimacy with Jesus, absorbed her whole soul, and she reached forward to grasp the priceless treasure.

The spirit in which Mary Yard pursued the higher experiences of grace is described in a letter written February 22, 1840, to her life-long friend, Miss Anna R. Rogers, of Medford, N. J., now Mrs. Dr. Harlow, of Philadelphia. Of this grace she says :

I obtained it by making a full and unreserved surrender of myself to God, resolving to live henceforth not unto myself, but "unto Him who died for me and rose again," to "crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts," to be "not conformed to this world," but to be "transformed by the renewing of my mind," to "reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

She writes in her diary :

*January 8, 1823.*—This day my soul pants after God "as the hart panteth after the water-brook." I thirst for full redemption

in the blood of the Lamb. O Jesus! give me power to lay hold of Thy promises by faith! I cannot rest till I am wholly sanctified. Satan tells me that I must not expect the blessing yet; that I must fast and pray more and struggle longer, but Jesus tells me now, now is the time. That I must look to Him and to Him only, not so much to the means; that it is through His merits alone that I am to receive the blessing.

In this spirit of complete consecration, intense desire, and appropriating faith, Mary Yard attended a prayer-meeting. During its progress she was requested to lead in prayer and "was strongly tempted to refuse." In the account above quoted, she says:

As the leader of the meeting said the second time, "Pray, sister Mary, God will help you," she looked up to Jesus, casting herself upon Him, and began her supplication. Having uttered only a sentence or two, her spirit was caught up into the Infinite Presence, and for more than an hour she was talking with Jesus face to face, unconscious of all earthly things. Her body was prostrated as if lifeless. It was during that memorable hour that the all-cleansing blood was applied and her heart was made pure.

Two days later than the above entry, her diary contains the following:

Glory to God in the highest! He has heard and answered my prayers, and this night my soul rejoices in that perfect love which casteth out fear. Oh, how happy I am! Where shall I begin to praise my Savior for His goodness to me? He has brought me to enjoy so much of His love even while in my childhood. Oh, may I grow up to be a pattern of piety and a pillar in the Church of God, and when I leave this world, go to the realms above, where I shall have nothing to do but to love and serve my God forever! It is now more than a year since I enlisted under the banner of Jesus, and He has kept me by His power until this time. I have had many temptations and trials, and sometimes have not lived as near to God as I ought to have done, but, blessed be His dear name, He has upheld me by His gracious hand, and I am at this

moment a witness that His precious blood cleanseth from all sin. O praise the Lord for what I feel in my soul! I would not exchange it for ten thousand such worlds as this.

Lest some reader should misapprehend the meaning of these statements, an explanation may be in place just here. Mary Yard never professed to be "sinless," or "holy," or "perfect." If she ever applied either of these terms to herself, her son, whose memory recalls more than forty years of her life and innumerable allusions with tongue and pen to her Christian experience, never knew of her doing so. She had no thought that in that blissful hour the child of a dozen years attained a perfection beyond which she could not advance. To her latest moment she was ever reaching after greater attainments in the divine life. Of human defects, involving errors in judgment and in life, she was always painfully conscious. Certainly she did not imagine that any spiritual uplift placed her in a position from which she might not, by yielding to temptation, fall into sin. No one could have been more self-distrustful or more carefully and jealously watchful against the temptation which she felt to be always near. What, then, was the higher experience into which this girl of twelve years came?

In response to her unreserved consecration and trust, the Divine Being took possession of her whole nature and held it against all foes. She was consciously saved from willing to do wrong. All her faculties were filled with God and absorbed in loving service to Him.

Some years later, this experience was described somewhat in detail in a letter dated December 24, 1831, addressed to a friend\* much her senior in years, and a

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\* The Rev. John J. Matthias.

minister of the Gospel, who had written to this young disciple of Jesus, asking some questions in regard to her experience.

You ask me concerning the time and circumstances of my receiving the blessing of perfect love.

After the quotations from her diary above cited, she continues:

Well do I remember that blissful night when that glorious change passed upon my soul, and how my little heart was filled unutterably full of glory and of God. To describe the difference between my feelings at the time of my justification and sanctification would be impossible. Indeed, I believe that sanctification is but the extension or fullness of the former blessing, as the brightness of meridian splendor compared to the dawn of morning. But my friend will say that the use of this illustration would seem to imply a state of gradual progression, not an instantaneous change. True, but it appears to me a just illustration notwithstanding, and the best which now strikes my mind. There must indeed be a progression, a going onward to perfection from justification; but is there not a period, a moment of time, when the sun reaches the zenith or meridian of its glory? So also there is a time when the soul arrives at the full measure of divine love. The time required to perform this spiritual race depends upon the degree of swiftness with which we pursue it. The more rapidly we run the sooner we shall gain the prize. But the figure of the sun will not hold good any further than its meridian state, for the Christian, having reached the fullness of perfect love, still goes onward. "Higher mounts his soul and higher," his capacities enlarge, and he abounds in love yet more and more.

These statements are corroborated in the letter to Miss Rogers, above quoted. Let it be borne in mind that this was written nearly twenty years after the experience it recounts, and to a confidential friend.

From that blessed hour my peace has been as a river and my



whole soul has been absorbed in things heavenly and divine. I have no other will but to do the will of God. No other desire but to work and speak and think for Him. No other purpose or object or aim but to please Him in all things. The thought of offending Him is more dreadful to me than to suffer death in its most terrific form. To be burnt at the stake would be infinitely preferable to an act that would offend my adorable Lord, to whom I have consecrated "all my soul and body's powers;" yes, "all I know, and all I feel;" "all I have, and all I am."

Let it not be imagined that this "life more abundant" which Mary Yard received in that "ever-memorable hour" in January, 1823, was of the nature of a "blessing" imparted once for all in a sense that involved no further effort on her own part. His recent careful, protracted study of the character and writings of the subject of this memoir has impressed her son more deeply than ever that hers was a LIFE OF FULL CONSECRATION AND TRUST, CONTINUALLY MAINTAINED, in response to which the divine grace was CONSTANTLY GIVEN. It was the *habit of her soul*, as spontaneous as the involuntary action of lungs or heart, to give all to Christ and receive Him by faith in the fullness of His power.

Some may imagine that by a divine act of "entire sanctification" they are to be relieved from further responsibility, and borne, as on angels' wings, above the reach of temptations and adverse influences. Mary Yard did not find it so. In her counsels to others she continually insisted upon daily, complete self-abandonment to Jesus. This was the marked characteristic of her own experience and life.

In another letter to the Rev. Mr. Matthias, the secret of her abiding peace is thus revealed:

It is by prayer without ceasing. I mean an unremitting spirit

of prayer, a supplicating frame of mind, a continual looking heavenward, a constant denying of self, an entire dependence upon God. I am more and more persuaded that our advancement in holiness depends greatly upon a continual denying of self, and that just in proportion as we crucify self and relinquish our own will, will the grace of God live and grow in us. How delightful that state in which one can say, "It is no longer I that live," but Christ that "liveth in me." We realize that we are nothing, we have nothing, can do nothing. "Christ is all and in all." I have always felt myself to be the weakest of the weak, never have I so clearly discerned my utter nothingness. . . . But I realize most sweetly that the God in whom I trust "giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might He increaseth strength."

These details are given to emphasize the fact, ever clear to the mind of this well-taught child of God, that all spiritual life is IN CHRIST and is received directly from Him a moment at a time, and that this life can be maintained only by unintermitting, appropriating faith.

Without assuming or professing any superior sanctity, Mary Yard did, from the time of the experience above described, confess with gladness and gratitude, yet with deep humility, that Jesus fully saved and kept her moment by moment. It is stated in *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*, that

In her testimonies she spoke of loving God with all her heart, of having a single eye, desiring above all things God's glory, and aiming constantly to please Him; of continual communion with Jesus and consciously resting beneath His loving smiles; of the guidance of the Holy Spirit, of unwavering trust in God, of entire submission to His will in all things, and even of rejoicing in tribulation also, as a wise and gracious discipline which was needed to fit her more fully to do God's will and glorify His name.

That it is possible to have the whole current of our being turned toward God, all the desires, affections, and tendencies of the soul turned heavenward instead of earthward, and to have such delight

in God that all creature good seems as utter nothingness compared with His love, has been the blissful experience, for more than half a century, of one who loves to magnify the grace contained in a weak earthen vessel.

All this time this was the testimony of this child of God. Yet nothing could have been farther from her than the thought that she was a favorite daughter of Heaven, or the recipient of gifts above the reach of ordinary mortals. Her joy in the possession of this grace scarcely exceeded that of offering to all, in Jesus' name, the same priceless treasure.

With any reader who questions the propriety of applying such terms as "perfect love" to the spiritual condition into which Mary Yard entered at this time, the writer of this volume has no controversy. His object is not to defend a doctrine but to give the facts of a life. So far as those facts manifest the power of divine grace let God have all praise. If they shall also show that this grace came in response to unreserved surrender and trust on the part of this little child, and continued its glorious work while the consecration and faith were maintained, through threescore years, they may throw light upon the question most important for every human being, "How shall I secure the fullness of grace?"

## CHAPTER IV.

### PERSONAL TRAITS.

WHAT would not the writer of these pages give for a photograph of Mary Yard as she appeared in her school-days? In the absence of such a picture, he is especially indebted to the Reverend, and now very venerable, Joseph Holdich, D.D., for the following pen-portrait, given in a letter dated February 26, 1884. Not often do the features of a parishioner so fix themselves in the mind of a pastor as to remain nearly threescore years. The words are few, but the picture is remarkably vivid.

“She was slight in figure, of pleasing countenance, agreeable features, and remarkably fine eyes, large, lustrous, and expressive. In her dress she was plain and simple.”

With the portrait in this volume, engraved by a gentleman familiar with the face he has so well reproduced, and this description, one can almost see the maiden as she stood before her new pastor in 1829. The chief change is in the hair, then dark, now bleached by seventy years. The dress, of almost Quaker plainness, will not be forgotten by any who saw its wearer. Dr. Holdich remarks that :

“Some of her gay friends at one time urged her to dress more fashionably, but she was so little satisfied with her new costume that she soon laid it aside and returned to her former neatness and simplicity, from which she never afterward departed.”

In *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus* a more detailed ac-

count of this episode is given. The felt loss to her piety caused the return to the style originally adopted from conscientious motives. To her mind there was, on the one hand, the almost constant thought in regard to dress necessary to keep up with the ever-changing fashions, the vast amount of time and labor required to provide a supply of clothing "in style," the waste of garments, comfortable, but out of date, and the temptation to vanity. On the other hand was perfect neatness, attire really becoming, with a vast saving of time for pursuits more congenial, as well as more important. Taking into the account the long life and the many hours and dollars devoted to God's work, which even ordinary attention to matters of fashion would have diverted into a different channel, does any one doubt that, for Mary Yard, this was the wisest course? May there not be just here the suggestion of at least a partial solution of the question so often asked by Christian women with apparent sincerity, "How can we get time and money for Christian work?"

So much for the visible "little Mary." Her inner nature can scarcely be described in a few words, yet a sketch of her mental characteristics seems to be desirable.

The perceptive faculties were keen and ever active and the imagination exuberant. She was almost morbidly sensitive. To live was to be continually receiving impressions. A retentive memory held her acquisitions and impressions subject to her call. Her ardent affections and tender sympathies went out toward every human being in self-sacrificing efforts to do good to all within her reach, while a ready command of words and a "personal magnetism," a combination of winning gentleness and fervor, gave her rare power over those to whom she spoke, whether in conversation or in social religious meet-

ings. The reasoning faculty, if not so strongly manifested as the powers of perception and expression, was well developed. Her conscience was "quick as the apple of an eye." Then there was a guilelessness, a transparency of character, which made her seem almost out of place in this world of shams and conventionalities. Add the deep, intense spirituality which, like an atmosphere, pervaded and well-nigh etheralized her whole life, impressing all whom that life touched, and we have a tolerably correct view of the real Mary Yard.

Let it not be supposed that her natural disposition was faultless. But for the transforming grace of God, so early, so constantly, and so thoroughly applied, ambition and love of admiration, combined with an indomitable will and energy, would have produced a character and history far different from that which will appear in these pages.

The imagination of the subject of this memoir has been spoken of as exuberant. One not conversant with her daily life can hardly be made to understand how much of that life was in the realm of the imaginary. Not only did fancy cause every passing event to appear to her in colors of undue strength, but the future was used as a canvas upon which was continually painted possible occurrences with all the vividness of the actual. Her letters to confidential friends record numberless instances in which soul-harrowing details of what *might be* of suffering were suggested to this child of fancy, and she was made to feel such anguish as could scarcely have been exceeded if the circumstances thus conjured before her had been real instead of purely imaginary.

It is not too much to say that this mental peculiarity doubled the experiences of the life we are contemplating.

The question, "What would you do, if this or that should take place?" would not be banished without an answer full enough to meet the demands of actual occurrences. Early in life Mary Yard learned just how to meet such expected trials. She would always take refuge in the outstretched arms of Omnipotence. Yet the preparation for the anticipated experience must be repeated with each new possibility. In this way, imaginary conflicts resulted in real victories. Without the faith which brought assurance of strength, her imagination would have made her one of the most wretched of mortals. With this faith, though the wings of fancy were neither bound nor clipped, and often bore her to regions of horrible darkness, they never were folded there, but bore her on through the gloom to brighter light beyond. In this way an imagination overwrought to the verge of morbidness was sanctified and made to yield unutterable joys and great spiritual blessings.

One other feature of the portrait we are examining deserves attention. Mary Yard evinced, even in childhood, rare strength of character. One casually meeting the frail little woman, so ardent, yet so full of gentleness, would not expect to find in her energy, courage, persistency, force that a strong man might envy. Yet, when principle was involved, she was ready to stand as firm as a rock, and even to "contend earnestly" for truth and right.

For this strength of character she was doubtless indebted largely to her maternal ancestors.

Of Mrs. Hannah Keen, wife of Jacob Keen and grandmother of Mary Yard, this incident is related in *New Jersey Historical Collections*.

During the War of the Revolution, while the British

Army was quartered in the vicinity of Trenton, a party of Hessian soldiers, bent on plunder, visited the home of Mrs. Keen, on a farm some four miles from the city, and near the village of Lawrenceville.

Mr. Keen, her husband, was absent, serving in the Continental Army, and the sentiments of the family were well known. When the fierce-looking foreigners appeared, and by signs demanded what valuables were in the house, the brave woman took her stand in front of the bureau containing silver-plate and money, and would not allow its drawers to be opened. It was in vain that threatening gestures were made, and even bayonets were pointed at her breast. She was ready to defend her property with her life. With true womanly tact, however, the housewife had food set before the men, and thus kept them occupied while she sent one of her sons to find the British officer in command. When the man in authority arrived he gave such orders as caused the Hessian soldiers to depart without their expected booty.

Mrs. Keen was regarded as the leading spirit of the Baptist church in Trenton. Indeed, to her, more than to any one else, was due its establishment. Feeling the need of a church of the denomination in which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Holmes, long of Holmesburg, Pa., had been honored members, and her grandfather, Rev. Abel Morgan, a prominent clergyman, Mrs. Keen begged from friends in Holmesburg and elsewhere most of the money with which to pay for the building of the church. Until her death, at eighty-eight years, the lady was looked up to as a "Mother in Israel." Mrs. Yard, Mary's mother, was of like vigor of mind and strength of character.

This strength of character was rarely manifested in the subject of this memoir save when questions of prin-



iple were involved; but at such times it never failed. Some illustrations of it were given in her very early life.

“Thou shalt hallow my Sabbaths,” was engraven deeply on the heart of little Mary, from the time of her conversion, and she could not be prevailed upon to deviate from the strict observance of the Lord’s Day as the holy Sabbath. Her father, not viewing it as she did, was in the habit of riding out to his farm every Sabbath, and desired his daughter to go with him. She had done so before her conversion, but afterward declined his invitation, saying, “Father, we are commanded to ‘keep the Sabbath day holy,’ and it is not right to ride out on Sunday.” He rebuked his child for insinuating that he would do wrong. She did not intend to be disrespectful to her father, whom she tenderly loved, and asked his forgiveness, but added, “Please, dear father, don’t ask me to do what I think would offend God.” He replied, “You are mistaken; it is not wrong for you to ride on Sunday, for your health requires it. It would do you good to inhale the pure country air, and it is right to do all you can for your feeble body, to strengthen and preserve your health.” This seemed plausible, but her conscience and the Word of God forbade her to yield, and, begging her father to excuse her, she was allowed, ever after, to act according to her convictions of duty.

Frequently her heart was made sad by seeing her father present liquors of various kinds to his friends when they called to see him. It was at that period almost a universal practice to do so, and brandy, gin, whisky, and wines were thought to be a necessary appendage to every house of respectability. To partake of them was thought no more a sin than to take a cup of tea or coffee.

A few there were who could not sanction such wrong-doing, and who sighed and cried for the abominations that were done in the land, in consequence of the viper cherished in so many households. Little Mary was among the number who saw and deplored the evil. Many times she felt almost impelled to speak to her father of this, but for some time her courage failed her.

At length, one day, after several visitors had been drinking brandy, wine, etc., and had gone away, she approached her father, saying, “O how sorry I am, dear father, to see you giving rum to people who come to see you. The Bible says, ‘Woe unto him that

putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips,' and I am afraid the judgments of God will come upon you and upon all of us, on account of this great sin." Her father was much displeased, and replied sternly to her, saying he was not to be reproved by his child. She said she had long felt it her duty to speak to him about it, and she hoped he would pardon her if she seemed to him to have done wrong. Afterward he felt some compunctions of conscience, and Mary believed God had influenced her to speak to him, and that the Good Spirit had touched his heart.

Another occurrence shows that such plain but respectful appeals to her father did not lessen her influence with him for his good.

One evening Mary's brother, who had conducted the family devotions, was absent later than usual. Seeing her father preparing to retire, she said: "Father, won't you please to wait for brother J. to come in and have prayer before you go to bed?" He replied: "I am tired, my child, and I cannot wait any longer; can't you read a chapter for us?" She said: "Yes, sir; I will." Taking the Bible she read a chapter. Closing the book she said: "Father, shall I pray, too?" "Yes, my dear," he replied, "if you will." She then offered an earnest prayer in behalf of her loved parents and each member of the family. The Blessed Spirit helped her in a remarkable manner. Her father's heart was deeply touched, and after rising from his knees he wept for some minutes. He had never heard her pray before, and she felt the cross to be great, but she found the promise fulfilled, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

In one case the Christian courage of this child was shown in a different way.

A lady, professing to disbelieve the sacred writings and rejecting the truth of experimental religion, sought to draw Mary out on purpose to refute her testimony. The young Christian did not feel equal to such a contest, and said to her antagonist: "Although I know by heartfelt experience the truth and reality of religion, yet I feel unable to convince you of your error; but there is One who can convince you. God, by His all-powerful Spirit, can open your eyes that you may see the things that belong to your peace. I will

pray to Him to show you the truth. If I cannot argue with you, I can pray for you."

She then knelt down, and the gay lady followed her example. In all the haughtiness of her rebellious spirit, she bowed, and listened to the simple, fervent prayer of her youthful friend, while in pleading accents Mary besought the Lord to melt that hard heart, to open those blind eyes and awaken that soul which, slumbering on the brink of ruin, was insensible to its danger. The obdurate spirit yielded; tears flowed profusely, and at the close of the prayer she approached her young friend, weeping, and said: "Mary, if there is a reality in religion, I hope your prayer will be answered, that I shall be convinced of my error, and become a Christian."

Her friend has not known of her conversion, but she knows the Spirit did His work upon that heart.

Extreme sensitiveness was a feature of Mary Yard's character no less marked than firmness and courage.

A nature so keenly alive to every impression enjoys more, but also suffers more, than others. This fact, coupled with the exuberance of imagination before mentioned, may account to some extent for the warmth and strength of her language in speaking of her experiences. It certainly caused her life to be filled with strong emotions. These were intensified by an overwrought nervous organism. To this sensitive child, the kind Heavenly Father came very near in just those revelations of Himself she most needed, causing the events of life to teach lessons of lasting value. Such an impression was made upon this young heart by an occurrence thus described:

Never was there a child naturally more timid than the subject of this narrative. Previous to her conversion, she was always terrified by a thunder-storm, and would not be left alone for a moment. Following her mother as she went about the house, she would hold fast to her dress, almost frantic with fear. In the

early part of her religious life, an awful thunder-storm occurred in the night, and Mary was awakened by the loud peals of thunder. The lightning, in an increasing blaze, lighted up the room, and the cry of "fire" from many voices in the street added terror to the fearful scene. It seemed, indeed, as if the world was wrapped in flames. The lightning having struck in various places, the reflection of the flames upon the clouds gave the heavens the appearance of being on fire. As Mary looked up at the sky, she thought surely the great day of God's wrath had come. The evening before she had listened to a sermon from the words, "Lo, he cometh with clouds," etc., in which the scenes of the judgment-day were vividly portrayed, and now she thought the reality had come. Bowing in prayer, she examined her heart to see if she was ready for that momentous hour, and found a clear evidence that she was a child of God, and through Jesus' blood and righteousness she should stand approved before Him. Then she went down-stairs, the family being assembled in the parlor. First she opened the front door and looked up to see if Jesus was coming. Gazing at the fiery clouds, she expected every moment to see them part and her dear Savior come down. Her soul was filled with ecstatic joy, and, as the pealing thunders rolled louder and yet louder, shaking the house as an earthquake, and the lurid lightning glared in her face, she said :

" His lightnings' flash, His thunders' roll,  
How welcome to the faithful soul."

Then, meeting her parents, brothers, and neighbors in the parlor, she saw consternation and solemnity in every face, and some pale with fear. One young lady, very rich in the wealth of this world, found herself poor indeed, for she had forgotten God and lived only for herself; she was walking the floor, wringing her hands in the extremest agony, for she was not prepared to meet her Judge. She begged Mary to pray for her, and she did pray with all her heart, but feared it was too late. Many hundreds of such cases there were that night, for it seemed to be the general belief that the end of the world had come.

The appalling thought of the sinner's doom seemed more vivid and impressive after that fearful storm, and impelled her to more vigorous efforts to save perishing souls. This became the absorbing

work of every moment she could spare from her studies, to beseech the unconverted to seek refuge in Jesus.

Upon this impressible child an occurrence very different produced an effect not less remarkable, and may, to some extent, account for her life-long interest in camp-meetings. One of these gatherings was to be held within a few miles from her home.

Having heard much of the wonderful displays of divine power at such meetings, she had an idea they must be almost like heaven. So she desired very much to attend the meeting, and asked her mother if she thought her father would be willing to go and take them the next day. Her mother replied disconcertingly, saying: "Your father don't approve of camp-meetings, and you need not think of his going and taking us."

"But, mother," said Mary, "if God wants us to go, He can make father willing; I mean to pray about it." "Well," said her mother, "pray, and if it is God's will He can open the way." Mary asked her father if he would go to camp-meeting next day, and take her mother and her to spend the day. He spoke contemptuously of such gatherings, and said he did not wish to go and could not possibly go to-morrow, as he had an engagement. Mary's faith did not fail at this repulse, but, praying before she retired that God would yet open the way, she went to sleep very happy, believing her prayer would be answered. Very early next morning her mother called her, saying: "Come, Mary, get up and dress quickly, your father is going to take us to camp-meeting."

The scenes and enjoyments of that consecrated spot seemed, indeed, heavenly. Scores were converted and hundreds rejoiced in the sweet foretaste of joys celestial.

To the great joy of the child, she was permitted to remain over-night on the ground. She here received a wonderful baptism of the Spirit, and had reason to believe the heart of her father was touched by the same blessed power. To her latest summer, spent at Ocean Grove, no place seemed to her quite so near heaven as a camp-ground.

## CHAPTER V.

### MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

THE piety of Mary Yard was not of the fanatical type that relies upon earnestness and warmth alone in work for God. Having given herself to Him while her powers were yet undeveloped, she realized that her first duty was to seek, by study and discipline, to improve her mind. So, at the period when many young girls are given up to frivolity, with little thought of the value of their opportunities, she was applying herself to her books with the same earnestness manifested later in specifically religious work.

Her parents appreciated the daughter's interest in education. She was also greatly helped by her friend and pastor, the Rev. Mr. Lybrand, a man of excellent mind, and who had enjoyed better opportunities of education than most of his brethren in the Methodist ministry of those days. Mr. Lybrand was twice the pastor of the Trenton church, having been returned for one year after four years' absence. After his removal, his letters proved helpful in every way. *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus* reports a conversation with this excellent man. Said Mr. Lybrand:

“It is not only for this life that the highest literary advantages are desirable, but for the life to come. . . . What an incentive to diligence in pursuing the study of nature and of God in all his works.”

The account adds :

This remark was made during a walk in a lovely flower-garden and among some of the richest of earthly scenes. Alluding first to those beauties below, then looking above and observing the fleecy clouds floating over the azure sky, he said : " All these charming scenes tend to elevate and ennoble the mind. Cultivate, then, your love of the beautiful in nature and pursue your studies with the glory of God ever in view." Calling her attention to the flowers, he said : " How charming! see the skill and wisdom of God in these." Then, taking a flower in his hand, and examining each petal and every part of it, he seemed in ecstasy as he spoke of the structure and beauty of its various parts, giving them the botanical names. Botany had been one of her favorite studies, and she was prepared to appreciate the remarks of her friend, whose culture, refinement, and devotion invested his conversation with profound interest.

Is it strange that, with such a counselor and friend, Mary's interest in study became intense? Not less valuable was the influence of another pastor, already mentioned, the Rev. Dr. Holdich, who says, in the communication before quoted :

" When, in the spring of 1829, I was stationed in the city of Trenton, N. J., one of the first persons I became acquainted with was Mary Yard. She was at that time living with her father, who had retired from business on a moderate competency. She divided her time in prayer and devotional reading and works of charity. She was at the same time assiduous in the cultivation of her mind. She commenced under me the study of Latin. . . . She studied French under a French governess in the boarding-school of Mrs. Nottigham, then a successful teacher in Trenton."

The study of the latter language was so far pursued that Miss Yard made a translation of a tract which she found in that tongue. A copy of this first literary production of his mother is now in the possession of the

writer. It is entitled *The Family Altar*, and is a well-told story of Christian home-life. It bears upon its title-page the statement that it was "translated from the French by a young lady of Trenton, N. J.," and the imprint of the Methodist Book Concern. The translation of some secular works was attempted, but, while she was capable of appreciating the beauties of French literature, she soon abandoned this sort of work for that which was more in harmony with her religious tastes.

Of Mary Yard's relations to the friend whose letter is quoted above, she writes :

To the Rev. Dr. Holdich and his wife she owes a debt of gratitude far beyond what words could express. Their library afforded her greater literary advantages than she had previously been favored with, and the value of their aid in the culture of her mind, their wise counsels, refined conversation, and Christian influence can never be told. To the two years which were spent in intimate association with them she often reverts with heartfelt delight and gratitude to God.

One feature of the character we are studying deserves more than the passing allusion already given. *Love of nature* was with her almost a passion.

Flowers she had ever loved and cherished as her most precious earthly treasures. Having been favored at her parental home with a lovely garden, adorned with flowers and shrubbery, she had spent much of her time in the contemplation of those beautiful objects of God's handiwork. They ministered not only to her enjoyment, but to her improvement, both intellectual and spiritual. Many an hour of sweet communion with Jesus she spent in the woodbine bowers. While inhaling the delicious odors there, the sweeter perfumes from the celestial hills were wafted to her soul, and she seemed to be worshipping amid the ambrosial bowers of the Eden above. She had a special fondness for arranging flowers, and often, in her walks in the garden or in the fields and groves, would gather them and



arrange them with evergreens in bouquets. A friend, seeing her thus employed, chided her, expressing surprise that she would thus "waste her time." She replied: "I do not consider it a waste of time to make myself familiar with these beautiful things which our Heavenly Father has taken so much pains to make for our comfort and pleasure. They make me love Him more every time I look upon them, and while arranging them and observing their delicate charms and wonderful structure, which can only be appreciated by a close inspection, my heart is glowing with emotions of hallowed delight. Every bouquet I form has an effect to refine and elevate my mind and bring me into closer communion with God. And," she added, "if no other advantage resulted from these feasts of flowers, the relaxation and recreation they afford to my mind, while pursuing my studies, would be valuable." The lady had no more to say in opposition to her young friend's course.

When about fourteen years of age, Mary's father proposed her leaving school, believing her acquirements quite sufficient for a girl. Afflicted beyond measure at such a suggestion, she begged him to allow her to receive a better education, saying, "Father, if you had wealth to give, and should allow me to choose between educational advantages and a large fortune, I would say, Give me a thorough education and let me be poor."

Yielding to her earnest pleadings, Mr. Yard consented that his daughter should pursue her studies longer. At the close of each school-term he would repeat the expression of his conviction that she "needed no more learning," but her cause was in the hands of Him who controls the hearts of men. Term after term passed, and still the young student was pursuing her loved studies, praising her covenant-keeping God for the fulfillment of his promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

Her fondness for literature alone would have prompted her to diligence in her studies, but the thought of being enabled to work more successfully for Christ and exerting a wider influence in His cause was the strongest incentive, making even her most difficult

studies a delight. The benedictions of heaven daily coming down upon her soul, the sweet and abiding sense of the presence of Jesus, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit fully assured her that her "ways pleased the Lord." The sanction and help of her excellent mother also tended to strengthen her in this, her favorite plan, and was a source of great comfort to her.

It was a cherished desire from her early youth to enter upon foreign missionary work. With this view and because she deemed it important to gain the knowledge conducive to this end, she commenced the study of the Latin and French languages, and afterward the Greek. Although never called to execute her purpose of being a missionary in heathen lands, God had work for her to do in her own land of no less importance, and it was His hand that marked out her path in the preparation for that work.

While seeking to develop the mind and secure useful knowledge, Mary Yard was diligent in spiritual culture. Much time was given to the reading of devotional books, among which were many Christian biographies, especially such "Methodist classics" as the memoirs of Hester Ann Rogers, William Carvosso, and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. She listened with closest attention and great profit to the preaching of the Word. Meetings for social prayer and the relation of Christian experience were rich in blessing to her. Often does she mention in her diary class-meetings and love-feasts of special interest. Some quotations from this note-book will show how this Christian profited by some other means of grace.

*February 2.*—This day my soul has been truly fed with heavenly food. While partaking of the Lord's Supper my heart was melted to tenderness and my eyes to tears. I feel stronger in the faith than ever before. The path of holiness grows brighter and brighter. My peace is like a river.

*June 28.*—I find it a great blessing to read the Scriptures, kneeling, every day. I receive more light from above, and see more clearly the meaning of the truths of the Holy Book. Oh, may

I love the precious Word of God more and more and read it diligently, that I may be made wise unto salvation !

The path of this young pilgrim was not without its shadows. Temptations, trials, and occasional attacks of severe suffering are mentioned in the journal, but most of the records that have been preserved are inspired by gratitude to her ever-faithful Friend and joy in His service.

*March 4.*—This has indeed been a day of trial to me. I have had to contend with the world, the flesh, and the devil. My peace in God was not so great as usual, though I was not forsaken by Him. But this evening's enjoyment has made up for all I have suffered through the day. I took up my blessed Bible to read the sacred Word, which has so often proved a blessing to me. As I opened it, I prayed that I might be directed to some portion that would bring light to my mind and joy to my heart. The first words that my eyes rested upon were, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, Whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of Whom shall I be afraid?"—Psalm xxvii. 1. My soul was greatly refreshed and strengthened; I realized that the Lord was indeed "*my light and my salvation,*" and though a host should encamp against me, yet would I "not fear," for the "God of Jacob is my defense and the Holy One of Israel is my refuge."

The Bible was prized by Mary above everything on earth. Scarcely a single day passed without the addition of some precious gems to her treasures in memory's casket. And how it delighted her heart to often bring them forth and recount their value, and say, "These are all mine!" In years following, when prostrated by sickness for months together, and unable to read her loved Bible, she could recall much of it, and found it comforting to her heart amid sufferings severe and protracted!

In secret prayer Mary found special delight, and was fed and refreshed by the communications of divine love. Not only had she stated seasons every day conscientiously set apart for this exercise, but whenever other duties would permit she would seek special opportunities for communion with God. Late in life she writes of

those seasons of closet devotion as among her most cherished memories, and remarks "Here is the secret of her being kept by the power of God in the slippery paths of youth. She kept up constant intercourse with the Source of her strength. Never yet has the time come when she could dispense with frequent and regular seasons of devotion without suffering spiritual loss."

It is to this careful attention to the needs of the mind and the soul that the subject of this memoir owed what may well be spoken of as the precocity of her intellectual and moral development and the symmetry of her character.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE YOUNG SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

No one will wonder that a spirit so eager for usefulness would not wait for the completion of a course of literary training or maturity of years before entering upon active service. Indeed, we have already seen the child at work for her Master. Yet at this day it seems strange that the charge of a Sunday-school class was committed to a little girl only thirteen years of age. We must bear in mind, however, that sixty years ago this institution was in its infancy, and little was attempted besides supplementing the day-school by helping children learn to read and imparting to them such truths as bear directly upon the heart and life.

When asked by the superintendent of the school to take a class of little girls Mary Yard declined, pleading her youth and lack of the knowledge and skill she felt to be requisite for such a work. At length, however, pressed by the superintendent, the pastor, and others in whose judgment she had confidence, and believing the call to come from God, she consented, and six little girls, ranging from six to nine years of age, were placed under her care.

The responsibility thus imposed upon her caused her to feel more than ever her great need of help from God, and led her to more earnest prayer and renewed consecration. Daily she besought the Great Shepherd to give her food for her "lambs." She would

go from her secret devotions to meet the class. To lead them to Jesus was the great object continually kept in view. Very soon she saw tokens that their hearts were moved by the Spirit to seek the Savior. Then other opportunities besides those afforded in the Sunday-school were sought for conversation and prayer with them, and she would sometimes take them to her home and have a prayer-meeting.

Mrs. Mary J. Clark, the wife of the late honored and lamented Davis W. Clark, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in a letter to the author of this volume, dated January 1, 1885, gives this account of Mary Yard's Sunday-school work:

“I was a member of your mother's Sunday-school class when I was a little girl of nine years. She was a conscientious teacher. She had a conversation with each one of us every Sabbath. Tenderly she pressed upon our responsive hearts the claims of the Savior whom she loved. We were all, some ten or twelve of us, converted in a Sunday-school prayer-meeting in the old church, and I think all have held fast to the faith. Several entered the rest that remaineth before her.

“Her old home was a most attractive place to me, located on Green Street, opposite the church and a little south of it. It was of stone, I think, with stuccoed front, which, long ago, gave a *distingué* appearance to a house. South of it was a large flower-garden that was always enjoyed by those passing to and fro. I attended prayer-meetings on Sabbath mornings, for years, in the house. The shutters were bowed to secure privacy and to soften the light of the morning sun. The air was fragrant with the perfume of flowers, which, it seemed to me, your mother knew how to arrange better than any one else. This meeting was for Sunday-school teachers, and many young men and women made their first attempt at vocal prayer there. It was a precious place. Your mother has been in my mind all these years as my ideal of Christian womanhood—as pre-eminently good.”

The Sunday-school class increased in numbers until a

dozen children regularly received the instructions of this young teacher. As years passed some removed and others died, but nearly all became active Christian workers, some of them teachers in the little school. At length this teacher, whose efficiency had been so fully proved, was chosen to the position of assistant superintendent. In this wider sphere she labored with increasing zeal and success. It was her custom to take the classes of girls in rotation, spending a school hour with each, in personal conversation with its members. In connection with these efforts, special services of prayer were held at the close of school sessions, in which a large number sought and found Christ. That Sunday-school was, indeed, a nursery of the church, from which trees of the Lord were transplanted to places where they honored Him by fruitful lives.

The teacher's own history of her class-work continues :

Long is the list of the names of those who have been under her care and instruction, and richly has her own soul been fed while feeding precious lambs and guiding them to the fold of the Good Shepherd. How exalted the privilege of leading the little ones of the flock into green pastures! What field of labor is so productive as that of the Sabbath-school, when the hearts of teachers are filled with the love of Jesus ?

Effort for the spiritual good of a child takes hold on two eternities. Not only is an immortal spirit directly benefited, but that one becomes the center of influence which shall be perpetual. More than sixty years have passed since that little group gathered around their young teacher in the Trenton Sunday-school. One member of the class for well-nigh half a century filled a position of commanding influence as the helpmeet of one

of the chief ministers of the church. This lady has a son in the ministry and daughters actively engaged in Christian work. Another of that Sunday-school class lived to see her three sons clergymen and her two daughters missionaries—one in New York city, the other in Africa. Others reared families for Christ, and several strongly impressed those with whom they came in contact. The wave of influence started so long ago is still rolling on with ever-widening sweep. What mind can grasp the results of the labors of that young girl full of love for souls?

It has already been intimated that Mary Yard's conceptions of responsibility for those under her care in the Sunday-school did not permit her to be satisfied with work in the school itself. It was her constant habit to visit the children at their homes.

These visits to the children often afforded opportunities of usefulness to the parents also, to whom, under suitable circumstances, she spoke concerning their eternal interests, always engaging in prayer before leaving them, if the privilege were given her.

Besides this diligent labor with and for those under her care in the Sunday-school, Mary Yard found time for much visitation of the sick and afflicted. She possessed a peculiar adaptation to this work. Her ardent, sympathetic nature enabled her to enter into their woes. Her knowledge of the Scriptures and facility in singing appropriate hymns made her an acceptable visitor, while her strong faith and intimate communion with God enabled her to help those to whom she ministered.

At first the little girl would go as the bearer of a message or of some comfort or dainty for the sufferer, provided by Mrs. Yard, whose generous heart always



prompted such efforts to minister to the needy. The earnest Christian, child though she was, could not see one suffering and in danger of death without thought and inquiry in regard to the condition of the soul.

The records of such visits contain many facts of interest, not only as throwing light upon the work of this disciple of Christ, but as illustrating phases of Christian truth. In some instances they show the power of grace to cause its possessor to triumph over the latest foe. Others manifest the mercy that extends even to those who have neglected the offers of salvation until the near approach of death. Other cases sadly prove that infinite mercy may be too long abused. Some, whom this faithful messenger warned of "the wrath to come," died without hope. Interesting as are recorded details of this work, they must be passed over. The retrospect of these years of youthful activity suggested the remark that

It may excite wonder in some minds how she could have commanded time for such abundant labors. The secret was, that no hours were wasted by her in useless adorning, worldly amusements, or formal visiting. Those hours redeemed from worldly pursuits brought her rich treasures of precious souls.

Crosses connected with the various labors of her Christian life would have seemed insupportable, had not the voice of the Mighty One in whom she trusted assured her: "I, the Lord, will hold thee by thy hand, saying unto thee, fear not, I will help thee." . . . The continual realization of this kept her low at the feet of Jesus, ever looking to Him and seeking the wisdom and power which He only can impart.

Long after the faithful teacher had removed from the scene of her early labors, while visiting her relatives she attended and bore her testimony in a "love-feast." As she sat down, a lady arose and said in substance :

“I thank God, that in early childhood I was brought to Jesus by the dear one who has just spoken. I was a scholar in her Sabbath-school class. She taught me the way to heaven, and for years I walked in it ; but after I grew up and married, the things of the world engrossed my mind, and, being deprived of religious privileges, I became neglectful of duty and lost the favor of God. While in that sad condition I was one day standing on the platform of a way station, when a train stopped, and I saw looking from a window of one of the cars my former teacher. The train tarried only a minute or two ; but I grasped her hand and heard from her lips the words : ‘ Lucy, I hope you have not lost sight of heaven !’ Oh, those words and that look ! How they pierced my heart ! ‘ Lost sight of heaven ! Lost sight of heaven !’ rang in my ears and through my inmost soul. Yes, I thought, I have lost sight of heaven. Nothing but earth and its fleeting things have I seen for a long time. O what a fool I was to let the world come in between Jesus and my soul, and hide Him and heaven from my view ! My dear teacher does not know that I have ‘ forsaken the Fountain of Living Waters, and hewed out to myself cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water ;’ but God knows it and I know it. Alas for my folly and ingratitude ! Then, bitter tears of repentance flowed freely, as I thought of my backslidings, and of the voice of my compassionate Savior calling me to return, through my dear teacher. Surely, I thought, He commissioned her to call me and He must be willing to receive me. I will go ! Yes, I will start now ! I did, and it was not long before I found Jesus and fixed my eyes upon heaven again. Never since have I lost sight of either. I am on my way to the heavenly city, and expect to meet my loved teacher there and be a star in her crown.”

Such labor as this leaves no unpleasant memories. After several years’ residence in another place, this earnest worker revisited the scenes of these toils for the best of masters, and, under date of January 19, 1842, thus writes in her diary :

I find myself in Trenton, surrounded by endeared friends and

the scenes of my early days, when my youthful feet traversed these streets seeking the abodes of sickness, of poverty and distress . . . to do good to bodies and souls. How I love to call back those scenes of my youth . . . and contemplate the loving-kindness of God to me in being my wisdom in ignorance, my strength in weakness, and all that I needed.

## CHAPTER VII.

### EARLY CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

God's Word declares, Daniel, xii. 10: "Many shall be purified and made white and tried." This would indicate that the highest attainments in grace are likely to be subjected to the severest tests. While yet young, Mary Yard passed through some remarkable mental conflicts. A record of these may show some tempted one that hours of darkness and seasons of mental distress are not incompatible with intimate fellowship with Jesus.

It is not strange that the frail and delicate organism of Mary Yard was overtaxed by her close application to study. At one time her health became so impaired that her physician enjoined rest from all mental application for at least one year. It was no small privation to give up her cherished studies, but she cheerfully acquiesced in this as a providential arrangement.

A part of this vacation-time was spent with relatives in Newark, N. J. At first the new scenes and circumstances produced a favorable effect upon the invalid. After a delightful visit of some weeks she started for her home, with bright hopes of a speedy return to work, but while journeying homeward in a carriage with one of her brothers she was attacked with serious symptoms, and before reaching Trenton became very ill.

To her mother, who met her darling with tears, she said: "I know this disappointment is hard to bear, but it is all right. Our

Father doeth all things well. Jesus is with me, and, whether living or dying, I am the Lord's."

She felt "the Everlasting Arms" around and beneath her, and Jesus, smiling upon her, said: "Thou art Mine, I will take care of thee." Days and nights were passed in unconsciousness. On the night of the ninth day, at the crisis of her disease, her reason returned. She saw her mother and other loved ones around her bed, using every means to restore vitality to her dying body. She was too low to speak; but, as she lay in that state which seemed to be approaching death, a beautiful vision passed before her mind, of which she wrote, after her recovery, to a friend\* as follows:

"I came down to Jordan's brink, and even stepped in and felt the chill of death's cold waters upon my frame. I seemed just about crossing over to the other side, where I saw all the glories of immortal grandeur in the heavenly city, and knew that there was 'the portion of my inheritance.'

"I looked up at the bright convoy of angels hovering over my bed, and was just going to say :

'Lend, lend your wings. I mount! I fly!'

when one look, one word, from my adorable Savior caused me to relinquish the glorious entrance into that bright abode and wait awhile longer, still sojourning in the wilderness, an exile from my heavenly home. On the other side I saw the spirits of the glorified—dear kindred and loved ones. Oh, what a company, beckoning me over to that happy shore! My spirit gave a bound to meet them; I thought I was going right over. Jesus looked at me and said: 'Wilt thou now go and enter into the mansion prepared for thee and possess that glorious inheritance, or wilt thou *for My sake* stay awhile longer on earth to work for Me and win souls for heaven?' Immediately I felt entirely willing to remain, and replied: 'Most gladly will I tarry in this vale of tears, and do and suffer anything for my blessed Jesus, who hath "loved me, and given Himself for me."' And oh! what a height of holy joy, what a glow of sacred rapture I felt at the thought of being an instrument in the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world! It

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\* The Rev. John J. Matthias.

even surpassed the bliss I had felt at the prospect of entering heaven. Never before had the work of soul-saving appeared to me as it did then.

“On my reply that it would be my highest pleasure to stay and work for Jesus, He gave me such a look of love. Oh ! that look ! Never can I forget the ineffable sweetness and benignity of His countenance, as He said to me : ‘Then thou shalt not die, but live; live to glorify Me on the earth, live to lay up more treasures in heaven and to add to the “eternal weight of glory” reserved for thee on high, making it “far more exceeding” what it would have been, had not thy stay on earth been prolonged.’

“In that very hour I felt a change throughout my whole system that seemed almost a resurrection from death, having been so nearly gone that my friends could scarcely perceive life remaining.

“Immediately after I heard the words of Jesus, ‘Thou shalt not die, but live,’ etc., I opened my eyes and spoke. Very soon after, I raised my head and took nourishment, and in three hours sat up in the bed and felt perfectly well. The following day I was out of bed, and my recovery was so rapid that my friends were all astonished, considering my quick restoration as almost miraculous.”

On this, as on other occasions in the life of this child of God, perfect rest in Jesus was important among the helpful influences. Many will forever rejoice that her earthly career did not then terminate.

In another letter to the Rev. Mr. Matthias, allusion is made to one portion of the bitter cup placed to her lips about the time of this sickness, the illness and death of her honored father. From the time of Mary’s conversion she had felt the deepest solicitude that this relative should come into the clear light of the divine favor. As we have seen, she sought in many ways to turn his thoughts to the great subject. But, up to the time of his last illness, he had not given expression to assured hope in Christ. To this friend, who could so well understand her feelings, she says :

The scene of my dear father's last illness and death was heart-rending. For three weeks I watched over him, saw his agonies, pored over his eternal state, wept and prayed and mourned till mind and body were nearly prostrated. Indeed, the shock to my nervous system was so violent that I have scarcely yet recovered from it. The idea of my beloved parent's dying without hope was insupportable. At last my dear father gave us more hope than I had before received of his preparation for heaven, and I doubt not that he is now participating in its joys.

Such were some of the trials through which this child of God passed early in her career. In the same letter to the Rev. Mr. Matthias she thus describes the results of all these afflictions :

I shall ever praise God for the sickness which I have endured, and especially for the affliction of last year. It was a blessing of incalculable value, the effects of which I trust will be lasting as eternity. I had given myself to God before, and had enjoyed much of His presence and a continual sense of His favor, but that visitation made me more intimately acquainted with my own heart and brought the deep things of God more fully into view, yes, into possession. I had seen expanded before me the boundless sea of love; I had stepped into its edge, and bathed my soul in its all-healing waters. I was pressing onward, too, sinking deeper and deeper, but then I seemed to lose all hold of earth, and lost myself in the fathomless ocean. I think I have not come back again to shore, but trust I have been going farther and farther out. If, at any time, I happen to cast my eye toward the land, it seems enveloped with gloom and surrounded with dangerous rocks which I shudder to think of approaching, and I turn my back to the dark, appalling scene and look with augmented eagerness after the port of endless day, and steer thither with accelerated speed.

In the early part of the illness which has been described, a strong impression was made upon the mind of the invalid that she was about to pass through a fiery ordeal, but that the Savior would be with her, and bear

her safely through. A part of this ordeal was the prostration of Mary's mother, who was so ill that it seemed impossible that she should recover.

Then all the family were taken sick, and the faithful nurse and housekeeper died, and in the midst of all the trouble they were left without any one to take care of them, only as a neighbor would happen to come in. Then came the fiery darts of the Adversary. If God had not interposed to save her from a repining spirit she would have been overcome. But man's extremity is God's opportunity "to show himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

"Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror."

Entire submission to the divine will did not keep this well-instructed Christian from earnest, faith-filled prayer in behalf of her suffering relatives, any more than it prevented the use of such means as God's providence placed within reach to bring back health and strength. The cloud passed over and joy filled every heart, especially that of Mary.

This season of physical suffering was soon followed by agony still more intense.

Her books, so long laid aside, were eagerly sought, and, that she might redeem the time lost, she studied with great assiduity. The Bible, most prized and loved of all, was now of more value than ever. In order to obtain a more thorough understanding of the Scriptures, she procured commentaries and doctrinal books, Arminian, Calvinistic, and others, examining them on each passage as she read. Disposed to reason upon and investigate every important point, her mind soon became perplexed and involved in a labyrinth from which she could not extricate herself.

In the Calvinistic interpretations there seemed to her much that was plausible, and she would almost adopt them; then the theory



of Dr. Adam Clarke would be entirely different: sometimes one seemed more reasonable, sometimes the other. Now the Universalist views on some points were presented to her mind as most likely to be true; then the Unitarian; and at length all was confusion: her mind became a perfect chaos.

Then came the Arch-Deceiver, but she knew not 'twas he. He suggested, "This whole system of religion, these creeds of men, are all as the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' There is no foundation, real and solid, for any of them. \* 'The Bible is a nose of wax,' just as Elias Hicks said. Men may make anything they choose out of it. How do we know there is any truth in it at all? If there be some truth, how much that is false may be mixed up with it? As to the existence of a Supreme, Almighty, and All-wise Being, that is evident; all nature proves that; but that such a Being takes, cognizance of, and cares for, the human race, how do we know? The whole thing is involved in impenetrable obscurity, and it is presumptuous arrogance for any human being to profess to understand and explain these things."

And here for years she had been living in a kind of Elysium of her own creation, imagining that the great God of the universe loved her, took special care of her, and even revealed himself to her in conscious communion, speaking words of cheer in her troubles, and imparting richest comforts and sweetest joys to her heart. Now, all this seemed to be a delusion, and the religion of the sects a myth. She had waked as from a beautiful dream to find herself deceived. There is no Hereafter; man dies as the brutes that perish, no more of him after death; and she need not please herself with the hope of that heaven of bliss as her future and eternal home. So she might as well make the most of this world, seek its pleasures, revel in its delights and do as she pleased.

Her artful foe had hurried her so rapidly onward down this declivity, that, when she found herself low in the valley and enveloped in the dense mists of skepticism, she began to realize her dreadful condition, and in hopeless agony exclaimed, "Alas! alas! I am undone! Oh, can it be that I have been deceived all this time?"

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\* This remark was made in a discourse to which Mary listened with her father, who was an admirer of the famous Quaker preacher.

That those sweet enjoyments and hallowed communings were all imaginary? I wish the illusion had not passed away, if it was an illusion. O that it had stayed to bless me with its cheering radiance while I remain in this dark world! I was so happy! Everything beautiful on earth it invested with double charms, and everything gloomy was made bright with its lovely radiance.

“Sweet, blessed Religion! O that I could have held the charming angel fast through life’s dreary pilgrimage and died in her embrace! for, though deceptive, she had such a wondrous power to bless. Now I have nothing to supply the place of that sweet comforter. As for the world, what is it but a painted bubble? And how soon I must leave it, even if it could make me happy. And then the dark future—oblivion, eternal sleep! How revolting to an intelligent mind to live a butterfly life and die as the butterfly! No Hereafter—how can it be? What are all these powers for, with which we are endowed? and why these aspirations for something higher, nobler, holier, and more enduring than earth can afford? Surely it must be that the great Creator has put these desires in us to be satisfied, not to mock us. O that I could know! What agony! What anguish insupportable thus to be left in utter darkness!”

That night as she reclined upon her bed she wept in the bitterness of despair, lamenting and groaning as she remembered how tranquil and sweet had been her repose each night before that sad, sad night. “I have always resigned myself to sleep so sweetly,” she said, “believing I had an almighty Protector, that the Everlasting Arms were round and underneath me. I feared no evil, because I thought the Eye that never sleeps was watching over me. I rested so securely beneath the shadow of His wings; and as I opened my eyes each morning I could say when I awoke, I am still with Thee. And is that blessedness to be mine no more? Is it gone, gone forever?” Then she burst into a flood of tears, and wept till it seemed as if she must die in the extremity of her grief. Hour after hour she lay in sleepless agony.

In the depths of her anguish, when heart and flesh were failing and reason reeling, she heard a whisper, it seemed like a heavenly messenger, “Pray once more.” She said, “Why should I pray? It can do me no good. Indeed, I dare not pray to God; it would be the greatest presumption to think that the Creator of the uni-

verse cares for me, or would deign to notice my prayer." Again the gentle voice said, "Kneel and pray once more." "Well," said she, "I can be no more miserable than I am, even if God should spurn me from His presence, and kill me; I should then be out of my misery, and I will pray once more."

Rising from her bed, she knelt in speechless awe and grief, the flood of feeling rising higher and higher, till she could no longer restrain it, and crying aloud, with heart and hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, she said, "O if there be a God who has power and mercy to deliver me from this whirlpool of despair, I implore Him to save me! I cast myself upon His compassion!"

Waiting in ardent, breathless expectation of something, she knew not what, for all this time she had lost sight of Jesus, and had no thought of a mediator, suddenly the same sweet voice spoke again: "Repeat the name of Jesus." She whispered, "Jesus!" There seemed a strange sweetness in it; again she said it, a little louder, "Jesus!" Again and again and again she repeated it, and every time new light darted into her soul; and then, all at once a dense cloud parted and revealed the form of her own loving Jesus, and she exclaimed, "Oh, it is my Jesus! My Jesus! My Savior!" And then, encircled in His arms, her trembling soul, as a poor wounded dove that had escaped from the snare of the fowler, nestled in His bosom and was at rest.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe," was gloriously verified in this case. What marvelous power is in the name of Jesus! Overwhelmed with the stupendous grace and love of her Redeemer, she wanted to weep her life away for having lost sight of Him, and, sobbing as a little child, she said, "Dear Savior, I did love Thee, I'm sure I did love Thee with all my heart. What did I do to make Thee leave me to my cruel foe?" He said, "I did not leave thee for one moment. I have been near thee all the time, though invisible to thee. A lesson thou shalt learn from this, to take the simple word of God for thy guide. Let doctrinal controversies alone; cease reasoning on things above thy comprehension; never listen to the tempter; keep thine eyes fixed alone on Me."

Then she saw what had brought her into the net of the destroyer, and repented in deep humiliation and contrition, resolving never again to run after diverse doctrines and opinions of men, but to

keep in the straightforward path of obedience, simply looking unto Jesus.

The light, love, and power divine which then were imparted gave her such clear views of the plan of redemption and the fullness and glory of the Gospel of Christ as she never had previously. With holy carefulness she has pursued the course therein marked out, and has never since been troubled about doctrines.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HALLOWED FRIENDSHIPS.

No influences proved more helpful in the development of the character we are contemplating than those growing out of Mary Yard's intimate association with Christians of deep and rich experience. It has already been made apparent that her pastors found in her one to whose spiritual culture it was a privilege to devote special attention. Scarcely less elevating was her intimacy with a lady near her own age, whose name ever lingered in her memory, Miss Sarah Langstroth, afterward the wife of the Rev. Thomas Brainard, of the Presbyterian Church. The parents of Miss Langstroth resided about a mile from Trenton, and it was Mary's delight to visit their home and commune with this cherished friend. Though Mr. Langstroth's family were members of the Presbyterian Church, their large liberality led them to offer the hospitalities of their house to the lovers of Jesus, irrespective of sect or name. This admirable spirit was infused into their daughter's heart. In her intimacy with Mary she influenced her also to partake of the same Christlike feelings, to love fervently all who bear the Savior's image, whether of her own church or not. For this she was specially thankful. Through such beautiful examples of Christian liberality, and from the teachings of the Spirit and the Word, she learned that Jesus would have us come into an atmosphere of pure love :

“Where names and sects and parties fall,  
And Christ the Lord is all in all.”

The two Christian hearts thus closely joined helped each other, and the marriage of Miss Langstroth, and her removal to Cincinnati, O., was cause of mutual sorrow. Only once, after this separation, were these two friends permitted to meet on earth.

Their theme was the deep things of God. As they together bowed in supplication for the fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost for preparation for the work assigned to each, the sacred influence came down upon their waiting souls, and they were surrounded by the divine presence, and felt their renewed offering was accepted.

Suddenly Mrs. Brainard started as if awakened from a reverie, saying, "Mary, it may be that I needed this baptism as a preparation for heaven. Would it not be strange if I should return to Cincinnati, and take the cholera, and die? It may be so, and, dear Mary, it seems to me we shall never meet on earth again. How sweet has been our friendship, how hallowed our intercourse! I have thanked God many times for our fellowship, and if we meet no more below we shall surely have a reunion above. Our friendship is not to end with this life; it is to be perpetuated through endless ages, for we are united in Jesus.

"And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What heights of rapture shall we know  
When round His throne we meet?"

It was, indeed, their last meeting. The cholera had been raging in Cincinnati previous to Mrs. Brainard's leaving it to visit her home, and, with her devoted husband, she had ministered to the sick and dying night and day, till the fearful scourge had spent its fury and very few cases remained. Those faithful ones had come home seeking a respite from toil and renewed strength for future labors. They returned and found scarcely a case of the cholera in the city, but very soon Mrs. Brainard was seized with alarming symptoms, and in a few hours passed away to the presence of the dear Savior, whose work she loved more than anything besides.

James Brainard Taylor was another of God's choice

spirits with whom Mary Yard came in contact in those days of her girlhood. The writer of these pages in his youth read with pleasure and profit the memoir of this saintly young man. The record of his entire devotion to God, of his ecstatic religious experience, and his usefulness while a student at Lawrenceville Academy and Princeton College, and afterward, during his brief but brilliant career as a minister of the Presbyterian Church, profoundly impressed the student who read the book, and personal contact with Mr. Taylor left a deep impression upon the mind of the subject of this memoir, who thus writes of him :

It was during the second pastorate in Trenton of the Rev. Joseph Lybrand that the devoted J. B. Taylor frequently spent his Sabbaths there for the purpose of hearing Mr. Lybrand preach. The union of those two kindred minds brought them often together, and they enjoyed sweetest fellowship. In some of these seasons of communion Mary was permitted to share, and as she recalls their words, so full of Jesus and heaven, and their countenances, so radiant with the glory which shone upon them from above, her heart is thrilled with the remembrance. What a mysterious charm there is about those who bear the image of the heavenly, and what a power attends their communications!

During the visit to Newark, N. J., elsewhere mentioned as made necessary on account of Mary's failing health, she met several whose Christian friendship was ever after highly prized. Among these were the Rev. John J. Matthias and his wife. To Mr. Matthias some of her most deeply spiritual letters were addressed, and from him she received much valuable counsel at this interesting period of her Christian career. Another life-friendship formed at this time was that with Miss Charlotte Thibou, afterward the wife of the Rev. Edmund S.

Janes, for many years one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To Miss Thibou, as afterward to Mrs. Janes, Mary was indebted for many hours of rich enjoyment while visiting her at her own home.

Miss Yard's first visit to Miss Thibou in New York was an occasion never to be forgotten, because it introduced her into that circle of devoted followers of Jesus with whom she was so intimately associated until the last moment of her life. During this visit she was permitted for the first time to attend a meeting specially for the promotion of Christian holiness. This meeting was at the house of Mrs. John Harper. Some facts in regard to it will be found in another chapter.

As the friendships of this large-hearted young Christian were not confined within the limits of sect, so they were not affected by feelings of caste. From her girlhood she was greatly helped by contact with one in a very humble sphere. A little 24mo pamphlet, now published by Palmer & Hughes, New York, gives *Reminiscences of Ann Herbert, by Mrs. Mary D. James*. In this it is said :

In early childhood deprived of her parents, Ann Herbert was placed under unfavorable influences, having no religious instruction nor any restraints upon her evil propensities. To use her own words, she was "as wicked as Satan wanted her to be."

She naturally possessed a most irritable and malicious temper, "which frequently manifested itself." She was converted in youth and subsequently gained, by grace, a victory over her natural temper so marvelous as to make her ever after a beautiful example of Christlike self-control. During Mary Yard's childhood and youth, Ann Herbert was living as a domestic in the family of a neighbor, and was accustomed to call frequently upon a



young woman occupying a similar place in Mr. Yard's family. The author of the *Reminiscences* remarks :

Although so many years have passed since it was my privilege to commune with that saint of God, the beautiful exhibition of divine grace in her spirit and life is as vivid to my mind as though it were of recent occurrence. I love to cherish the remembrance of her radiant countenance, her glowing expressions of love to Jesus, her sweet communion with Him, her enrapturing views of His character, and her perfect delight in His service, investing the religion she professed with charms that excited in my young heart a longing desire to be such a Christian as Ann Herbert.

When Ann's voice was heard, no attraction of the parlor or sitting-room could equal that of the kitchen, and I would hasten to listen with eagerness to her burning words about Jesus, for there was a charm in her words and manner of setting forth the wonders of His grace that quite captivated me.

Thus early did Mary Yard learn to trace the lineaments of her divine Master in character, whatever the sphere in which its possessor moved, a lesson that she never forgot. Her cherished friends were, many of them, among the lowly, who were admired and loved for what they bore of the image of the Heavenly.

The reader must have seen that in the surroundings of this Christian maiden there was an element of peril, as well as much to help. Such attentions as were lavished upon Mary Yard would have utterly "spoiled" almost any one. The only daughter of parents ardently attached to their children, especially to this pet of the household, with eight older brothers to gladly own her sway, so precocious as to receive the commendation of all her teachers, with personal charms of a high order, great beauty of character, and rare conversational powers, she would have been a star in almost any social firmament. Her "talent," or gift of expression on religious subjects, when

used in the social meetings of those days, must have made her seem almost superhuman. It would have been strange indeed if this young girl, thus endowed, praised, and petted by the injudicious, and highly esteemed by all, could have truly said, "None of these things move me." Possibly a close and critical observer might have detected in her the effects of the many expressions of regard lavished upon her. Such a critic might even find between the lines in her letters indications that she was more than pleased with the love and admiration she received. Certainly she was naturally remarkably fond of praise, as well as sensitive to the slightest word or hint of censure. There is abundant evidence that she realized her danger in this direction. Her thoughts on this subject are thus presented :

Often did Mary thank God for the light that was given her to see the snare of the Adversary and to guard with great carefulness against the first approach of temptation. Ever was the prayer ascending from her heart :

"Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make,  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake."

There were times when she needed encouragement from those of a wise and understanding heart. When suitable words were spoken from pure motives she thanked God and took courage. But when the tempter would take advantage of such words and suggest: "You are doing a wonderful work. You are remarkably endowed with power," she would see "the cloven foot," and say: "Get thee behind me, Satan," and flee from the snare as from the face of a serpent.

Of all the fatal rocks upon which Christians are liable to be wrecked this one seems most to be dreaded, because so concealed, so little apprehended or thought of. Before one is aware, the Heavenly Dove is grieved and takes His departure, self becomes re-

enthroned in the heart, and the Adversary gains his object. . . .  
O to be kept among the little ones down at the feet of Jesus, full of love that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly."

If, in the weakness of human nature, of which she was always painfully conscious, Mary Yard erred in this matter, it was in spite of constantly guarding against such errors. This fault was so abhorrent to all the desires and feelings of her sanctified nature, that if there were any yielding in this direction, it was unconscious and involuntary.

### *Courtship and Marriage.*

It would have been contrary to all human experience if one so attractive as was the young lady whose history we are tracing had reached womanhood without receiving the special attentions of young men whose thoughts were turned toward matrimony. A chapter in *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus* details what is termed "a religious courtship." By way of introduction it is remarked:

The subject of marriage, from its first presentation to Mary's mind, seemed to involve momentous considerations. The earliest indications of an attachment to her on the part of a gentleman caused her to hasten to the throne of grace and implore the Holy Spirit's guidance and control that her affections might not be given to an improper object, and that she might clearly see her duty. When convinced that she ought not to give encouragement, she at once manifested her decision, so that the attention and affection which she could not reciprocate might be averted. Several attachments were thus nipped in the bud because she believed they were not according to the will of God.

In her twenty-fourth year she became intimately acquainted with a young man, a member of the same church with herself, whose

attentions she decided, after much prayer, to receive. At the first interview during which the matter was talked over, the two together sought in earnest prayer the divine direction and blessing. Indeed, it was their habit whenever they were together to devote part of the time to Scripture reading and prayer.

At the beginning of their courtship Mary had some fears that her mind might be diverted from the central point of bliss when she should feel her affections going out toward an earthly object, and most earnestly she besought the Lord that her devotion to Him might not be diminished, but that her communion with her friend might bring them both in closer union with Jesus. The thought of the possibility of losing the ardor of her love for the altogether lovely One caused a pang of unutterable anguish.

When pouring out her soul before Him she would say, "Precious Savior, let me die now rather than live to be a backslider in heart or to become engrossed with earthly things and lose sight of Thee. Never, O never let the time come when I shall cease to say:

'Thou art the sea of love  
Where all my pleasures roll;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And center of my soul.'

Daily she examined her heart to see if Jesus still held the supremacy, and if she found her thoughts much upon the earthly one who claimed a share of her love, she felt jealous for Christ lest He should be supplanted. Then, with tears, she would hasten to the Beloved of her soul to tell Him he should not lose His place in her heart. Her allegiance and devotion to Him must not, should not, be interfered with. Such tokens of His love and sweet revelations of His presence were given her that her heart would exult in the realization that Jesus was still reigning there, and she would leave the place of prayer singing:

"Dear Savior, let Thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good."

During the whole period of her courtship she was not conscious

of any departure from God, either in heart or in conduct. All their association was sanctified by the presence and fellowship of Jesus, and they felt and acted as if conscious of His inspection.

A young lady friend came from a distant place to visit Mary, and first having an interview with her mother, said : " I have come on purpose to find out whether it is possible for a courtship to be carried on by a devoted Christian without spiritual loss. I have doubted if it could be done, and thought if I could learn that Mary is still as devoted as ever I should be convinced that I was mistaken. Now, I want to know if she is still the same?" Her mother replied that she had seen no change, and added : " While they read the Bible and pray together at every interview, I don't think there is much danger of backsliding." In a conversation with her friend, Miss Yard stated that she had not felt any spiritual loss, and added : " It cannot be that an institution in the order of God, and sanctioned by the presence of Jesus during his sojourn on earth, can be incompatible with purity of heart and union and communion with God."

In the summer of 1834 there was a very quiet wedding in Mrs. Yard's parlor. The bride-elect had arranged to have the ceremony conducted by her friend, the Rev. John J. Matthias, then presiding elder of the district in which Trenton was included. Without ostentation, and with the same spirit of entire devotion to God which then for more than a dozen years had characterized all her conduct, Mary D. Yard became Mrs. Henry B. James.

Pleasing prospects opened before the newly married pair. Happy in each other and happy in His love whose favor is life and whose loving-kindness is better than life, the world looked very bright before them.

The young husband was in a business that promised sufficient income to meet their needs. A feature of the arrangement specially pleasing was that the bride was domiciled with her mother, and these two hearts, so

closely united, could mingle in constant fellowship, thus ministering not only to their mutual enjoyment but to their advancement in the divine life. This delightful adjustment of affairs, however, proved to be but temporary. In a few months Mr. James' business prospects were suddenly blighted. The loss of his position was a heavy trial to the husband.

With a sad heart he broke the intelligence to his young wife, but it was only a transient cloud that obscured the brightness of the sunshine of her soul. The silver lining upon the clouds appeared when the two went together to the mercy-seat, and in a few days a situation was found which was accepted as from the Father of Lights, to whom they returned heartfelt thanks.

## PART SECOND.

### THE BUSY WOMAN.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### IN THE NEW HOME.

NOT many months after their marriage an unexpected occurrence changed the whole course of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. James. The store in which Mr. James was interested had been robbed. This store was in "South Trenton," then oftener called "Bloomsbury," at that time in Burlington County. The burglars were subsequently arrested and thrown in jail at Mount Holly, the county town. Months later, the young merchant was summoned to attend their trial. While awaiting the proceedings of the court, Mr. James strolled through the village of Mount Holly and noticed the store of a watchmaker. Moved by the impulse to make the acquaintance of one in his own line of business, the young man entered and the two mechanics were soon good friends. During the interview the proprietor offered to sell out his establishment. Easy terms were offered and interest was awakened.

When Mr. James returned to Trenton the matter was talked over and, of course, taken to the Lord in prayer. The only difficulty, lack of funds, was removed by what

was regarded as a providential interposition, and the contract was speedily made, the young mechanic losing no time in taking possession of his new place of business, though the wife could not then accompany him.

Mrs. James recognized the opening as providential, and entered into the new plans with gratitude to her Heavenly Father. Yet one feature of the new arrangement came to this sensitive nature with cruel power. She must leave her fond mother and go away among strangers. The thought of the separation proved too much for strength already overtaxed, and weeks of illness followed the removal of the husband. At length the wife slowly rallied and prepared to go to the new home.

There was something extremely pathetic in the transfer of this frail plant from the nursery in which it had been so carefully reared and so tenderly guarded from every rude blast, to its unwonted surroundings. The journey was performed upon a bed placed in a carriage, and all possible care was taken to prevent injury to the invalid. The result, however, was what must have been feared. Before the young wife could be comfortably settled in the new quarters, certainly before she was prepared for such an event, she became a mother.

The little babe seemed not to have vitality enough to warrant the hope of his living. Weeks passed before he could be said to have really begun to live, so feeble were his attempts at the functions of existence. The frail mother passed through the ordeal better than could have been anticipated. She was in the special care of the Great Physician. To Him this new interest, with all the others, was fully committed. As weeks passed, vital energy came to both mother and child, and with it on her part new joy in living and new gratitude to God.



One cause for gratitude must not be unmentioned. Though entirely a stranger, Mrs. James found among her new neighbors the promised "brothers and sisters and mothers." She never ceased to remember the courteous attentions of the good people of Mount Holly, and especially of her sisters in the Methodist Church. Ties of kinship could not have prompted greater kindness.

And now that matters are adjusted to the new state of things would the reader like one look into that home? There lies before the writer at this moment a manuscript, time-stained and worn, which gives more than a glimpse of an occurrence there, the influence of which cannot yet be measured, though half a century has passed. The document is a letter which seems to have been borne by private hands, as there is no postmark, to "Mrs. P. Yard, Trenton, N. J." It is dated "Mount Holly, May 7, 1835," and opens with expressions of warmest love to the mother and of deepest sorrow on account of their separation. It continues:

Last Sabbath evening was a memorable one to me, dearest mother. It was the first Sabbath that I had felt able, since the birth of my babe, to sit up in the evening. My dear Henry spent the evening with me, while Susan (the domestic) went to meeting. When we found ourselves alone, we took our little lamb, knelt down, and offered it "a living sacrifice unto God," on the altar of our faith and prayer. We had individually given it to the Lord from its birth, but then, on that holy Sabbath evening, May 3, 1835, we unitedly presented our son to the Most High, fervently praying that He would accept the offering and claim our child for His own; that he might be dedicated to the service of the Living God and "only to His glory live, and in His cause expire." O my mother, that was a hallowed moment. As our prayers in holy unison ascended to the Highest, in deep sincerity of soul we said: "Take our darling babe, O Thou who hast in mercy lent him to us. Take, Thou who only hast the right, his entire services, and

make him, as Samuel of old, to hear the voice of the Lord and obey the gracious call even in his childhood."

Dear mother, I thought Heaven accepted the offering, for it seemed to me that "glory shone around" us. Accents from above seemed to fall on my ear, sweetest words that I ever heard, "I have heard your prayers, I have received your sacrifice, I have sealed your little one an heir of heaven." O, shall I be thus blessed, to be the mother of a son who shall be devoted to God? Shall I be instrumental in cultivating and nurturing a plant for the garden of the Lord, the paradise above? What a delightful task will it be to teach my little son the lessons of piety and lead him in the way of holiness, and, with my beloved husband, take him hand in hand to heaven.

Of course the reader can feel but a small part of the interest in this transaction which it has to that son, but he wishes here to record, with gratitude to God, the statement that the consecration then made *still holds*. It is hardly a digression to glance at some of its results.

A few weeks after that time the child was given to God in baptism. As years passed, the parents sought to carry out their purpose to train him for God. While yet in childhood, He was made a partaker of grace divine. Just before he reached his majority the Master called him to preach the Gospel. He was then assisting his father, and his presence seemed necessary to the success of the business. The father hesitated, but the mother reminded him of that dedication of their first-born to God. With tear-filled eyes and quivering lip the father said, "He must go." For thirty years he has tried to do the work of the best of masters and proclaim the glorious, complete salvation through Christ alone. Yes, thank God! that consecration holds!

Reader, are you a parent? Have you realized your privilege to give your offspring to Jehovah and expect

his covenant blessing? If not, let him who owes so much to that consecration, made fifty years ago, entreat you to enter at once into your part of such a covenant. Then can you claim, with fullest confidence, the "promise" which is "unto you and your children."

An oft-repeated experience of those days of early motherhood was that of the anticipated parting with her fondly loved child. He had his full share of the troubles of babyhood, and some sufferings peculiar to himself.

Several times during his infancy severe illness brought him very near death. The tender mother, when her heart was bleeding and her tears flowing, unfalteringly said, "Thy will be done," each time as he seemed in death's grasp. That her son should live to be useful in the world was a cherished desire of her heart, yet she said: "It is the Lord. Let him do as seemeth to him good." This submission to the divine will brought a rich blessing to her soul, the sweet savor of which remained.

The duties of the new sphere were arduous and exacting, yet these new demands upon the young housekeeper did not in the least diminish her attachment to the absent mother. Rarely did a week pass without the transmission of a letter to the native city. What treasures those letters were! Every one was carefully cherished by the mother. After her death the daughter did not destroy them, and the writer has been permitted to read more than four hundred epistles, all glowing with filial love and devotion and nearly every one expressing intense spirituality. An extract, taken almost at random, will help the reader to understand the feelings of this young nursling upon being torn from its home nest.

I don't know, dearest mother, what or where or how to write this morning. I feel all the time so intensely desirous to see you that I know not how to write about anything beside. But I must wipe

away my tears. I must try to bear with more patience and resignation this long, this painful, separation from that beloved one to whom my heart will cling, however far distant I may be from her. But ah, the effort is vain. I cannot change my sensitive feelings to adamant hardness. I cannot congeal the warm currents of my affections and turn my heart to icy coldness. I was born to feel, and feel I must, and feel, too, with exquisite keenness, every blast of woe, every dart of sorrow, everything that wounds, and everything that comforts, too, for I am as much alive to joy as sorrow. . . . I often think, were I differently constituted, had I a more insensible heart, how much more uniform would be my course both as it regards mind and body, but perhaps on the whole I am not less happy here, and I do not think I shall be less happy in the world of bliss. O no! I am sure I shall not in heaven find my heart too full of tender emotions, for there all my passions and affections will be controlled, absorbed, and employed by love divine.

It is not strange that this ever-present longing to be again with the cherished mother should have prompted Mrs. James and her husband to eagerly look for some change in their circumstances which might restore mother and daughter to each other. Again and again do the letters speak of apparent openings in the wall which separated them, and with exultant joy the daughter would express her anticipations of the reunion. But all such hopes were followed by disappointment. Not till the mother had been removed from earth did Mr. and Mrs. James again become residents of Trenton.

These strong emotions were not allowed to interfere with the work committed to this conscientious child of God at that time. If the round of daily toil seemed to her too much like drudgery, because of a somewhat distorted conception of life and lack of appreciation of the heaven-given opportunities of wifehood and motherhood, no duty was consciously neglected.

Not many months passed before this earnest worker re-

ports to her mother the holding of a female prayer-meeting in her own home, and the gracious influences and results attending it. Aside from this weekly gathering of Christian women for prayer and occasional attendance upon public and social services, Mrs. James was for some years almost cut off from specifically religious work, and it was hers to glorify God rather by waiting and suffering than by doing. A few months after her removal to Mount Holly she narrowly escaped an attack of dropsy, as the result of an injury to the brain, given by the heavy lid of a chest which fell upon her head before she left Trenton. She was spared the suffering even by anticipation of such a dire disease, and great was her gratitude to God when she realized her escape.

Her pathway was by no means a smooth one. In her feeble health and multiplying domestic duties, burdens often devolving upon her to which her frail nature seemed unequal, she found it needful to have much help from above and so to be ever looking unto Jesus. His gracious interposition in her behalf, to sustain, comfort, and uplift, was daily a cause of grateful praise. The assurance that she was in the hands of Him who loved her filled her with a calm, sweet peace, which was undisturbed throughout her sickness. Successive attacks of illness so enfeebled her system that for years she was an invalid. During this protracted period of affliction she found that suffering the will of God tended to mature the gracious fruits of the Spirit more than doing His will, as in former years.

In a conversation with an eminent Christian lady who was very prominent as a worker in God's vineyard, the invalid said to her, "How favored you are to be able to do so much for Christ! I have so long been laid aside, and have done nothing. I am tempted to envy you for the great good you are accomplishing."

"Ah, my sister," said the active Christian, "it requires more grace to be a passive sufferer than to be an active doer, and God is being glorified more, perhaps, by your sickness than by my activity."

These words were pondered in her heart; and she afterward was convinced of their truth by the result of the refining ordeal. The image of the Heavenly shone out the more clearly, and many saw it and acknowledged the power of His grace who enabled her thus to "glorify Him in the fires."

The blessed revelations of the all-glorious Presence made her sick-room a Bethel, and the nights of wakefulness even more happy than the days; for the voice of the Comforter was more distinctly heard when human tongues were silent, and the brightness of His countenance more luminous amid the midnight darkness. No language can give an idea of those blessed experiences but the Bible words, "Joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Over two years had passed in feebleness, frequent sufferings of body, and great triumph of spirit, when another severe test was given her. She had always had a peculiar dread of cancer, and now a tumor appeared which had every symptom of that terrible malady. When it was pronounced a cancer the trial was tremendous; but, looking up to God, she asked that she might prove the sufficiency of grace to sustain not only, but even to render her triumphant. Immediately the grace was imparted, and her glad heart mounted above the affliction, and praised God for having given her the privilege of thus proving the power of His grace.

She could think of the protracted anguish of cancer, of an unsuccessful surgical operation (for she had no hope of a cure), and even of the danger of dying under it without dread, for the great God had spoken to her and said: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." What more could she want, since the eternal God was her refuge, and underneath her were the everlasting arms?

Weeks and months passed away with no alleviation of the distressing symptoms, until at length the decision was made to have the tumor removed. An application recommended by a friend was first to be tried; if that should fail then the dreadful alternative—the knife. The first remedy proved successful, though the cure was slow, and the calamity was thus averted, to the great relief of the sufferer and her anxious friends.

The remembrance of that glorious triumph has caused her heart

to rejoice many a time, and in other seasons of trial has made her faith stronger in the power of that grace which God causes so to abound toward them that love Him. She has also had many a privilege of comforting those who were suffering under similar afflictions, and often has she given expression to the feelings of her heart in the language of the Apostle Paul, in 2 Corinthians, i. 3, 4 : "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

As she has seen tears of joy, and heard expressions of gratitude from poor sufferers to whom she has been permitted to administer consolation, she has rejoiced that she had passed through this trial, and could attest the power of divine grace to lift the soul above it.

The activity of Mrs. James was greatly circumscribed by feeble health and home duties, yet her zeal for Christ could not but find expression in some efforts to be useful. She thus writes to her mother of a consumptive whom she visited in November, 1836 :

I found him in a truly penitent state and conversed with him with great satisfaction, and I trust, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, the interview will be blessed to his good. I felt it a very great cross to converse and pray with a gentleman who had been devoted to the world, and with whom I had no personal acquaintance, but I endeavored to look to the Source of all wisdom and grace for words and for courage. And the Lord did, indeed, most graciously assist me. I believe this young man had read the letter and book which I sent to his brother, and which I feared had not answered the purpose for which I sent them.\* But should they be instrumental in saving the soul of this one, what a cause of rejoicing would it be! How my soul exults at the thought of contributing in any degree to the salvation of a soul. When I left him he asked me to come often to see him.

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\* The brother had died a few weeks before.

In a subsequent letter she speaks of this young man as

Still earnestly seeking his salvation. I visit him almost every day. If I stay away one day he seems distressed about it and says he fears I have deserted him. I never felt more interested in a sick person in my life. To see one so young, so promising, going down to the tomb, to hear his earnest aspirations after the Friend of sinners, and see the tears of contrition rolling down his pallid face, is, indeed, affecting beyond description. Oh, how my heart has been melted when I have been with him, endeavoring to lead him to the lamb of God, for sinners slain. He sometimes seems just ready to lay hold of the Savior.

Among the occasional employments of the young wife was sitting in the store of her husband when he was temporarily absent. On one such occasion a poor inebriate entered the store. Noticing that he seemed chilled and uncomfortable, the lady invited him to a seat by the stove. She was engaged in reading and for a time paid little attention to the visitor. Presently she observed that he was looking at her intently and with tearful eyes. When he found that he had her attention he spoke with deep feeling of her kindness in inviting him to a comfortable seat, and thus opened the way for conversation. Before they separated the Christian woman had secured a promise of reformation, which was sacredly kept. The man soon obtained employment, for he was a good mechanic, and became not only a sober man, but a Christian. Months later he fell from a scaffolding upon which he was working as a carpenter, and was severely injured. He sent for the friend whose kind and well-timed words had stopped him in his downward career, and expressed his gratitude for those words and his hope of a home in heaven. Perhaps this was the first of the many efforts of this active Christian in behalf of this class of wanderers from God.



Quietly and with little of incident those years of the early married life of Mrs. James passed away, yet who shall say that they were not among the most valuable of her life? Had she been permitted in those years to enjoy all the delights of society, or even to yield to her impulse to be unceasingly active for the good of others, she would have missed the mellowing influence of suffering and of patient waiting. These years were doubtless a needed preparation for the toils and successes that came farther on.

## CHAPTER II.

### WITNESSING OF A FULL SALVATION.

ONE effect of the coming of Mrs. James into a new place was to temporarily modify her manner of bearing her Christian testimony. In Trenton she had been accustomed to speak often and definitely of "the higher Christian life" and her experience in regard to it. As we have seen, she always spoke, not of her own goodness, but of the grace which so gloriously and so fully saved. In Trenton she often heard expressions akin to her own. When she came to attend the social meetings in the church at Mount Holly she soon noticed the absence of such explicit statements. She had the utmost confidence in the piety of the people among whom she had come to live. Some of them, she was sure, were deeply experienced in the things of God. For her, a stranger and a young woman, to speak of higher attainments than those who had long been looked upon as leaders in the church, seemed to her to savor of presumption. So, while she spoke of communion with God and great enjoyment in His service, the definite statement that Jesus saved her from all conscious sin was withheld.

No one can doubt that in this matter Mrs. James was influenced by good motives. There was in the Mount Holly church some prejudice against the profession of entire sanctification. She thought that any words of hers which might seem to be lacking in humility would increase this prejudice, and so mar her influence, while a

less obtrusive way of speaking of the work of grace in her heart might disarm criticism and win people to a higher life. She subsequently came to take a different view of the whole matter and to return to her former habit. This change was a pivotal point in her religious life and history, and it is but right that she should be permitted to give her own account of it as detailed in *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*. After speaking of the influence by which her testimony was toned down as "a well-circumstanced temptation," the writer continues :

This appeal to her sense of propriety and duty was successful, her natural timidity and the humility which grace had given her causing her the more readily to yield to the plausible suggestion. She sincerely believed herself justifiable in withholding her testimony to the power of the blood that cleanseth. For a long time she pursued her course without compunctions of conscience, but wondering why she was shorn of strength when she attempted to speak or pray, and why there seemed an intervening mist half concealing the brightness of her precious Savior's face. While she felt the same ardent love to Him and devotion to the interests of His kingdom, the consciousness that His presence was a less vivid realization caused her deep sorrow. Day after day she lingered at the mercy-seat, imploring light from above to show her the cause of this interruption of the sweet rest in Jesus which she had enjoyed.

One of the oldest class-leaders in the church, regarded as one of the best of men, called to see her and thus accosted her: "My sister, I have come to converse with you on a subject that has long been troubling my mind. When I was informed that you were coming here to reside my heart leaped for joy, for I thought, now there will be at least one witness of full salvation in our church. I had heard of your deep experience and of your clear testimonies of this great salvation for years, and I thought, now we shall have a burning and shining light among us and we shall be greatly blessed through her instrumentality. The doctrine of holiness my soul delights in. Many years ago I received the full baptism of the Spirit and lived in its enjoyment for some time; but through timid-

ity, not being willing to stand alone as a witness, I lost the evidence. My heart has been all the Lord's ever since, but the fullness of the blessing I have not enjoyed. I thought, if there were only one to stand by me, then I would have courage to speak of those glorious things of Christ's kingdom, and declare His wonderful work in my heart. When you came, I said, 'Thank God! now I shall have one to stand by me.' My purpose was renewed to bear testimony to the truth and to seek for a fresh anointing from on high. At last the time came of your presence at a love-feast. I listened with eagerness for your testimony. You spoke a few words with evident timidity, and made no allusion to the subject of entire sanctification. My disappointment was so great I felt like weeping. From that time to this I have been waiting to hear your experience, and my heart has been longing for it, but I have waited and longed in vain."

The mystery was explained; the blind eyes were opened to see the cause of her lack of liberty and power, and of her loss of the sweeter, richer comforts of perfect love. The discovery that she had been a hindrance instead of a help to the good brother filled her heart with sad regret. Humbly confessing her fault she begged his forgiveness, assuring him she would no longer be a stone of stumbling in his path, and thanking him for his faithfulness.

This conversation left no doubt in the mind of Mrs. James as to her duty in this matter. For her to know duty was to decide how she would act. She had already expressed to the class-leader her decision.

The purpose of her heart was at once carried to the ear of her compassionate Savior, and with deep contrition and repentance she wept and lamented her departure from the straightforward path of duty. Conscious of an unwavering purpose to please God, she could, without hesitation, claim His forgiveness through the all-cleansing blood, and immediately felt a fresh application of that blood, in the renewed cleansing of her heart, and the bright evidence of her full acceptance. Then came the fullness of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and the blessed fellowship with the Father and the Son, which had been the crowning bliss of her happy ex-

perience, and she felt that henceforth it would be her chief delight to show forth His praise.

A young Christian came to her seeking light and help in the pursuit of the higher experience. She said, "I heard you enjoyed it, but have not heard you speak of it; and, oh, how earnestly I have wished to know more of the Christian's privilege! I have been reading the memoir of Hester Ann Rogers, and her glowing experience and beautiful life quite charmed me. I want to be thus devoted to God, and am trying to be so."

Then came again the bitter reflection, "I have not been doing the work which was given me to do here. This lovely young Christian might long ago have entered into the King's highway if I had held up the light to show her the path and had extended a helping hand to her. Many others, too, might have entered into the goodly land of perfect love, had its rich fruits been set before them, and had they been told, by one who knew its wealth of blessings, of the way to enter in, and invited to "go up at once and possess it." Now she endeavored to redeem the time lost, by doing all she could to help the sincere inquirer. She also sought opportunities of speaking to individuals and in private circles, on this subject dearest to her heart, and her faith and love and joy increased.

Before the privilege was given her to witness in a public meeting, her wise and loving Father took her up into the mount of blessed communion with saints, where the fruits of Canaan were spread out in profusion, that she might gain greater strength before a testing time would come.

A visit to New York brought her in contact with some of the purest spirits that have ever blessed our world. It was her first introduction to the abode of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and to the precious privileges of the Tuesday meetings.

Her diary records conversations with many eminent Christians, which made her soul "as the chariots of Aminidab." While enjoying the hospitalities of this pleasant abode, she felt as the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration. A heavenly atmosphere surrounded them and Jesus revealed Himself gloriously to their spiritual vision. His presence was the charm and His love the theme, not only of the Tuesday meetings, but of the family circle, the social company, and even at the table. At each meal, a portion

of the precious bread furnished by God's Word was distributed, as being essential to the soul's advantage and comfort, as the bread on the table was required to feed and nourish the body. As passages were repeated by each one around the board, there seemed a peculiar freshness and sweetness in them, and they were as "marrow and fatness" to the company of believers. Never did the Word of God seem so appropriate, so beautiful. How blessed to have it mingled with the food, that the soul and body may both be fed at the same time! How easy then to obey the injunction, "Whether ye eat or drink," etc., "do all to the glory of God," with His own words in our minds and on our tongues, while eating and drinking.

It had not been considered by the visitor religiously profitable to mingle with large companies called "tea parties," but here were companies of twenty to thirty, and each countenance bore the image of the Heavenly and the conversation was all of Jesus and His love. How often, while favored with those spiritual feasts, did the happy visitor say in her heart:

"Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!  
How rich Thy entertainments are!"

Thus renewed in spiritual strength, the newly baptized one returned to her home full of holy energy and strong purpose to work for God. Her glowing soul longed to show forth His praise, Who had so gloriously revealed Himself to her. In the ardor of her zeal, she hastened to tell a sister in the church of the riches of grace enjoyed during her visit. She found that heart so cold that it could not reciprocate those warm expressions of hallowed love and exultation. So languid and listless were the replies to the story of joy and triumph, that it seemed as water thrown upon a fire.

The artful Tempter suggested: "There now! you see how your testimony of full salvation is to be received! If so active a Christian treats this subject with such indifference, what can you expect from the church in general? What a hard time you will have, if you undertake to talk holiness here. You had better be very careful or you will do more harm than good. By incurring the censure of your friends, you will destroy all your influence for good to them."

This new assault for a moment daunted her, and she said: "What shall I do?" "Flee to your stronghold," said the Holy Spirit.

Then, prostrating herself before God, she poured out her soul in fervent supplication. The Spirit said: "God has placed you here to 'let your light shine.' He calls you to be a witness for Him and bear testimony to the power of the cleansing blood. If you will bear faithful testimony, great and glorious will be the results, but if you will not, you will forfeit the divine favor." It seemed the voice of Jehovah speaking to her heart, and sinking down in deepest self-abasement she said: "Thou knowest my utter weakness—but if Thou wilt give me strength, I will stand up a decided witness for Thee, let the consequences be what they may. Only arm me with the panoply divine, and I will not fear nor hesitate to proclaim the great salvation."

That afternoon there was to be a meeting of ladies to sew for the aid of the church. This presented another occasion for the Adversary to try to intimidate her in the performance of the duty she felt incumbent upon her.

He suggested: "It will be very much out of place and imprudent for you to say a word about your experience in that company of ladies. You know Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. have particular objections to this doctrine, and it will seem like making a parade of your religion to talk of it there. Of course, your visit to New York will be spoken of, for they all know of it, but while you may speak of it as a very delightful visit, you need not tell them what made it so specially interesting and profitable. If you should do so your feelings will be wounded by some opposers, and you had better be silent on that subject."

At once the disguised enemy was detected, and she said: "I will not listen for a moment to him; I will trust in God and do my duty." Then came the sweet words of the hymn founded on a precious portion of God's word:

"See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand  
 Omnipotently near!  
 Lo, He holds thee by thy hand!  
 And banishes thy fear:  
 Shadows with His wings thy head  
 Guards from all impending harms,  
 Round thee and beneath are spread  
 The everlasting arms."

She said, "It is enough! 'I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation.' He will teach me what to say and what to do. 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God. I will make mention of His righteousness and of His only.'"

She went to the meeting and was called upon to open it with prayer. The Spirit of God helped her infirmities, and a melting influence attended the words of supplication and thanksgiving as utterance was given to her ardent devotion. The way was thus opened to speak on the subject dearest to her heart. In reply to the question, "Had you a pleasant visit to New York?" she spoke of the hallowed communion of saints, of the revealed presence of the Highest, of the strength divine imparted to her, and of her purpose to bear testimony to the fullness of the believer's privilege as a blessed realization of her own heart. Immediately one of her most valued friends remarked, "I think you have been sufficiently decided: everybody knows you enjoy a great deal of religion, and to be any more definite, or to give it the name of entire sanctification or holiness, would only excite opposition and curtail your usefulness." Others expressed the concurrence of their views with those thus advanced. While their conversation was going on, the tried one was sending up the fervent prayer, "Fill thou my mouth with arguments." As she spoke of the great salvation, its fullness of bliss, its power to give perfect victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to bring the soul into conscious and constant union with Christ, and to assimilate the heart to the divine likeness, and urged the importance of the church coming up fully to her high privileges in the Gospel, nearly all in the room were in tears. For some minutes after the appeal was finished, not a word was uttered.

At length the sister who had first spoken said: "Perhaps I did wrong to speak as I did. I have no doubt that you are under the divine guidance and will be directed to pursue the right course; do as you believe to be your duty, and your testimony will be received, for everybody has confidence in you." Then others also spoke encouragingly. Thus the enemy was put to flight and a glorious victory gained.

During the same week a class-leader called to see the triumphant one of whose happy experience he had heard, and as she told the story to him, he said, "O, that I were as in years past, when the



candle of the Lord shone upon me and my heart was filled with this pure love! I had the precious treasure of perfect love for six years, and lost it by coming here and withholding my testimony. O how I have longed to regain it, but have been so discouraged. Now your recital of the rich enjoyment you possess in the fullness of gospel blessing makes me feel that I cannot live without it. I must have it, I will have it, God helping me, and, sister Mary, you shall have one at least in the church to stand by you."

"What would you think of having a meeting for those who are hungering and thirsting like yourself?" asked the happy Mary, "for," said she, "there are several others I know of." "Grand idea!" he replied, "let us have it right soon." She said, "Well, I will tell the friends who would be interested and we'll have it to-morrow afternoon in our house."

The next morning two brethren called, who had come from Philadelphia to assist the pastor in a series of meetings which he proposed to hold, commencing on the evening of that day. Those brethren were local preachers and were full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and they readily promised to attend the meeting in the afternoon.

That meeting was the first for this special object held in that place, if not the first in the State of New Jersey. It was the privilege of Mrs. James to conduct many such meetings, and rich were the results in the experience of thousands.

A pentecostal meeting was that memorable occasion. About twenty persons met to pray for the gracious baptism. They were "all with one accord" in that consecrated room. At the very beginning, as one of the precious hymns expressive of heart-longings for full redemption was being sung, the Holy Ghost came down, as if in haste to give the signal of God's approval of that meeting for the specific object so pleasing to Him.

The class-leader who had expressed joy at the proposal to hold such a meeting came in during the first singing, and as he knelt at his seat Jesus met him and sealed him wholly His. He exclaimed, "Glory to God, I am fully saved, washed in the blood of the Lamb." The divine power went like electric fire through every

heart. All fell on their knees, overpowered with the sacred influence. The class-leader to whom reference was made as desiring to hear the testimony on this subject, in a moment regained his lost evidence of entire salvation and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Others were fervently praying for the fuller baptism, and some of them, before the meeting closed, were blessed with a renewal of spiritual life.

Mary's pastor was not at the meeting, but called upon her after its close, and seemed deeply affected by her account of the gracious effusion of the Holy Spirit and the blessings resulting to those who attended. During the conversation on the deeper Christian experience he manifested much emotion, and expressed an earnest desire that an interest might be awakened in the church generally, and that he might, himself, enter into the full liberty of the Gospel. He expressed his approval of meetings for that special object, and gave his ready consent for a weekly meeting for that purpose as soon as the series of public services, which was to commence that evening in the church, should close.

The meeting of the evening was for Christian testimony. After the opening exercises on that occasion, the pastor stated that, very soon after his conversion, he was led into the deeper experience set forth in the Gospel. His evidence was clear, his communion with Jesus unspeakably sweet, and he could testify that there is a reality in this exalted privilege of the children of God. He also spoke of the distinction between a state of justification and entire sanctification. He never should forget that blissful experience of intimate union and communion with Him who is the joy of earth and heaven. With deep sorrow and regret he had to confess that he had not retained that experience. He could hardly tell how he lost it. Although he remained a child of God, he was conscious of a great loss. His spiritual state had been more like that of a servant than that of a child much of the time, and he longed for the richer, sweeter communion of former years. His desires for restoration to that blissful state had been greatly quickened by a conversation with a sister who enjoyed this happy experience. He felt that he must regain it, and desired the whole church to join him in seeking it. As many as would do so he asked to indicate it by raising their hands. The whole company seemed moved and melted, and nearly all gave the signal.

The first to speak after the pastor was the leader who was the first blessed in the meeting of the afternoon ; the next, the leader who had also been rebaptized at the same meeting. Their testimonies were thrilling and glorious. The third testimony was that of her whose glad heart longed to "utter the memory of His great goodness and speak of His wondrous works." Her heart was overflowing with love and gratitude for the manifestation of grace not only to her but to her beloved church. She related her experience at length, stating how and when she received the fuller experience of divine love, and could say : "It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." She confessed her failure to do the whole will of God in having so long withheld her testimony, but, as she was not knowingly or willfully disobedient, He had still owned and blessed her. She had never withdrawn her heart from the altar of consecration, but had not enjoyed the fullness of light and love and liberty while she hesitated to bear witness to sanctifying grace. Now she would bear full testimony to the uttermost salvation. God had baptized her anew, and she was willing, at any sacrifice, to be His witness wherever He should call her to bear testimony. The power attending those testimonials seemed to touch all hearts. In quick succession other Christians rose and expressed ardent desires to enjoy the experience of those who had spoken, and a firm purpose to seek it with all the heart. The entire congregation seemed to be determined to go up and possess "the goodly land."

The meeting closed with the cloud of the divine glory resting upon the people. The pastor said : "We will hold a meeting every afternoon of this week for those who are seeking purity of heart and for those who have lost the witness of pardon." Each meeting was crowned with God's presence in a remarkable manner. Many entered into the rest of faith ; many were reclaimed from a back-slidden state, and a general quickening and reviving influence was felt throughout the church. A great awakening among the unconverted, followed and many were brought into the fold of Jesus.

As soon as the protracted services had ceased the weekly special meetings were commenced. The room was filled from week to week. Many new witnesses had been raised up and many others were pressing hard after the prize. Each meeting was owned and blessed of God, and the interest continually increased.

The interest of Mrs. James in the spread of the truth, as she understood it, and the experience of perfect love, as she enjoyed it, is expressed in a letter to Miss Rogers in 1840 :

I feel such an intense, absorbing desire that the work of holiness should become general, yes, universal, in our church. As the holy flame burns with increasing ardor in my own soul, I feel an increasing zeal to spread its hallowed influence. By the grace of God, I am determined to exert all my energies in unremitting efforts to extend it.

This purpose was most religiously carried out. By personal conversation with Christians whom she met, by correspondence with friends, as well as by testimonies on all suitable occasions, she sought to make known what God had done for her, and would do for all who were willing to give themselves wholly to Him and trust Him completely and unwaveringly.

The influence of some of these efforts upon one heart may be gathered from the following extract from a letter to the writer of these pages, from Mrs. Sarah Richards Boyle, now of California :

“Your precious mother, so lately translated to the home of the saved, was the most saintly person I ever knew. She was truly heavenly-minded. Her religious experience was strongly and deeply developed, her teachings clear and foreible, and her influence un-mixed for good. The illumination of a beautiful consistency shone about her. My acquaintanee with her I consider one of the greatest blessings of my life. It commenced in 1838, I think. I was spending a few days with Miss Rogers, now Mrs. Harlow, of Philadelphia. She sent for Mrs. James to join our circle. Those blessed, never-to-be-forgotten days influenced all my after Christian life. We were both young, fervent in our first love, and earnest in our desire to be Bible Christians. She taught us, exhorted us, prayed with us, won us to herself, and kindled intense desires in our hearts after

holiness. She subscribed for me for the *Guide to Christian Perfection*. As I read the numbers, often on my knees in my closet, how I longed for the perfect liberty in Christ Jesus therein taught. From that time we corresponded. Her letters were inspirations to me. God made her a burning and shining light to my pathway."

If the circle of those with whom Mrs. James was so intimate, and upon whom her influence was so continuous, was comparatively small, there was outside of this a wider circle, whom she touched and helped as her Christian life broadened and her opportunities for usefulness widened. Who can tell how different her history and that of many others might have been if this young woman had yielded to her first impulse, and withheld what God taught her was His message committed to her? Happy was she in recognizing the call divine! Happy is every one who says, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth!"

The reader will not fail to see that one young woman, filled with the Spirit and telling what God had done for her, was used by the Divine Master in this remarkable work, the influence of which is still felt in that church. Only for the sake of magnifying the grace which so wonderfully used as an agent one who felt herself to be so weak and powerless was the record originally made. Only to make permanent that record to the glory of Him who delights to cause weak things to confound the mighty is it here introduced. It is certainly full of encouragement and suggestion to those who are, in conscious feebleness, witnessing for Jesus and seeking to do the work He gives them to do.

## CHAPTER III.

### HARVESTING.

INTENSE as was the interest of Mrs. James in Christian holiness, and earnest as were her efforts to lead others into the green pastures opened to her by the Good Shepherd, her labors were not all upon one line. Every opportunity for promoting the cause of Christ was eagerly seized and used with energy. Indeed, she manifested a holy ingenuity in devising ways to do good, as well as tact in the details of work.

“The joy in harvest,” of seeing souls brought to Christ, was often given to this earnest worker. Let us see her preparing for this work and share with her the happiness in some of her earlier labors of this kind in Mount Holly. For several years after she became connected with the church there, her longings for a large ingathering of souls were unutterable. She writes, October 20, 1841:

For months past the fearful state of our Zion has been so great a burden on my heart that I was pressed down beneath its weight. My prayers, mingled with many tears, had been poured out at the mercy-seat with such fervency as I cannot express, that God would pour out a refreshing shower of grace upon this dry and barren ground. I besought the Lord that he would use me as an instrument to promote, in some degree at least, this glorious object. The cry of my heart continually was, “‘Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?’ Show me what I may do for the salvation of precious

souls and the building up of our Zion." It was at length presented to my mind that it was my duty to make the effort to get up some additional prayer-meetings, there being but one meeting during the week held among us.

The letter describes the formation of a female prayer-meeting, the holding of a weekly social meeting in the home of an aged and afflicted member of the church, and a Sunday-afternoon gathering in her own house specially for the promotion of holiness, and speaks of the blessing that attended all these services. She continues :

Dear Sister Palmer came last week just when we most needed her. No doubt the Lord sent her. She was made the happy instrument of helping forward the good work most wondrously. I need not tell my dear mother that my heart and hands are full all the time. I am going about continually striving to win souls to Christ. Many are coming toward the fold, and I do believe they will be gathered in. . . . As yet the good work is principally among the members of our church, but sinners are beginning to feel, and we shall have the joy of seeing many happily converted to God. Among the number I expect will be some of the reformed drunkards.

About this time a special effort for the salvation of this class was in progress in the community, and a number had signed the temperance pledge. The subject of this memoir knew even then, what many earnest laborers in this field have been too slow to learn, that to be of real value the pledge must be attended or followed by a work of divine grace. Hence her great desire and prayer for the conversion of those who had been induced to turn away from their cups.

Another principle at the foundation of efficient service for God had become a conviction with this well-taught disciple : namely, the need of a new anointing for service in connection with each special effort for souls. Under

date of November 18, 1841, she tells her friend, Miss Rogers, of an experience of her own of this kind :

I have received such a baptism from on high this morning as I have rarely enjoyed. Such enlargement of soul ; such a near approach to Jesus ; such an assurance that my petitions have come up before the throne sprinkled with the precious blood of the all-aton-ing Lamb ; that they had entered the ear of Heaven and were accepted by the Most High ; such indubitable evidence that I was wholly the Lord's ; that He had claimed me for His service, claimed all I have and all I am. Then such a full tide of heavenly bliss poured into my soul that the little vessel quite overflowed, and I broke forth in strains of praise and exultation. O Anna, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.

O the thought of being instrumental in promoting this blessed cause ! winning souls to Christ ; how sweet it is ! And now I feel just like going forward, having no confidence in the flesh, leaning on the arm of my omnipotent Lord, to battle and to victory. I felt that all I could do or say would be utterly inefficient without the power from on high. This, therefore, was the burden of my petition. While yet I was lifting my voice in supplication I felt the pentecostal influence descend, and all my soul and body's powers were wrapped in a flame of love. The blessed Jesus appeared to the eye of faith all unveiled, His bright, unclouded face beaming forth a flood of effulgent glory upon my soul. I was lost to all below and swallowed up in God. Then I felt that the power was given to go and labor with success in the vineyard of my Lord.

This I have been striving to do for years, but I felt that my efforts had been so limited and my success so small compared with what they should have been. "The fear of man which bringeth a snare" had often prevented me from seizing the prize which persevering effort, accompanied with mighty faith, would have claimed and borne away in triumph as a trophy of all-conquering grace. Often have I through this dread foe been shorn of my strength and rendered comparatively useless as a laborer in the vineyard of Christ. The enemy, ever throwing barriers in my way, would suggest how assuming, how forward, how unbecoming this or that would appear. Thus have I been in too many instances deterred from duty, and have failed to win glory for God.



Now, dear Anna, I want you to covenant with me from this moment to engage in the work of our blessed Lord and Master with redoubled energy, henceforth to be regardless alike of the smiles and frowns of mortals, having a single aim to glorify God.

Not long after, Rev. Mr. Woodbury, an evangelist more than ordinarily earnest, wise, and successful, was called to the aid of the pastor of the church in Mount Holly. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James, and in a letter to her mother his hostess describes a "pentecostal season," on a day when, instead of the noon meal, the visitor and the family with whom he was sojourning, including the young woman employed in the kitchen, engaged in united prayer, with fasting. Of Mr. Woodbury's methods Mrs. James writes :

He soon discovered that the main body of the church was in a cold state, and a great work must be wrought in Zion before anything could be accomplished out of her precincts. He, therefore, directed his efforts to the waking up of the church; preached and exhorted and prayed with special reference to the subject of gospel holiness, as the necessary equipment for the warfare in which we were engaged. He enforced its claims with so much of the Holy Spirit's influence, with such pathos and power, that his appeals reached the hearts of scores who had been, like Peter, following the Lord "afar off," and an ardent desire was excited to be brought into closer union with Jesus. . . . Our meetings are all attended with so much of divine influence that we are often constrained to exclaim, "How awful is this place!" It is, indeed, the house of God and the gate of Heaven. The people linger after they are dismissed, reluctant to leave the hallowed spot where the adorable Jesus so signally displays the glory of His power.

Allusion has been made to the temperance reformation in Mount Holly at this time. Prominent among the agencies employed in this work was a series of addresses by Lewis C. Levin, Esq., a lawyer of Philadelphia, then

recently reclaimed from a life of dissipation. He was a man of remarkable ability as a lecturer and full of zeal in the work, but Mrs. James came to find that with all his eloquence Mr. Levin lacked the one essential qualification for effective work—a genuine Christian experience. The thought so stirred her heart that on more than one occasion she appealed to the brilliant lecturer to become fully identified with Christ. One of her letters gives a glowing description of an occasion on which the advocate of temperance electrified his large audience by pleading with them “to sign another pledge, the pledge to love and serve God,” acknowledging himself a newly consecrated disciple of Jesus. After this address, in conversation with Mrs. James, he told her of the influence God had permitted her, by her conversation, to exert upon him. Of course the Christian woman was greatly encouraged by this information, as the lecturer now became much more efficient in the work so dear to her.

The work seems to have gone forward until the ensuing spring, when the Mount Holly Methodist Church was favored with the labors as pastor of the Rev. John K. Shaw, a man on fire with holy zeal for God. In a letter to her brother, Mr. Charles C. Yard, written some months later, Mrs. James speaks of Mr. Shaw as “the most faithful of pastors,” and says:

From the commencement of his ministrations among us there has been a gradual improvement in the state of our church, an increase of spirituality in our membership, and a manifest solemnity in our congregations, which have been increasing. . . . Every Sabbath some persons would present themselves for membership.

Thus delightfully was the work progressing while the

subject of this memoir was enjoying her visit to New York, elsewhere described, and receiving fresh accessions of spiritual energy. Upon her return she co-operated with increasing zeal, as opportunity and bodily strength permitted, with her pastor and the church. There is good reason to believe that the faith and zeal of this earnest spirit were specially inspiring and helpful to the pastor. About ninety had united with the church on profession of faith when the work received a new impulse. In the same letter to her brother she describes the beginning of this revival:

On New Year's Eve we assembled at our watch-meeting. The house was crowded with a most attentive and solemn congregation. Rev. Caleb A. Lippincott preached. The spirit of the Highest seemed to overshadow the assembly as a cloud, and every hearer to realize that God was in His holy temple. Brother Lippincott's heart-searching appeals were irresistible and some callous hearts were broken and brought to the foot of the cross. Soon after the prayer-meeting commenced, a young man of one of our first families arose and with streaming eyes addressed the congregation, stating that he had determined with the new year to set out in the service of the Lord, and called upon his young associates to join him. He then bowed as a humble penitent, and Brother Shaw arose and said: "Now, young men, how many of you will go with S— R— to Heaven?" Immediately there was a rush of young men to the altar, until it was filled. Still they came. Seat after seat was vacated for their reception, and there were so many that it was difficult to count them. It was such a scene as I never before witnessed.

The work went on from week to week with augmenting power. To her friend, Miss Rebecca Toy, now Mrs. Rev. Dr. Lore, Mrs. James wrote, February 16:

Since Christmas evening there has been one continuous effusion of heavenly influence upon our Zion here. At least two hundred

persons have professed to find an interest in the Redeemer, and about one hundred and eighty have joined our church. On last Saturday evening the blessed work received a new impulse by the coming of Miss E—— B—— to our altar and obtaining the pearl of great price. She had for some weeks been under the awakening influences of the Spirit, as had several of her associates, but they would not come out decidedly until Saturday evening, when Miss B—— led the way. The following evening two more approached the altar as weeping penitents, and on the succeeding evening two others. These are all now rejoicing in possession of the great salvation, and the sixth is earnestly seeking it.

The work among these young ladies from the first social circles of the village was as remarkable as that among the young men a few weeks before. At least two of the ladies then interested subsequently married ministers. One has lived to train two sons for the gospel ministry.

One incident will not be forgotten by the few survivors of those who shared in the joy of that wonderful soul-harvest. It was the death of a prominent Christian young man, the son of a member of the church. His decease was sudden, and, coming at a time when all hearts were tender, produced a profound impression, and led to the conversion of several of his near relatives.

A number of letters written in those times of interest have been preserved and, did space permit, many details of the work might be given. The chief object of making the record here is to show how the subject of this memoir was employed by God in the work. We have already seen her intense solicitude and earnest expectation of a revival. In the frankness of pen-and-ink converse with her mother she writes:

At one time for a few days the good work seemed to decline in some measure, and many began to fear that the gracious shower

had passed over, yet my faith did not forsake its hold, and several times I told Brother Shaw that I believed we should yet see a more glorious work. I was confident the cloud of merey still lingered over Mount Holly, though the heavenly influence was suspended for a little, perhaps to try our faith and incite us to increased effort. Brother Shaw replied: "I am very glad to hear you say so, for I believe you are a true prophet. I remember when my faith was drooping, respecting a revival, you told me it was coming like a mighty, rushing wind, and, sure enough, so it did come."

The fresh impulse to the work above described occurred within a very few days of that conversation, and indicated that "the secret of the Lord" had indeed been imparted to His trusting disciple. On many occasions during her long life she was permitted by her faith to inspire and help that of a pastor.

Zeal like that of Mrs. James could not spend itself in secret devotion and expressions of confidence to Christian friends. In the social gatherings of God's people her faith grasped the prize she sought, and it was not a rare occurrence for a whole company to be lifted to new altitudes of fervor and expectation as they listened to her earnest pleading and expressions of exultant confidence.

The writer of these pages has often heard her speak of a day of fasting and prayer about the time of the beginning of this work under Mr. Shaw's pastorate. On this occasion hearts almost forgot earthly things in the absorbing desire for the revival of God's work, and the waiting ones were assured of victory. To her mind there was a close connection between that day of prayer and the great revival.

During the intervals between meetings Mrs. James would seek at their homes those for whom she had been praying and in whom she had seen manifestations of

interest, and converse with them. With all the pathos and Spirit-inspired power of persuasion she could command she would plead with them to submit to God. Perhaps the pledge would be given of the purpose to begin the great work at once. Then would the believing one kneel and seek the Spirit's seal to the transaction.

In the public services she was not less active. The Rev. George Hughes, once her pastor, and ever since her cherished friend, in an obituary notice says of her work of this sort :

“How often has he seen her in revival services, taking her seat in the back part of the congregation, watching for the tear upon the cheek or the heaving of the bosom of some unsaved person, and it was quite common for her to bring subjects for prayer to the altar and she would labor with them until, looking upon the ‘Crucified,’ they lived.”

Those labors in the altar service! Who that ever closely observed the movements of this laborer in the Gospel could fail to be impressed with her holy tact? Kneeling by a penitent she would learn by a few questions the exact state of that heart, and would urge unconditional surrender to God. When sure that the soul had submitted, she would point the eye of faith to Jesus. In her winning way she would hold the inquirer to the divine love as manifested on Calvary. Then she would say: “Do you not see that Jesus is *your* Savior? Claim Him as yours. Say, ‘Jesus is my Savior.’” Tremblingly the lips would utter the words, “*Jesus is my Savior!*” This would be repeated at the helper's request again and again and again, until, in the Spirit's light, it became a matter of divine consciousness, and the seeker would exclaim: “Why, yes, Jesus is my Savior!” Soon words of trust and praise would follow, and the soul would re-

joy in the new birth. At this point it would be hard to tell which felt the greater joy, the one just learning to trust the infinite Savior or she who had been permitted to lift the tendrils of faith until they had clasped the cross.

In some cases it seemed hard for the seeking one to grasp the truth. Then with what patience and Spirit-guided ingenuity did the helper remove difficulties, overcome hesitation, and continue her efforts until the victory came.

Often, in the midst of the struggle, the leader of the meeting would call upon "Sister James" to lead the worshipers in prayer. If ever heaven and earth came together, it was when her pleading voice was heard in behalf of a company of contrite ones seeking Jesus. Her complete, absorbing sympathy for the heartbroken ones, insight into their difficulties and needs, mighty faith in the promises to the seeker, exultant expectation of immediate answers to prayer, lifted and united all Christians and in answer to those pleadings floods of divine glory came upon the waiting company.

But perhaps the meeting would close without complete victory. One and another would be found with face sad and eyes downcast and tear-filled, still unable to find Him whose favor seemed to be withheld. With such an one an appointment was sure to be made by Mrs. James for a private interview, either at her own house or at some other place. Such directly personal labor was the special forte of the subject of this memoir. Faithfully, yet tenderly, each idol was sought out and held up to the gaze of the hesitating one, until the last was dethroned and the heart completely yielded to Him whose right it is to rule. Patiently, as well as with consummate wisdom,

was the Object of faith held up before one whose lack was in this direction, until, like Thomas, the doubting one could say, "My Lord and my God!" Hundreds still on earth, and doubtless other hundreds whom she has already met in heaven, have thanked God and her for help in the hour of their agony.

The reader will not wonder that in such revival scenes as these this spirit, so in sympathy with the work of Jesus, was most truly in its element. Many times during her sixty years' work for Jesus it was her privilege to engage in such labors. In none, perhaps, was her joy more profound than in those seasons of refreshing in Mount Holly in the years 1841, '42, and '43, the culmination of which is described in a letter to Miss Rogers, March 6, 1843:

Yesterday was our sacramental occasion, and oh! how my soul feasted on heavenly food while I listened to the Word of Life from our beloved pastor, whose lips seemed touched with hallowed fire, and while the emblems of our adorable Savior's death were administered to the happy multitude who gathered around the table of the Lord. It was to me a soul-thrilling and heart-melting sight. The number of communicants has nearly doubled since the last time we enjoyed a season of communion. Scores who but a few weeks since were aliens from God, pursuing the road to perdition, approached the table of the Lord. Their tearful yet joy-beaming eyes told that they realized the blessedness of that great salvation purchased for them by the sacrificial atonement of the adorable Jesus. . . . Two hundred and ten have united themselves with our church since the first of January. Is not this a glorious work? Praise the Lord, O my soul!



## CHAPTER IV.

### THREE SUMMER VISITS.

#### *At the Seaside.*

WARM weather almost always brought with it a condition of feebleness and exhaustion which made it absolutely necessary for Mrs. James to have a change of air and scene. It was her privilege to find, usually somewhere near the ocean, the tonic her impaired health needed. The following letter, describing one such summer visit, was addressed to two friends, then near together, Misses Anna R. Rogers and Louisa Silvers. It is dated "Long Branch, N. J., August 20, 1840:"

I wish you could just now peep into my little room at the seaside and see how nicely I am fixed ; how surrounded with everything calculated to invigorate my physical system and to inspire feelings of devotion and adoration toward the great Creator, whose wonderful works are spread out before me in surpassing magnificence and variety. My room has three windows, commanding views of the east, west, and south. I look on one side and behold the mighty ocean rolling its foaming billows in majestic beauty, now glittering in the sun's bright beams, as though millions on millions of sparkling diamonds gemmed its expansive bosom. Then I turn my eyes on the land and view a picture of smiling loveliness. The distant hills, the fields of corn waving in rich luxuriance, and meadows clothed with verdure. Trees of various kinds, and here and there a grove and a garden with sweet flowers, lend their charms to complete the lovely scene. Amid all this combination of terrestrial attractions I do not forget to look above and gaze with admiration at the shining orbs that roll 'mid heaven's sapphire, nor do I lose

sight of Him who is their great Architect. With the Psalmist, my soul breaks forth in strains of holy, rapturous praise: "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" "O Lord, my God, Thou art very great. Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;" "Thou coverest Thyself with light as with a garment;" "Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain, Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters;" "Who maketh the clouds His chariot, Who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

Since I have been here the flame of my devotion has had so great an addition of fuel that it has been burning with greater intensity and aspiring to its Source with increasing ardor. The ocean's vast immensity is an emblem of the boundless love of God, and seems to be ever speaking to my heart of the goodness of my adorable Father. *Father!* and is it possible that I can look on all the magnificent works of that Almighty Being,

" And lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye  
And smiling say, ' MY FATHER made them all.' "

Amazing condescension in that exalted and infinitely glorious Being to own me for his child! Glory be ascribed to Him! Unceasing praise by every power of my soul, mind, and body evermore. Oh! I feel like working for my God with redoubled energy, like spending my all in His blessed service. My soul seems to soar up on the wings of holy love and to look down upon all the mighty ones of earth who are "rich and increased in goods," whose gods are their gold and silver, and whose pleasures are the vain and sordid toys of "folly's gilded nothingness," with pity and with wonder, and think how much more exalted is my station, how much more extensive and valuable is my inheritance; for

" I claim, in virtue of my birth,  
A never-fading crown."

There is a lady here of the description just mentioned; destitute of the true riches, but possessing the wealth of this world in abundance. When I look at her splendor, her rich array of jewelry, etc., in my soul I pity her; and long, O with what intensity, to pluck her as a brand from the burning. May I be instrumental in effecting some good while here, is my unceasing prayer! Nothing

do I dread more than being an idler in the vineyard when there is so much to be done.

I am happy in meeting one Christian here; a Scotch lady of superior intelligence and piety. Her society is truly delightful, and though she is a Presbyterian and I a Methodist our fellowship is sweet, for we are one in Christ Jesus. O how delightful to contemplate that world,

“ Where the cold name of sect, which sometimes throws  
 Unholy shadows o'er the heaven-born soul,  
 Doth melt to nothingness, and every surge  
 Of waning doctrine, in whose eddying depths  
 Earth's charity is drowned, is sweetly lost  
 In the broad ocean of Eternal Love.”

It always pains my soul to discover in the professed followers of Jesus sectarian bigotry. I thank Heaven it has no place in my heart, and I rejoice to meet with one who possesses a liberal soul and extends the hand of fellowship to all Christians, without reference to name or sect. Such is the lady of whom I speak, and oh, how I love her.

### *Among the Hills.*

The summer of 1841 was spent by the subject of this memoir amid surroundings totally different from those of the previous year, but no less congenial. After a brief visit to her mother in Trenton, Mrs. James went to Easton, Pa., whence, in company with her dear friend, Miss Anna R. Rogers, she journeyed to Maria Furnace, near Mauch Chunk, Pa. Their visit was to their mutual friend, Miss Sarah Richards, now Mrs. Boyle of California, who was making her home with her brother, Mr. Samuel L. Richards. A letter, written on the day of the arrival of the guests, tells of their trip, their reception, etc. The following account of the visit is from a second letter to Mrs. Yard, dated “Maria Furnace, July 17, 1841:”

Never did I spend my time more pleasantly to both soul and body than since I have been in this delightful spot, which seems to me a paradise richly and profusely ornamented with nature's beauties, exhibiting His power and skill and goodness Who formed the universe; surrounded with all that tends to charm the eye, delight the ear, promote the health, refine the mind, and improve the heart. How could I but be happy, especially as I clearly discern the hand of my gracious God in this visit. I am happy beyond description in the full assurance that I have yielded all my powers of soul and body and mind to His sweet control and am continually guided by His Spirit. It was my unceasing prayer for weeks before I came here that I might not be permitted to come unless it was pleasing to God and would promote His glory. If He saw it would be the means of good to my own soul or to others, that the way might be evidently open for me to go. Every circumstance seemed to indicate that it was right for me to take the journey, and I felt fully assured of the approval of God in it. Since I have been here the Lord has revealed Himself more fully to my heart, and has condescended to use me as an instrument of good to others. . . . My heart has been gladdened by seeing some dear souls awakened to a sense of their need of a Savior, and an inquiry seems to be excited in many in regard to the momentous concerns of salvation.

They call me a "missionary" here. I go around, in company with dear Sarah and Anna, from house to house among the people, and converse and pray with them, and I feel that the blessed Jesus is with me and upholds and assists me in every effort I make for the salvation of precious souls. O the luxury of doing good! I am never so happy as when engaged in working for my Divine Master. It is sweet, blessed employment to win souls to Christ and to advance the cause of Him whom my soul loveth. Sometimes nature would shrink from the cross, but grace always triumphs and I can say, "His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

Shall I tell you how we spend our time here? We rise in the morning and the first sound that greets our ears is the sweet carol of the birds, warbling among the trees their morning lays of grateful praise to their Creator. We look out and behold the lofty mountains clothed with richest verdure. The green meadows and pleasant groves and silver streams all meet our delighted vision at one view, and the pure mountain air, fragrant with the newly

mown grass, comes wafted to us in gentle zephyrs and infuses an invigorating and refreshing influence. Then comes the morning prayer, and we offer up our sacrifice with glad and grateful hearts; then breakfast, and a delightful walk or ride among the mountains. There, seated in some beautiful grove, we engage in sweet converse on the things of God, sing several hymns, read something calculated to elevate our minds, and sometimes offer up our united prayers in nature's own beautiful temple, with the lovely trees for our canopy, stones or logs for seats, and the green grass as a carpet. After an hour or two in this employment we walk home again, and rest a while before dinner. After having dined we lie down a little while, and then rise, refreshed in spirit and in body, and pass the rest of the day in reading, sewing, and pleasant converse. After tea we take another walk and return for family devotion, after which we spend a little time in singing. On two evenings of the week we have meetings, and the Lord meets with us and refreshes our souls.

A letter from Mrs. Boyle, written since the death of Mrs. James, adds some details of this visit :

“Though so debilitated, she was daily abroad in the Master's service. In the homes of the workmen she was like an angel of light and love. She had such tact and wisdom as to be ever at ease herself, and she could cover with great delicacy any apparently inappropriate circumstances, and give a moment's exhortation and kneel in prayer, making all feel that that alone was the proper thing to do.

“We were frequently at Mauch Chunk during her visit, amid a very interesting circle of young people. Mrs. James on such occasions was one of the greatest of charms. She had a lovely face, very expressive brown, lustrous eyes, and a sweet, melodious voice. Her songs were always in order. She used to sing the grand old hymns of the Methodist Collection with such persuasive and impressive force as to melt us to tears. She is remembered now by the older Christians of that town as a wonderful revelation of Christian life and power. Her name is spoken with reverence and love.

“I remember on one occasion we had company to tea—two ministers. We arose from the tea-table and took a walk to a lovely

spot at the foot of the mountain where a rippling stream swept by. Seated on rustic seats, she read to us one of Mrs. Palmer's letters which she had just received, and commented upon the beautiful passages it contained. Our hearts were all solemnized. Arriving at home just in the twilight, as we assembled in our little parlor she said: 'I feel as if God would pour out an especial blessing on us if we engage in prayer.' We did so, calling in two clerks from the office and the three servants from the kitchen. Oh, what an overshadowing of the Divine Presence filled the place! At her request we all prayed successively. The three girls were stricken with conviction that led to their conversion shortly thereafter. Our seasons of family worship were effusions of the Holy Ghost, and those weeks of intercourse with her are points in the past to which I recur to-day with profound gratitude. She taught us what a Christian ought to be. Many can do that, but she showed us how to personify those teachings. Here so many fail."

All this was very pleasant for those three Christian young ladies and must have been spiritually profitable, but the question naturally arises, Was this vacation a success as a means of promoting the health of this invalid? Mrs. Boyle remarks that, before the visit: "Her health, always frail, was greatly impaired, and we hoped the mountain air would benefit her."

Mrs. James, in her first letter to her mother, reported a gain in strength from the journey itself. After some three weeks amid these refreshing influences she writes again:

I have become so strong I can bear almost anything. I run up and down these mountains like a young deer, and have such an appetite I am almost ashamed to indulge it to its full extent. I walk two miles with scarcely any fatigue, and before I left home I could not walk a quarter of a mile without feeling very weary. For the last week I have gained more rapidly than before, and I think it is well, on account of my health, that I did not go home when I intended. I seem to have been providentially brought here

and providentially detained thus long. I cannot doubt but that some good will result from it. I never felt more conscious of the divine approbation in anything than in this, and I hope to praise the Lord in heaven for conferring upon me so blessed a privilege.

Who can doubt that this hope has been realized? The opportunity for usefulness to those people came but once in this long life, but it was well improved.

A little girl is said to have ended her prayer on the eve of vacation with the words, "Good-by, God! I am going to the country." Many who would not use such language as this seem to regard any special attention to spiritual matters during vacation as interfering with the benefit to health which is the chief object of such an outing. This Christian woman, so frail that her life seemed like a flame just ready to go out, not only left in that place a savor of piety which has remained for forty years, but gained stars for her immortal crown. The same may be said of every respite from ordinary work which she allowed herself. Yet she was usually recuperated in health by these vacations, and lived three years beyond the threescore and ten. It is safe to "seek *first* the kingdom," leaving "all these things" to be added as the Master sees best.

*In the Metropolis.*

In the latter part of the year 1840 Mrs. James had made the visit to New York, mentioned elsewhere, during which it was her privilege to meet Mrs. Phoebe Palmer and to begin the intimacy which is doubtless a source of joy to these kindred spirits now that they are before the throne of God, as it was for nearly twoscore years on earth. In the autumn of 1841 Mrs. Palmer visited Mrs. James in Mount Holly.

Such was the state of the young wife's health in the early part of 1842 that it was deemed best for her to be temporarily released from domestic cares, and she, with her husband and little son, arranged to board with a family who had taken possession of their house. After resting at home for a few weeks, Mrs. James found a change desirable. Instead of seeking sea-shore or mountain, she accepted the kind invitation of Mrs. Palmer to spend some weeks at her home in the great city. The tourist reached 52 Rivington Street, May 18, 1842. From the very full notes of this visit in her diary and in a letter to her mother, the following account of the visit is condensed. Some of the names mentioned will bring to many readers pleasant memories of now sainted ones, then so prominent in the charmed circle into which the subject of this memoir was introduced.

*May 19, evening.*—This afternoon I attended Dr. Palmer's class. Sister Palmer led it, and my spirit did rejoice in God my Savior, while listening to the testimonies of three dear sisters who enjoy entire sanctification. It was like the reviving influence of a shower on the frail plant that droops beneath the withering rays of the summer sun. It gives me new life, and imparts so powerful an impetus to my spirit that I feel like running upward with redoubled diligence.

The new strength of soul was soon in requisition, for in the evening the young disciple, who had never before attempted such labor, was called upon to lead Mrs. Palmer's class. "I went," she says, "in all my feebleness, just leaning on the arm of Omnipotence." It was "a season of refreshing."

*May 20.*—What a blessed privilege I enjoy in being with dear Sister Palmer. I seem to breathe a heavenly atmosphere while in her society. How clearly is the beauty and excellency of the



religion of Jesus exemplified in her blameless life, her ardent devotion to the cause of God, and the evident success of her efforts to do good.

The New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was holding its session at the time, and Mrs. James writes of her interest in meeting the venerable and excellent Christian ministers connected with it. On Sunday, May 22, she listened to a discourse by the Rev. Mr. Stratton, of which his enthusiastic hearer says:

A good, old-fashioned Methodist sermon. How I do love primitive simplicity, energy, and spirituality.

*Monday, 23.*—This morning, accompanied by Sister P., I called on Mrs. Dr. White, Mrs. Henry Moore, and Mrs. Bartine, all blessed ones of the Most High who follow the Lord fully. Had a delightful and profitable interview with each. Sat an hour with Sister White, and listened with intense interest to her conversation, which was emphatically seasoned with grace. How admirably is the dignity of the finished lady and the humility of the devout Christian blended in her deportment. In Sister Moore, too, grace is magnified by the sweet amiability of her character and the propriety and loveliness of her whole demeanor. She is a pattern wife, mother, housekeeper, and Christian. Sister Bartine silently and unostentatiously diffuses the hallowed influence of Christian example. Religion seems truly lovely in her. With all these I formed an acquaintance eighteen months since, and how thankful I feel to God for favoring me with such precious friends.

In calling upon Mrs. Harper, "another of the blessed ones who bear the image of the Savior," the visitor was disappointed because the meeting she expected was omitted for the evening. The statement of her friend, as to the good received nine years before at her meeting, led Mrs. Harper to say: "I will never permit anything to interfere with this meeting again."

At a social gathering at Mrs. Palmer's her guest was impressed with the testimony of a "Sister Bishop."

She came to the determination to trust in Jesus with all her heart, at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, all her life long. Thus she "threw herself overboard and was taken up in the life-boat."

This recalled to the visitor experiences of her own illustrating the same principle, and she adds, "*I never yet trusted in vain.*"

May 25.—This afternoon took tea at Sister Moore's in company with some of the excellent of the earth, namely, Dr. White and lady, Rev. Mr. Gray of the New York Conference, Mrs. Hurlbut, and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. It was truly a delightful and profitable interview. . . . When I meet with those who are so wise in the things of God I feel it so exalted a privilege to learn of them, and when I compare myself with them I feel that I am but a babe in Christ.

The same entry reports Mr. Moore's statement that he had retained the experience of perfect love twenty-seven years by observing three rules: "First, Never to do anything that I *know to be wrong*. Second, Never to do anything that I *believe to be wrong*. Third, Never to do anything concerning which I have *any doubts*. I don't go near the devil's premises, for I know my own weakness so well that I dare not tamper with sin. I am so afraid of it that I keep as far off as I possibly can."

An afternoon with the Rev. John J. Matthias, renewing the valued friendship of former years, was followed by a missionary meeting at which the Rev. Joseph Holdich—the "ever-loved and valued friend" of Mrs. James—and the Rev. Edmund S. Janes (afterward a bishop) were the speakers. Their hearer found her interest in the great cause of missions deepened and intensified, and she longed for wealth to help it forward.

May 27.—Spent the night with Sister Hurlbut. What a sweet

spirit she is! so gentle, so meek, so kind, so lovely! My acquaintance with her commenced nine years ago, and every time I see her I love her more.

The day after this visit symptoms of disease, which had been hovering about the visitor, became more marked, and the frail little body was subjected to an attack of the nature of pleurisy. Yet her pen notes "a happy night" and "entire acquiescence in God's blessed will with reference to health and life and everything." She writes of being prevented from spending so much time with those whose conversation had been so refreshing to her spirit. Of this unexpected experience she says :

I fear I am too prone to depend upon instrumentalities instead of looking to God alone as the great Source of all good, though His precious saints are frequently the channels through which the streams of His benevolence are communicated. I thought I could hear the voice of my ever-merciful Savior saying through this dispensation to His erring child, "Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and look to Me only as thy all-sufficient Good." I received the blessed admonition with heartfelt gratitude, and trust I shall never forget the valuable lesson taught me in this visit to New York.

Through the blessing of God upon remedies prescribed by her good friend, Dr. W. C. Palmer, Mrs. James was soon restored, and continued her visits among those whose society she found so profitable. She speaks of Mrs. Shipman, "one of the excellent of the earth, a sister of Rev. Dr. Payson." Of Mrs. Worrall, "a precious woman, wholly devoted to God; unaffected in her manners and interesting in her appearance," and Mrs. Rev. E. S. Janes, "to whom," she says, "I am indebted for my first visit to New York and for my acquaintance with some of the most valued friends in this city. For nine years

I have known and loved her as one of the most precious jewels of the Lord, and she is still as devoted and as lovely as ever." One day, in company with Mrs. Hurlbut, she called upon Miss Wigton, and was reminded of the process of refining gold in the furnace and testing it by the hammer. She remarks :

Miss Wigton has been kept in the crucible, being occasionally beaten with the hammer. She appears to endure the severe process with perfect submission. For thirty years she says she has not known what it was to be free from pain one hour. Most of that time she has suffered the most torturing pain in every limb and every joint, yet she says: "Oh, how I am blessed! A comfortable bed to lie upon, soft pillows on which to rest my aching head. My blessed Savior had not where to lay His head. Oh, what reason have I to praise Him!" Amid all her sufferings she is uniformly cheerful. It seems as though Miss Wigton is kept alive to show the power of grace to render the soul triumphant in the deepest affliction. Many have been brought to a knowledge of Jesus through her instrumentality, the sainted James Brainard Taylor among the number.

With her disposition to apply every lesson to her own heart the writer of this journal asks herself whether she would be willing to bear like suffering, and concludes she would, if it would fit her for "extraordinary service."

And now the alternative was presented to this conscientious Christian of spending another Sabbath in the great city, with its noted preachers, or making a visit of condolence to the family of a former pastor recently bereaved. She chose the latter, and was greatly blessed in so doing. Returning on Monday to the city, she treasured a remark of Mrs. Harper in the evening meeting about being "instant in season and out of season," pushing open doors of usefulness if need be; which lingered in her memory and was quoted to the readers of the *Guide* thirty years later.

An interview with a number of guests at Dr. Palmer's is reported as having been full of profit. A saying of "Father Scobie" was quoted, that he was "rich," having learned from the *Life of Carvosso* what a glorious inheritance he had in Christ. The guest remarked that "Father Scobie had entered into his inheritance." Dr. Palmer replied that "the old gentleman had for many years lived on the interest of his property and had now gone to enjoy the principal." The journal adds:

We should imitate Father Scobic in industriously laying up treasures in heaven. Many are always complaining "my leanness." The reason is that they have been so slothful that they have very little laid up and so their income is very small. My soul was fired with a holy ambition to have so large an inheritance that my income may supply all my need and enable me to live quite above the world.

And now came an ever-memorable episode in this remarkable visit. With Miss Rogers, who had come to spend some days with her friend, and their hostess Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. James went to visit the sister of the latter, Mrs. Sarah A. Lankford, then living at Caldwell's Landing, fifty miles up the Hudson River. Says the diary:

Our journey was pleasant. Sister Shipman and Sister Lankford came to meet us a little distance from the house, and we were greeted with much cordiality. As soon as I entered the pleasant abode of Sister L. I felt my heart warmed with gratitude to God for the privilege of meeting one so emphatically chosen of the Most High, and who so sweetly exemplifies the beauty of holiness.

Delightful converse, a trip in a row-boat on the Hudson to Haverstraw, and other details of the visit are mentioned. The following note can scarcely be condensed:

June 10.—During the two and a half days which I have spent

in dear Sister Lankford's house I have felt the influence of her holy example. At the head of a family consisting of nearly fifty persons, she seems to move along with so much ease and calmness and sweetness; never ruffled, never hurried, never disconcerted, always the same heavenly-minded, amiable, and gentle one. Some years since, I am informed, when she was differently situated, with comparatively few family concerns to occupy her mind, it was said by some: "It requires no effort for Mrs. Lankford to be always soaring heavenward, for she has nothing to bind her down to earth." Now, as if to show the power of grace, God has placed her in a situation in which she has a complication of cares and secular duties, more than one Christian in a thousand has to bear. She is deprived, too, of those religious privileges in which she formerly delighted. Yet how does her light shine even with increased luster in this situation. O how my soul does rejoice to see so bright an example of the power of grace.

The Christian friendship then begun continued until, from the hospitable home of that friend, now Mrs. Dr. Palmer, the spirit of Mrs. James was borne to its heavenly rest.

The return sail upon the Hudson, with its high enjoyments, including the grand scenery and the company of the Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, as well as of the lady friends, was followed by several days in the metropolis. With a friend, Mrs. James called upon "one of the suffering children of the Lord, Mrs. Beebe," for twenty-five years afflicted with a cancer. Her sufferings were increased by extreme poverty, yet she asked her visitors to sing:

"How do Thy mercies close me round,  
Forever be Thy name adored!"

Said she: "I have the greatest reason to be thankful and to praise the Lord continually. Jesus is with me all the time. His presence cheers my soul night and day. The dear Redeemer often fills the

room with His glory and makes my soul so happy that I forget my sufferings and praise my God by the hour. My wants, too, are all supplied. Sometimes, when I am out of everything and do not know where the next meal is to come from, my Heavenly Provider sends one of His servants to supply me with food. So He takes care of me day by day."

It is not strange that the visitor remarks: "I received more real benefit in this interview than from all the meetings and the society of the many devoted ones with whom I have been permitted to mingle during my stay in New York." Her enjoyment and profit, too, were all the greater, because, through the generosity of a friend, she was permitted to minister to the temporal needs of the afflicted woman.

Some, who may imagine that Mrs. James was never at a loss for words, may be surprised that when invited to relate her experience to an interesting Bible-class of young ladies she is constrained to note:

It seemed to me I was stammering out I knew not what, and I felt such perturbation of spirit as nearly overcame me. However, I endeavored to trust in the Lord, and went on. Anna afterward told me they were weeping all around the room while I was urging upon them the importance of devoting themselves unreservedly to God. Many of them are lovely, intelligent young ladies. Oh, how fervently my soul did send up its petitions that they might all become burning and shining lights!

Space fails to describe interviews with "Good Mother Stebbins; a diamond; unpolished, 'tis true, but, nevertheless, a diamond of the first water," and other excellent people. After nearly a month in this fascinating society Mrs. James notes:

*June 18.*—This day I turned my face homeward, and dear as are the friends here, and precious as are the privileges in New York,

the thought of reaching my own sweet home seems very delightful. I feel the strong cords of conjugal and maternal affection drawing me powerfully toward those beloved ones whom I have left at home, and I hasten to meet them again with a joyous heart.

The inspiration and spiritual profit of this visit were very great, but the thoughtful reader will not wonder that the invalid was not benefited in health. Upon her return the reaction came, in the form of mental conflicts.

On an occasion of peculiar trial, having yielded, though but for a moment, to fretfulness and impatience, the temptation was presented: "Now you profess to be wholly given up to God, and to have obtained entire deliverance from the corruptions of your nature. But you are deceived. Depravity still exists and will always exist as long as you live in the flesh. There are none entirely exempt from these occasional derelictions and risings of evil propensities."

A conversation with a professing Christian whose views differed from hers added to the perplexity of the overtaxed mind. She afterward found the cause of her spiritual weakness in "not having taken as much time for devotion" as she ought, "having performed the duty hurriedly." She adds:

Then I saw that I had stepped aside, not because grace was insufficient to keep me, but because I had neglected to ask for that grace as I should have done. The grace of yesterday will not answer for to-day. I must have fresh supplies, daily, hourly, momentarily. It is only by constantly looking to Jesus that I can resist the devil or keep myself unspotted from the world. Entire sanctification is retained only by the moment. There must be a continual application of the all-cleansing blood, and this cannot be without unceasing prayer.

So, with all the joy coming from contact with the excellent of the earth, this follower of Jesus found the most



precious lesson that of *constant, absolute dependence* upon the grace which alone can keep the soul. "The victory that overcometh the world" is not Christian communion, not ecstatic emotion, but "OUR FAITH," the trust that unites the helpless soul with Omnipotence.

The experiences of these three summer visits were entirely different, yet they all exhibit the intensity of the piety of the subject of this memoir, her faithfulness in using all opportunities of gaining the help which comes from intimate association with those living near to God, and at the same time her habit of unceasing activity in the work of her blessed Master.

## CHAPTER V.

PRESSED BY DOMESTIC CARES.

IN July, 1843, the home of Mr. and Mrs. James was made glad by the birth of a little daughter. Her own words express the young mother's feelings at this time.

New responsibilities and added cares now came with the advent of another child, a lovely little girl. It was a welcome gift, for with it the assurance was given, "I will strengthen thee, I will help thee to train the immortal spirit for usefulness on earth and for My kingdom above," and she could rest upon His word without the shadow of a doubt. Had she not all the way along proved the divine words verified: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be"? What had she to fear? Strong in faith, giving glory to God, her sick-room seemed a heavenly place as day and night she communed with Jesus, whose presence was a constant reality.

Her first thought at the reception of the new treasure was, "How great is Thy goodness, O Thou gracious Giver of every good gift, in bestowing upon me another precious soul to train for Thee, another priceless jewel to fit for Thy service on earth and for Thy temple in heaven. And now I consecrate my child to Thee as I did her brother; to be Thine wholly, Thine forever." The assurance that the offering was accepted and that her children were both the Lord's gave her sweet peace and rest of spirit.

Five days had passed, with the prospect of speedy recovery to usual health, when a sudden reverse rendered her case extremely critical. In a few hours she was brought so low that her physician said she could not live through the day. Fully aware of her condition, she expected soon to part with her loved ones, and, looking at her helpless babe and little son, with a mother's yearning fondness, she said, with a smile: "I can give them up. I can resign them into God's hands, for I know He will take care of them. They belong to Him, and they are safe in His hands."

It was at this time that the prayers of the Rev. J. K. Shaw and his people were answered in the restoration of Mrs. James, as mentioned at her funeral by the Rev. Dr. Stokes.

While the sufferer herself was so filled with peace and joy at the thought of exchanging earth for heaven, it may well be supposed that her friends were bearing a heavy burden of anxiety and sorrow. So critical was her condition that the faithful physician scarcely left her side for twenty-four hours. Mrs. Yard was brought from Trenton by a special conveyance, but, upon her arrival, was not permitted to see her daughter, lest an interview might snap the brittle thread upon which hung so many interests. In after years Mrs. James often quoted a remark of the physician that, if her mind had been troubled with one anxious thought, or disturbed by one fear, it would probably have turned the scale and ended the life which so trembled in the balance. But so absolute was her rest in Jesus, so completely was her soul kept by divine power, that she was saved from even the shadow of anxiety. So in this, as in several other instances of serious illness, this feeble little body owed its continued existence directly to the all-sustaining power that so wonderfully upheld the spirit.

Her convalescence was slow. A letter written almost as soon as the hand could wield a pen, Aug. 29, 1843, gives a glimpse of the inner life of this one, now bearing such suffering as only a mother can know. So intense had been her agony that convulsions were feared. She writes :

Now it is over, and how thankful I am, words cannot express. But it is all right, dear mother. My Heavenly Father saw it needful that I should pass through just such an ordeal to teach me les-

sons of patience and fortitude which I had never learned. I had never endured such extreme anguish of body for such a length of time. After having brought me to the gates of death and proved my willingness to pass through the dark valley to the invisible world, the God of Infinite Wisdom saw it best to bring me back to be tried in the furnace of affliction that I might be made more pure and meet for His own gracious purposes. I think I have found that it requires more grace to endure agonizing pains and intense sufferings than to bid adieu to earth, with all its tender endearments and strong ties, having the prospect of a brighter and better world as our future home. After having been brought within view of the heavenly port, when driven back again to sea, to contend with the furious tempests and encounter the fierce blasts of earthly sorrow, I had need to get into possession of a larger measure of divine influence than I had ever experienced. But, blessed be the God in whom I trust, I found Him faithful to His promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." I had so dreaded the very thing I was now called to endure. My feeble nature, already prostrated by sickness, shrank from the impending blow, and with the apostle I "besought the Lord" that He would withhold it. But He said to me, "My grace is sufficient for thee; My strength is made perfect in weakness." I replied, "It is enough!" "Be it unto me even as Thou wilt!" I felt perfectly willing to bear even so severe an affliction as I knew it would be, because I was fully assured my gracious Father would not permit it if He had not some good purpose, some wise design, to accomplish by it. That He would be with me to sustain and comfort me I had His own blessed promise, in which my soul fully confided. And O could I tell you, dear mother, how the consolations of God have abounded to me; how my adorable Redeemer has borne me as it were in His arms and soothed and comforted me when all human aid was vain, how He mingled in my cup of bitterness so much mercy that it seemed "a palatable draught," I am sure you would magnify with me the riches of His goodness, and praise Him for permitting me thus to prove the power of His grace.

For several years after the birth of her "Mary Priscilla" the energies of Mrs. James were taxed to their

utmost by the demands of her little home. There is a notable falling off in the frequency and length of her letters, even to the ever-beloved mother. It was, however, the privilege of mother and daughter to be together more frequently during a part of this time. The thoughts of Mrs. James in regard to the duty of a mother in such circumstances are thus expressed :

No home duty, necessarily devolving upon her, was neglected, for she felt that some of those duties could not be transferred to others, however willing and faithful they might be. Only the mother could understand and supply many of the wants of the family. During the period of infancy no one could fill the mother's place. No outside labors were required of her, if a tender babe needed her care. While her children were infants, her duty was plain to be with them; and in devoting herself to them, she felt she was doing God's will, and enjoyed as sweet communion with Jesus while beside the cradle, as she ever had in the sanctuary. But when the little one would be old enough to be safely left with others for a short time, then she would run on some errand of duty, or, seizing her pen, would write her thoughts.

Her sense of the value of time caused her to be very diligent in improving the moments. By carefully using little fragments of time, how much may be gained! And while some, who speak censoriously of those who spend much time in working for Christ, can spend hours every day in things of no importance, the faithful Christian is helping souls to heaven, binding up broken hearts, watering drooping plants in the Lord's garden, leading inquirers into the good way, or doing something that the Spirit prompts, to advance Christ's kingdom.

The lover of holiness will be interested in an extract from one of the few letters written during the period now under review. It is addressed to the Rev. S. Townsend, and bears date, Nov. 28, 1844.

I fear you have thought me either very negligent or growing cold and languid in reference to the blessed theme of holiness. But I

assure you, dear brother, my interest has in nowise abated, nor has my faith declined, or love grown cold. You will please, therefore, attribute my long silence to multiplied and pressing domestic duties and to personal indisposition, as well as family sickness. I have never known a period in which the cares of the world have pressed so heavily upon me and secular concerns engrossed so much of my time, as during the last six months. Yet to the praise of divine grace I can say, that "the peace of God which passeth understanding" has kept my "heart and mind through Christ Jesus." While my hands have been employed in things below, my heart has been in heaven.

The letter contains extended quotations from an epistle then recently received from Mrs. Palmer, which had given Mrs. James "a thrill of holy joy" that she longed to share with her friend. This was caused by Mrs. Palmer's statements in regard to the position of two newly elected superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishops Hamline and Janes had taken a strong stand in regard to the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. The conferences held under the presidency of these eminently spiritual men had proved to be pentecostal seasons, and Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. James regarded these and other occurrences of the time as indications of a deepening and widening interest in the theme ever so dear to their hearts—the higher experiences of grace. The letter anticipates the then approaching session of the New Jersey Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was to be held in Mount Holly, and expresses ardent hope that it would be a time of special blessing. Such it proved to the people of Mount Holly as well as to the attending clergymen.

The subject of this memoir was all her life accustomed to take special note of the New Year, making it a time for recalling the divine goodness to her and those dear to her,

and of renewed devotement to the service of her blessed Master. Her New Years' letters to her mother and other intimate correspondents are rich in expressions of deep experiences in the divine life. Under date of January 2, 1845, she writes to Miss Rogers :

In retrospecting the last twenty-four years of my life, I reflected with unspeakable joy that the first day of each year had witnessed a renewing of the consecration which I first made in the year 1821. Never did I, with more delight, hasten to the place of prayer to give myself renewedly to God than on the New Year's Day, 1845. Never did I more sweetly realize that my offering was accepted through the merits of my adorable Redeemer, and that the seal proclaiming me a child of God and an heir of Heaven was set to the vow of consecration, and the earnest given of my glorious inheritance on high. O Anna, dear Anna, what are earthly possessions and earthly comforts in comparison with the inestimable treasures of divine love, the ineffable bliss of communion with heaven? From my inmost soul I can say,

“ Give what Thou wilt, without Thee I am poor,  
But with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.”

When I read of the sainted Fletcher and Bramwell, and other eminently holy ones, I seem to have experienced nothing, comparatively, of that elevated enjoyment, and with deepest prostration of soul I am led to exclaim, “Can it be that I am, indeed, a child of God?” The language of my heart is :

“ To Thee my spirit flies  
With infinite desire ;  
And yet, how far from Thee I lie !  
O Jesus, raise me higher.”

Some months later, but while yet in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, the pen was inspired to write the following poem, which was inclosed in a letter to the same friend :

*Look Up! Pilgrim.*

Grief-worn pilgrim, 'mid thy sorrows,  
 Lift to heaven thy tearful eye !  
 Upward, upward, turn thy vision,  
 See thy glorious home on high !  
     Look up ! pilgrim,  
 Thy redemption draweth nigh.

Never look below thee, pilgrim,  
 Fix thine eye on earth no more,  
 Else its dark array of sorrows  
 Will thy fainting soul o'erpower.  
     Look up ! pilgrim,  
 Soon thy troubles will be o'er.

While upon life's billowy ocean,  
 On His mighty arm rely  
 Who upheld the sinking Peter  
 When he raised his weeping eye.  
     Look up ! pilgrim,  
 Lo ! thy Heavenly Friend is nigh !

Canst thou fear while Jesus loves thee,  
 While His arms are thy defense?  
 Though an host encamp against thee,  
 They can never pluck thee thence.  
     Look up ! pilgrim,  
 Trust thou in Omnipotence !

Though dark clouds around thee lower,  
 Though the tempest loudly roar,  
 Shielded by Almighty power  
 Thou wilt gain the heavenly shore.  
     Look up ! pilgrim,  
 Soon thy journey will be o'er.

See the bright, celestial convoy,  
 Sent to bear thee to thy home,  
 Watching o'er thee, till thy spirit  
 Quit this dark and cheerless dome.  
     Look up ! pilgrim,  
 Soon the auspicious hour will come.



In the world of cloudless glory,  
Wait for thee the ransomed throng ;  
With what rapture will they greet thee ;  
How they for thy coming long.  
Look up ! pilgrim,  
Soon thou'lt join the blissful song !

To housekeepers who have traced this history, questions may have come in regard to Mrs. James's domestic arrangements in the matter of "help." All through the years that she was at the head of her own house she was compelled to rely upon others for the most of her labor. She passed through the trials common to those who employ domestics, but found that her Heavenly Father, in His providence, sent to her the kind of women she needed. Again and again, when in great straits in regard to this matter, she made it a subject of prayer, and helpers were sent to her in ways she could not have foreseen. Among those she employed from time to time, several were sisters in Christ, whose stay in her home was a source of profit in every way. Others were led to Christ while under her roof. Her uniform treatment of those employed was such as to win their respect and generally secured from them faithful service. Several went out from her domicile to become wives and mothers, and to fill good positions in society. Those who still live cherish her memory with feelings of most sincere regard. In this way the Lord's care over His child was specially exhibited. He used the relations in which He thus placed her for the good of the mistress and of those who served her.

An account of what Mrs. James calls "a wonderful deliverance," quoted from her journal in *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*, shows how this simple-hearted believer

was accustomed to go to her Divine Friend with all her cares and burdens, and how she found strength and help in so doing.

One day, not long since, I found myself unable to rise from my bed in the morning, being really sick. It was Saturday morning, and there was an unusual amount of work to be done, as company was expected to stay over Sabbath. I asked my Heavenly Father to give me strength to get up and to do what necessarily devolved upon me. Then, attempting to rise, I found I had the strength I asked for at that moment, but knew not what was before me and how much more strength than usual I should really need. On going down-stairs and seating myself at the breakfast-table, I found that the woman who did the kitchen work was very sick and, after having prepared the breakfast, was unable to do any more. I thought, "What shall I do? Here is all the Saturday's work to be done, my babe to be taken care of, extra preparation for visitors, the sick woman to be waited upon, and I so feeble, scarcely able to sit up. How can I ever get through this day?"

The blessed Holy Spirit, ever faithful to His mission, quickly brought to my remembrance an antidote for my troubles and my fears. "Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness."

Immediately I felt such vigor imparted as astonished me. I went to my work "with joyfulness." Every burden seemed light, hard things were made easy, and a happier morning I never spent. I would run up-stairs to attend to the sick woman, then down-stairs to attend to the cooking; now to my crying baby, then to wait on the door; only my own hands to do everything, yet singing as I went around the house, with a heart full of praise for His wonderful goodness Who "giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might increaseth strength." Thus the morning passed, with its multifarious work, baking, cooking, dinner, nursing, and all the rest.

Another promise was verified: "God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted [tried] above that ye are able," etc. While seated at the dinner-table, the first feeling of weariness came over me; I began then to realize that I was tired. I thought: "There

is much more to do this afternoon, and if the Lord would send me some one to do it, how thankful I should be. But if He should not send me help, He will surely give me more strength, for I am really very tired." As these thoughts were passing through my mind, a colored woman, who had occasionally washed for me, stood at the door. Struck with the thought that, before I had called, God had answered, I exclaimed: "Why, Mary! the Lord sent you here!" She replied, laughing: "Well, I guess He did, for I was very busy doing my own work, and all at once something seemed to say to me, 'Go to Mrs. James; she wants you,' and so I started right off and left my own work." "Well, Mary," I said, "the Lord is wonderfully good to me. He gave me strength to do what was necessary to be done this morning, and now he has sent you to finish up and let me rest this afternoon. O how thankful I feel!"

Some time after the above record there was another, showing a gracious interposition in the case of a poor afflicted one.

I have a young girl living in my family who is afflicted with heart disease, which makes her at times extremely nervous. Whenever she has more work to do than usual, she feels discouraged, and imagines she is unable to do it. Knowing that I will help her, she depends much upon me, and often when visitors come she will give up and go to her bed, saying she is sick. Then I have all to do myself.

The other day a carriage came to the door, filled with friends coming to dine with us. Lizzie had been well and cheerful all the morning, but just as soon as she saw the carriage at the door she began to feel faint and sick, and left me to prepare dinner. I was not well, but receiving help from God, was enabled to accomplish it with much greater ease than I had anticipated. After the visitors had gone I said to the sick girl: "Lizzie, do you think you are a child of God?" "Yes," she replied, "I am sure I am." "Well, then, you ought to claim the privileges of a child of God. He has promised to His children that as their days so shall their strength be. Now, when you have any extra work to do, or any trials to bear, you ought to look right up to your Heavenly Father and ask Him to give you strength for what you have to do or bear,

and ask, believing He will do it, because He has promised and because He loves you as His child. If you will do so He will answer your prayer and give just what you need in every time of trial. Now, you see all the burden comes upon me when you fail, and I have no more bodily strength than you have, but I look up to God instead of looking at my poor, weak self, and I trust in Him and He always helps me."

The poor invalid opened her eyes wide as if greatly wondering, and said: "Why, is that the reason you get through so well? I've often wondered how you could do so much and seem so cheerful when you seemed in such poor health." "Yes, Lizzie, that is the whole reason. If I could not fully trust in God, and receive strength from Him, I should often faint beneath the heavy burdens of life. Now, you can have the same help that I have. Just give yourself entirely to God, and trust in Him with your whole heart, from this time." Lizzie said, "I will." The next time she met the same kind of trial she found the Lord true to His word. She trusted in Him and was conqueror. After the trial was over she said to me: "Did you see how I was helped to-day?" I replied, "Yes, Lizzie, and you might have had the same help all the way along; your heavy burdens might all have been made light, and the rough places of your life journey made smooth, if you had only claimed your privilege as a child of God."

From that time Lizzie's experience was much deeper and her enjoyment much greater, and years were doubtless added to her life by learning the "more excellent way."

In the summer of 1845 Mrs. James was granted a brief respite from her domestic cares and burdens. In company with her little son she visited New York, and had not only the privilege of communing once more with those so dear to her in the great city, but of attending the camp-meeting at Sing Sing, on the Hudson. There soul and body were greatly refreshed. Before returning, the tourists spent a little time with friends on Staten Island. Her experiences during and after this visit she thus describes in a letter to her mother:

My spirit was refreshed and my soul quickened to pursue the way of holiness with increased ardor. My enjoyments in the exalted means of grace with which I was favored surpassed my highest expectations, and I came home so strengthened that, like David, I felt that I could "run through a troop and leap over a wall." Soon was that strength put to the test. A troop of difficulties I had to encounter and a wall of opposition to surmount, and, blessed be the Lord, I found His grace sufficient for me.

It may help some burdened heart to know that one of the ways in which this soul was prepared for trial was by having her special attention called to the twelfth chapter of the book of Isaiah and to two hymns, one number 733, in the Methodist Hymnal, beginning: "O thou God of my salvation." The other, number 745, the first line of which is: "To the hills I lift my eyes." Both these hymns were always favorites of Mrs. James, and she sang them with an unction hard to describe.

In January, 1846, her cares and joys received new accessions with the coming of a second daughter. Yet she could write:

I am very happy, dear mother; I never was so free from care and anxiety in my life, because I have learned the blessed art of casting all my care upon Him who gives me every hour the fullest, sweetest assurance that He careth for me, and that all things relating to me are under His special control and are working for my good. This I believe without the shadow of a doubt.

In October, 1848, another son was given to this mother. Charles Melville, named for his uncle, Mr. Charles C. Yard, and the Rev. Melville B. Cox, a missionary to Africa, was a beautiful boy. It was expected that he would represent the family in some mission field. He remained on earth for scarcely five years, yet he gathered

the hearts of the little family and when he left all were drawn nearer to heaven. Was he not a missionary?

With a husband and four children, generally having in her family one or two men hired in her husband's store, and almost always a domestic, with no surplus of this world's goods and the life-burden of poor health, does any one think that the religion of the subject of this biography was a matter of favoring circumstances? In her case, the grace bestowed was often severely tested, but proved all-sufficient. Cares, trials, whatever came, only brought new honor to Him whose power kept her and caused her always to triumph in Him.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MANIFOLD ACTIVITIES.

AN apostle alludes to those "women who labored in the Gospel" with him and his brethren. The opportunities for Christian effort on the part of women are now constantly multiplying. In most of the fields now so diligently cultivated by ladies, she whose work we are examining was a sort of pioneer. Let us observe her in some of her varied labors while yet a young wife and mother.

She had not been in Mount Holly quite two years when she wrote :

Last week I was appointed superintendent of the female department in the Sabbath-school. I felt some hesitancy at first in accepting, but consented from a sense of duty. I thought I might do some good, and as long as I am blessed with health and time and opportunity I will endeavor to work for the Lord.

A few days later she reports :

I have entered upon the duties of my office as superintendent, and feel much interested in the school, finding a large field of usefulness before me. I long to bring precious souls to Christ, and earnestly pray that I may be instrumental in the salvation of these dear young immortals. In every effort to do good my own soul is blessed. I have been looking for lost sheep in the highways and hedges. Found many little ones wandering about without a spiritual shepherd. They will soon be gathered in the fold of our Sabbath-school. O may it be the passage for them into the kingdom of grace which will in glory end. Tell my dear Brother C. I now

feel at home more than ever since I left Trenton. Engaged in the same blessed work I feel that I am "in my element."

The early part of the year 1838 seems to have witnessed revivals in many parts of New Jersey. This happy Christian writes, in her usual glowing style, of tokens for good and some conversions in Mount Holly, and expresses her interest for the salvation of her kindred in Trenton, where the Spirit was poured out in great measure.

During the progress of the series of special meetings in Mount Holly, one evening the attention of Mrs. James was attracted to a gayly dressed young lady, who seemed deeply interested in the exercises. Afterward the Christian worker wrote :

I felt deeply sollicitous for her salvation, though at the time I knew not who she was. I felt that I must address her upon the subject of her eternal interests. Although her gay dress and haughty manner seemed to forbid me, I ventured, in the strength of that all-sufficient grace which has enabled me to lift many a cross of ponderous weight. I approached her; she looked pleasantly at me, seemed disposed to listen respectfully, and seemed to feel a degree of contrition. My own soul was melted while I was conversing with her. So intense was my desire for her salvation that I could gladly have stayed all night and entreated her to be reconciled to God. I remember telling her of the uncertainty of life, that she might soon be called away, and if she was not prepared for heaven she must be lost, eternally lost. In all the fervor of my soul I besought her to renounce the follies and pleasures of this perishing world and seek a better and enduring substance. She afterward told her cousin that I talked to her and that she heard with much interest. She said: "O how sorry I was when Mrs. James left me. I could have sat all night and listened to her."

This effort is described in a letter telling Mrs. Yard of the sad and sudden death of this young lady some



months after the conversation alluded to. The daughter adds :

Dear mother, there is an unspeakable satisfaction to me now that I made an effort for the salvation of that precious soul. . . . How different my feelings from what they would have been had I passed her by and not conversed with her.

The time of this young wife and mother was not absorbed in religious work to the neglect of home duties. In another letter to her mother, after playfully describing herself as “mantua-maker, tailoress, milliner, stock-maker, and cap-maker,” she says :

During the last week I have made my little son a new suit of merino clothes, a frock coat and pants; also a cap [this from a partly worn silk-velvet bonnet of her own]. I have made as handsome a little cap out of it as I could have purchased, and it will last him as long as it will be suitable for him to wear it. Yesterday the little fellow was dressed up in his new suit, and I could not but feel gratified in looking at him to think that every article of clothing he had on, except his shoes, was made by my own hand—hat, coat, pants, stockings, mittens, and everything. I feel much satisfaction, dear mother, in saving all that I can by economy and industry, so that I can have the more to contribute to religious and benevolent objects.

With still more enthusiasm did the fond mother devote herself to the instruction of her little charge. In a letter written during his fourth year, in regard to the child's progress in knowledge of the Bible, she alludes to this :

I often wish his dear grandmother could see him standing by me, looking up into my face, and inquiring with eagerness concerning Noah, Moses, Joseph, Jonah, Stephen, and the Blessed Redeemer. I have been for some time endeavoring to store his mind with Scripture histories, and he listens with the greatest interest that you can imagine. Every day he wants to hear something more about the different characters mentioned in the Bible. He often comes and

puts his little arms around my neck, and says: "Dear mamma, how I love you for telling me about all the good people in the Bible. Now tell me more, mamma, tell me more about Jesus and about heaven."

After recounting some childish speeches, showing that the little one understood the application of several of the commandments to practical life, the mother adds:

It affords me unspeakable delight to see that the instructions which I give him are taking hold on his young heart. Like seed sown in good ground, I trust they will spring up and bear much fruit to the glory and praise of God.

Who can doubt the wisdom of that young mother in giving to Bible characters and divine truth the opportunity to make the first and strongest impression upon the mind and heart of her little child, instead of first filling the youthful memory with "Mother Goose" and kindred stories? Is it strange that to minds preoccupied with the latter class of material Bible stories seem tame, and it is hard to awaken interest in anything of real value?

Another occupation of the period now in review was the preparation of the book entitled *Mary; or, The Young Christian*. Mrs. James' pastor, the Rev. George F. Brown, seems to have first suggested to her the thought. He said to her that the majority of books prepared for children represented good little people as dying young, and he believed the narration of the experiences of her early life, with the statement that she still lived, a happy, useful woman, would help children to see that, instead of shortening life, devotion to God tends to give added years, as well as to prepare the child to become of more value in the world and to enjoy heavenly bliss. In the confidence of her correspondence, Mrs. James says of this employment:

I am making some progress in writing *Little Mary*, and earnestly hope and fervently pray that it may be productive of some good, through the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit, without which it would be fruitless and profitless. In writing this, dear mother, I feel especially the need of divine aid. Pray for me, that I may be graciously assisted of God in this attempt. If I know my heart at all, my motive was to promote the blessed cause of my Redeemer by showing forth the power and the excellency of religion as exemplified in the early part of my Christian career. In reviewing my former experience my heart is deeply affected. O how manifestly did the Lord lead me and guide me through "the slippery paths of youth!" How mercifully did He preserve me through the innumerable dangers and snares to which I was exposed! How wonderfully He influenced my young heart to turn away from earth! How sweetly He drew me to His own blessed arms and taught me to seek my all in Him! Dear mother, I am ready to cry out in adoring wonder: "O the riches of His goodness!" How great is the love wherewith He has loved me!

The book is entitled *Mary; or, The Young Christian; an Authentic Narrative by One who was Intimately Acquainted with Her from Her Infancy*. It was "published by G. Lane and P. P. Sanford for *The Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church*," in 1841. The Introduction to the little volume, which was long number 251 of the *Sunday-School and Youths' Library*, was written by the Rev. J. J. Matthias, then living at West Bloomfield, N. J. It is dated September 16, 1840, and informs the reader that he became acquainted with the subject of the narrative in Newark, N. J., where she had come in search of health. He states that:

"What interested him was her unaffected and deep piety. He found her one of those favored ones who had almost from infancy dwelt in the smiles of a reconciled Savior. She appeared to him to be an unexceptionable example of the power of grace to cleanse from all sin. This, united with a cultivated mind and an amiable

temper, rendered her a friend and companion of more than ordinary worth. The acquaintance thus formed has continued till this time. Little Mary has become the woman, not the less pious or useful. Her anxiety to benefit the young Christian especially has induced her to give this little work to the public."

Mr. Matthias expresses the conviction that

"Pious youth will read this book with pleasure and profit. They will be encouraged to put forth the hand of faith and grasp the proffered fulfillment of many gracious promises in the Book of God."

How the little book impressed one young heart may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by a lady, now of Cranford, N. J., dated Jan. 28, 1884:

"My mind reverts to the time, more than thirty years ago, when I first heard of your mother. It was at the pastor's class in Jersey City. One afternoon a stranger led it. I was the only youthful member present. He made some remarks expressive of his interest in young Christians, and said he should like, at the close of the meeting, to give me a book. Of course I waited, and he brought me *Mary; or, The Young Christian*, saying: 'The person this book is about is now living in Trenton, where I reside. You will find she began to be useful when very young, and she is still working for Jesus. She is the best person I ever knew and has done the most good.' I read and re-read the little book, and thought what a privilege it would be to really know one who, it seemed, could only be classed with Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, and such exalted characters, who always seemed to me to belong to another world."

Upon how many young hearts a strong impression was made during the forty years that *Mary* was a standard book of the libraries of Methodist Episcopal churches, only eternity can reveal. But the writer has known of not a few to whom the unpretending volume has been a revelation and an inspiration.

“Using hospitality,” especially to the lovers of the Lord Jesus, was a duty which this disciple performed “without grudging” and “without murmuring.”\* Indeed, she never seemed so happy, or so thoroughly mistress of the situation, as when in her own home, surrounded with a company of Christian friends. Of course, there were times when such a use of hospitality involved care and toil which taxed the strength of the housewife. One lesson learned in those early days of her married life, when her pastor was at the same time her guest, was often alluded to. The narration which follows is from a letter written while the incident was fresh in the writer’s mind. It shows the artlessness of the young daughter and wife, as well as the simple faith of the earnest Christian:

Dear mother, I must tell you what a feast I have had recently. On Thursday afternoon there came a preacher and his wife here to stay all night. We were cleaning house and had not yet prepared our spare room for lodging. We were all fatigued and felt more like going to bed than entertaining company. When I saw them getting out of their carriage I thought, “I do wish they had not come just at this time of bustle and confusion. What shall we do with them?” Immediately that passage came with great force to my mind, as though it had been audibly spoken to me, “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” At that moment I caught a glimpse of their faces and I saw the Savior’s image impressed on their countenances. With all my heart I was ready to say: “Come in, ye blessed of the Lord! Welcome! *Welcome!* to my house.” They came in, and we hastened to prepare supper for them and to fix a room for them to lodge in. Never did I do anything more cheerfully. Every minute they stayed I loved them more and more, because I saw in them so clearly the character of Him who is “altogether lovely.” I spent the evening in conversation with dear Sister Baker, that is their

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\* See 1 Pet. iv. 10, Revised Version.

name, on the great and glorious subject which is nearest and dearest to my heart—the exalted privilege of the Christian, entire sanctification, holiness of heart. This blessed state she has attained, and lives as on the verge of heaven. O what a saint of the Most High! While she spoke of the joys of this great salvation, my heart was melted and seemed to run into hers, and thus we held sweet communion. She called me “a kindred spirit.” But O I thought I had only a spark of the holy fire which burns with a mighty flame on the altar of her heart. Yet I rejoice to feel that this little spark is increasing. It is glowing with more ardor, and I trust will soon burst into a flame that will burn up all the dross of base nature. I do know that I love God supremely, that my heart is not on earth but in heaven, that my will is swallowed up in the will divine, and that the Most High condescends to own me for His child and bless me with His smiles from day to day. But O there is a fullness which I have not yet attained to which my soul aspires continually.

But to return to those good people. Brother Baker prayed that night as if his lips were indeed touched with hallowed fire; such holy unction attended his words. Next morning Sister Baker prayed, and it surpassed description. About nine o’clock they left, and I begged them for one more prayer. Brother Baker again supplicated the throne, and such a prayer! It seemed to take hold of the blessings it asked for and bring them down upon our souls. It was a melting time, a searching time, a joyful time. They left a holy influence in our habitation. I thank the Lord for sending them here, and I should like to have such visitors every week to give me a new impulse in my upward course.

Many a time afterward the memory of that visit of God’s own “angels”—messengers of love and blessing—came to this spirit when a like opportunity for hospitality was offered, and many a poor wayfarer found care and comfort and blessing as a sort of repayment for the good imparted by those saintly guests. Would that all visits of God’s servants left a savor as hallowed!

The gift of singing was not the least valuable of the talents committed to this faithful servant. One illustra-

tion of its use comes to the memory at this point in our history. One evening there came to the class-meeting a stranger whose testimony, though brief and given amid sobs, so as scarcely to be audible, indicated great depression and discouragement. She had been a child of God, but had well-nigh lost heart and hope. As the testimony closed, Mrs. James was moved—may we not say inspired?—to sing a homely song of the olden time :

“ The feeble, the faithless, the weak are His care :  
 The helpless, the hopeless ; He hears their sad prayer.  
 Through great tribulations His people He'll bring,  
 And when they reach heaven the louder they'll sing.”

A voice from heaven could scarcely have given more help to the discouraged one. Grasping the thought of God's care for just such as herself, she rejoiced in Him as her Deliverer. From that time her path was onward and upward. It need not be added that the stranger and her helper were friends ever after.

The same gift was effective on another occasion in a different way. The happy singer had called, as was her wont, to cheer a poor old blind lady. As the two talked and the visitor sang :

“ How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word,”

a little girl listened. Nearly forty years after, the impression of the singing was still so strong that she who heard it wrote : “ Perhaps I never heard a sermon that stirred my heart to its inmost depths as did that hymn, sung in such a sweetly spiritual manner.”

Of one sort of work to which Mrs. James devoted not a little time and strength *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus* thus speaks :

To show special attention to the poor, she felt was a divine requirement and a means of grace to her own soul. Those upon whom the world looked with contempt always claimed her notice. A salutation was occasionally given her such as this: "I tried to speak to you on Sabbath as we were passing out of the ehneh, but you were so taken up with that woman. Who in the world is she? I shouldn't think she was much, judging from her appearance." The reply in one case was: "That woman is a stranger, having come to our church for the first time. I always feel it my duty to be attentive to strangers. The Bible enjoins this, you know, and the fact of her being poorly dressed made me feel more interested because her lot must be doubly hard if she is in poverty and among strangers too. And that poor woman I found really needs spiritual help and comfort, and I am going to see her right soon, and will try to show her that she has at least one friend here to care for and aid her." And that poor woman, with many others, will ever bless God for such ministrations.

The Lord's most precious jewels are sometimes found in mean-looking caskets and amid the deepest poverty. One of those, whose brilliancy astonished all listeners to her glowing recital of rich experience, was often invited to the house of her who deemed it an honor to entertain the disciples of her Lord. That welcome guest was ever abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, and her conversation on the deep things of God afforded many a feast of hallowed enjoyment through succeeding years. One of the sweetest privileges of her life was to contribute to the necessities of that poor saint.

Once, when visiting her, and learning that she was not able to visit the Lord's house for want of suitable apparel, she thought in her heart, Now I will provide her with a suit with that money which I have laid by to purchase a bonnet for myself. I can get a lower priced one than I had intended, and have enough left to get her a summer dress, and other things I can supply from my own wardrobe. Not saying a word about her intention, she left the needy one with an assurance that God would "supply all her need," and went home to act as the almoner of His bounty.

Before the close of the week the poor woman had received a bonnet, shawl, and dress, and, neatly attired, she was found among the worshippers at the sanctuary on the next Sabbath. On the day



the welcome donation was received from a nameless friend, a precious heavenly influence came like a refreshing shower upon the heart of the happy one who had sent the gift, filling her with gladness sweeter than words can express. Days and weeks after the hallowed benediction seemed resting upon her with peculiar sweetness and power. At her next interview with the sister on whom the gift had been bestowed, she learned the secret of her having received that special blessing. The grateful recipient of the apparel met her with open arms, exclaiming : "You blessed woman ! I am so thankful to you for that beautiful present ! You didn't mean I should know that you were the giver, but I did know just as soon as I saw the things ; and I fell right down on my knees and asked the Lord to send you a rich recompense, to fill your soul to overflowing with His love, and to reward you a hundredfold, even in temporal things, and I knew He would do it, for I felt a token of the answer in my heart."

Her friend replied : "Already your first petition has been answered by an abundant spiritual blessing, and I am willing to wait for the other." But soon it also came—a splendid present from a relative, who, on her dying bed, had bequeathed to her an extensive wardrobe. Thus was fulfilled the divine promise : "Give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."—Luke, vi. 38.

Not content with what she could do for the needy, this imitator of Him who "went about doing good" sought to enlist and associate her Christian sisters in such work.

She found, in her walks among the poor, many in destitute circumstances, and saw the great need of an organization by which the worthy poor might be made comfortable. In speaking to a lady of the Baptist Church, who was ready for every good work, she found a response to her proposal to form a society for the relief of the poor. With earnest prayer for God's help and blessing they started in the good work, and found many Christian women glad to join them in this benevolent enterprise, and soon they had an association composed of members of all the churches. The ladies met weekly

and made clothing for the poor, besides furnishing those of them who were aged and helpless with groceries and other provisions.

The benefits resulting were most cheering, not only to the recipients of the bounties bestowed, but also to the donors. Their meetings were means of spiritual profit as well as social pleasure, promoting the fellowship of kindred minds, and thus uniting in strongest bonds those of different branches of the household of faith as they had never been before.

In their visits to the destitute their souls were often fed with heaven's richest bounties. The luxury of doing good was their portion in large measure. Often did they find among the poor those who were "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom," who ministered to them in spiritual things, while they supplied them with temporal comforts.

A beautiful example of this "precious faith" was an aged woman who was called "Aunty Platt." The Visiting Committee deemed it a peculiar privilege to visit this old saint, because she was always happy, and had so much to say about the good things of the kingdom. Greeting them with a smile, she always returned their salutation, "How do you do?" with, "Bless the Lord! I'm not right smart, but very happy, I thank you."

One day two ladies called, and after their usual salutation and her cheerful response, she added: "I was right sick this mornin' before I got up, and I thought I couldn't get out o' bed, but I had my little wash to do, and so I asked the Lord to please to give me strength to git up and do it; and bless you, I begun to feel better right straight away, and I got up and dressed and got my breakfast and then went to washin', and I felt like a gal o' sixteen. The way I did flirt around them clothes was amazin', and I got 'em done directly. Why, I don't know when I have felt so strong and well, and I was a-praisin' the Lord all the whole time I was washin', 'cause I knowed it was Him that give me strength and cured me so quick. And that's the way He often answers my prayers. Bless His dear name!"

"Well, Aunty Platt," said one of the ladies, "we are very glad you are so helped and blessed by the God in whom you trust, and now we have come to supply you with provisions."

Smiling, she said: "Well I thank you, but I believe I don't need anything."

“Have you tea and sugar?”

“Well, let me see, no, I believe I haven’t neither.”

“Have you any flour or bread?”

“Well, come to think, I haven’t, for I used the last this morning.”

“Have you butter?”

“Law, no; I haven’t a bit,” laughing.

“Well, Aunty Platt, you seem to be out of a good many things,” remarked one of the ladies.

“Why, yes! Well, raily, I didn’t remember; I was a-thinkin’ how good the Lord was to me, and I forgot everything else. Oh, I do love to praise Him, He is so good!”

As the ladies bade her good-evening, with the promise to send her a supply, she followed them to the door with a hearty “God bless you!”

“What a lesson we have learned from that happy saint!” said one to the other. “Does not her language remind you of that beautiful hymn:

“The Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since He is mine and I am His,  
What can I want beside?”

“Yes,” replied the other, “and what a blessing it is to witness such examples of the power of grace, and what a great privilege it is to minister to the necessities of the saints. Surely, by our visit to Aunty Platt, we have learned a lesson of contentment and trust that we can never forget.”

It was not long after the occurrence just related that the writer, who was a frequent visitor at that humble abode, went to see the aged couple (Aunty Platt’s husband was living at that time), and after inquiring how they were, the usual answer was given: “Bless the Lord! I’m pretty well, I thank you; but,” she added, “Dan’el is very sick, and I think the Lord is goin’ to take him home. I’ve been a prayin’ that He won’t take him in the night-time, ’cause, you see, I’d be alone, and it would seem kind o’ bad not to have anybody with me; so I’ve been askin’ the Lord to please to take him in the day-time, and I *expect He will!*” The next morning the visitor called again, and was met as usual with a bright smile and “Bless

the Lord! He's taken Dan'el home. He is so good and kind! He didn't take him in the night. I seen he was a-goin' early in the night, but I kneeled right down and prayed that he might stay till mornin', so's I could have somebody here. He didn't go till after daylight, and I called in a neighbor before he went. So you see the Lord answered my prayer. I expected He would; bless His Name!"

Is it not a privilege to help such poor saints? And how many there are whose heavy life-burdens might be made lighter and their path smoothed by such help as was afforded Aunty Platt. The benevolent association alluded to was sustained with increasing interest through succeeding years, and still existed when this record was made in 1874, having blessed many hundreds with aid.

Some votaries of "the higher Christian life" have been charged with injuring the influence of their pastors, especially those who did not manifest special interest in this doctrine and experience, by criticisms upon their preaching, as not adapted to meet the spiritual needs of advanced believers. There could have been no foundation for such charges in the case of the subject of this memoir. This record of one case in point was given by Mrs. James in a paper which appeared in the *Guide to Holiness*, in 1877, entitled "Charity Never Faileth." The writer states that it was to have had a place in *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*, but the original memoranda had been misplaced till the series of articles with that title had ended.

A minister was once appointed to the pastoral charge of the church with which I was connected, of whom it was said that he was "very talented and popular, but not at all spiritual, and decidedly opposed to the profession of entire sanctification."

My heart was sad. I thought, Now we shall no more be favored with solid Gospel food; we shall only have "high-flavored pastry"

which does not nourish and strengthen the soul, and I shall almost starve on such preaching. But, quickly arresting my thoughts, I asked my heart, Is this right? Should I cherish such feelings as these? Had I not better send up to God my fervent prayers that my new pastor may be baptized with the Holy Ghost and thus be qualified to feed his flock with the bread which cometh down from heaven? And should I not cultivate feelings of respect and love toward him as an ambassador of the Lord Jesus? Yes, that is just what I ought to do, and what I will do, God being my helper. I will stand by my pastor as I always have done. I will speak and think kindly of him; no one shall be influenced by me to think lightly of him, and at all events my own soul shall not suffer loss, but will gain strength by doing my duty.

Soon reports came to my ears of the faults and foibles and inconsistencies of the new pastor. I had no ears and no heart to receive such reports, but at once began to check them, entreating those who were circulating them to cease placing barriers in the way of his usefulness, who was no doubt sent of God to minister to us. They might thus hinder the salvation of many souls, and they had much better pray for him than to speak against him.

When he appeared in the pulpit on the following Sabbath the temptation returned to me with great force, that I should not be fed by his preaching. What a great contrast to his predecessor, who was so humble, so devoted, etc. At once the Tempter was repelled, and looking unto Jesus and asking for grace to overcome these troublesome thoughts, which were surely from Satan, and invoking the divine baptism upon the preacher, I felt a sudden lifting up of spirit and a conscious victory. Immediately my heart was filled with love and sympathy for my pastor, and also a most blessed sense of the divine presence and approval. The sermon was profitable and precious.

From that time there was no lack of interest in the ministry, or of fellowship with the pastor, and during his pastorate there seemed increasing spirituality and great devotion to his work. When asked that a meeting for the promotion of holiness might be held in the church he made no objection, but expressed an earnest desire that it might prove a blessing to the membership, which it did in a high degree. I have never since heard of that minister opposing any efforts for the advancement of holiness, and it has

given me great pleasure to know of his usefulness, and to remember the victory I was enabled, through grace, to gain over the adversary of God and man, who is always throwing obstacles in the way of God's ambassadors in their efforts to save souls and build up the church. It is a sad fact that he sometimes uses good people for the accomplishment of his vile purposes.

The Rev. John S. Porter, D.D., for some years past the senior member of the New Jersey Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was pastor of the church in Mount Holly, of which Mrs. James was then an active member, in the years 1852-54. During an interview at the General Conference of 1884, the writer of these pages asked Dr. Porter to write some reminiscences of his pastoral relations with Mrs. James. With sincere pleasure the letter sent in response to this request is given entire. The statements of this venerable man would doubtless receive the cordial indorsement of every one of her pastors.

“PILGRIM'S LODGE, BURLINGTON, N. J., *July 16, 1884.*

“DEAR BROTHER: I have delayed to write respecting the church-life of your excellent mother, the late Mrs. Mary D. James, not because there was any defect in that life, but because of the difficulty of selecting the particular features which should be delineated. She was so near a perfect model of a Christian woman, when the writer was her pastor in Mount Holly, and the symmetry of her character was so complete, that to call attention to any virtue as more manifest than another is hardly admissible. Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report were all beautifully united in her character.

“To her pastor she was a willing helper. It was a benediction to see her regularly in her place in the House of Prayer. She found strengthening in attending the means of grace. Her devout attention to the preaching of the Word, as though she would be edified, was a source of inspiration to the preacher. Although well quali-

fied to instruct others, it was her delight to learn and by all proper means to increase in the knowledge and love of God. In the social meetings for prayer and praise she was punctual in attendance and was ready to take part, but never obtrusive. In giving testimony for Christ it was apparent that her desire was to exalt her Savior and not herself. No one could detect any operation of a spirit which said or intimated, 'I am holier than thou,' nor did she fail to glorify the grace which saves to the uttermost."

A paragraph in regard to the Sunday-school work of Mrs. James is omitted here, that it may appear in the chapter on her work for little people. The letter of Dr. Porter continues:

"Her heart felt a tender sympathy for the poor, not of the church only, but of the town. As far as she had opportunity this was manifested by making application to others for help and using her own means to assist such as she found in need. To do this work she often sacrificed ease and many comforts that she might afford comfort to those in the distress of poverty.

"If you can extract anything from this communication that will be of interest in portraying your blessed mother it is at your service. May the richest of divine blessings be with you in all your labors of love. Yours affectionately,

"JOHN S. PORTER."

While yet Mr. Porter was the pastor of the Mount Holly church, Mr. and Mrs. James removed from the place. Here they entered upon housekeeping, and here passed nearly nineteen years of their married life, with its joys and sorrows. As we have seen, these years were packed with rich experiences and intense activity of service for Christ on the part of the wife. Not without regret did she leave the many kind friends who had there gathered about her, and many were her visits to the scenes so full of interest.

This part of the record must not close without an allu-

sion to one friend of those years whose memory was ever cherished by the subject of this memoir, her class-leader, Hon. Clayton Monroe. Judge Monroe added to many excellencies of life and character rare wisdom as a Christian counselor. As long as the excellent man lived, occasional letters passed between him and his friend, and many were their expressions of mutual regard. His son, the Rev. Samuel Y. Monroe, D.D., First Corresponding Secretary of the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his grandson, the Rev. James M. Buckley, D.D., now editor of the *Christian Advocate*, have been honored in Methodism. If the venerable class-leader was not so widely known as they, his memory is precious.



## PART THIRD.

### THE MATURE CHRISTIAN.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### SECOND RESIDENCE IN TRENTON.

THE development of Christian character requires time. No work of regeneration or sanctification, instantaneously performed by Almighty grace, does away with the necessity for patient study to apprehend the truth, or painstaking effort to assimilate that truth and bring the life into harmony with it.

The failure to grasp this principle and make it practical may account for the many spiritual dwarfs and monstrosities to be found in the Church of Christ. Multitudes seem to think that at conversion the work is all done, and make little or no effort to advance to Christian manhood or womanhood. If in Christ at all, they always remain *babes* in Christ. Others stop at a higher stage. They have received a "second blessing," which may be "entire sanctification" so far as it respects the removal of sin and the complete subjugation of the heart, the will, the motive-power of the nature, to God. Their error is in the conclusion that now there remains little more to be done. The hindrances to growth may be removed, but there is not spiritual vitality, or it is not

manifested in Christian progress. Perhaps a still larger number are taken up with glowing emotions and spiritual uplifts. Their religion is one-sided—plenty of feeling, but little well-directed activity.

The way in which the divine and human co-operate in the production of symmetrical Christian life and character is beautifully presented by the Apostle Peter in his statement that : \* “ Divine power hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us by His own glory and virtue ; whereby He hath granted unto us His precious and exceeding great promises ; that through these ye may become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust. Yea, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue ; and in your virtue knowledge ; and in your knowledge temperance [or “ self-control ”] ; and in your temperance patience ; and in your patience godliness ; and in your godliness love of the brethren ; and in your love of the brethren love.” This apostle sums up all the instructions of his two letters in the closing exhortation : † “ *Grow* in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.” In no other way can the divine ideal be attained in human experience.

In the case under the scrutiny of the reader of these pages there was in very early life a remarkable work of grace which, as we have seen, gloriously cleansed the heart and marked the entrance upon a very high plane of Christian living, but its subject did not stop there. During the score of years spent in comparative obscurity in the little village of Mount Holly, Mrs. James not only

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\* 2 Pet. i. 3-7, Revised Version.

† 2 Pet. iii. 18, Revised Version.

accomplished a great deal, but constantly advanced in the divine life. She had now entered her forty-fourth year and was in the thirty-third of her religious history, and those who knew her would not have deemed it improper to speak of her as a "mature Christian;" one in whom the Christian graces appeared in rare symmetry of development. The reader may have noticed that several whose words are quoted in this volume speak of this symmetry.

At this point in the history occurrences took place which marked an epoch therein. The demands of her family were not usually so imperative, and it became possible for her to spend more time in specifically Christian activities. In contemplating this portion of her career it may be well first to notice the changes which occurred and the entrance upon and labors in new and wider spheres, and then to devote a chapter to each of several phases of her experience and work, with little reference to the order of time.

While they were separated it was the one earthly wish of Mrs. James to be once more with her cherished mother. Many were the efforts of her husband to so arrange his business that this wish could be gratified, but it was not until after the mother's removal from earth that the way opened for the return to Trenton. The health of the watchmaker had suffered from too close application to his business. The offer of employment that would call him out of doors gave hope of improvement in this respect, and the capital of New Jersey seemed likely to be a good center for the new business. The death of Mrs. Yard had left the place without its chief attraction to Mrs. James, but her brother, Mr. Charles C. Yard, a life-long invalid, needed care which a sister

might give. So, in the latter part of the year 1853, all were glad to be once more together in Trenton.

Of course great changes had taken place in the Christian society of the city, but in the old Green Street Methodist Church, now in a new location, were many who remembered the "Mary Yard" of former years, and were glad to welcome her back.

In the Sunday-school she soon found opportunities for usefulness. During special efforts to lead the young people to Christ, she was frequently invited to take a prominent part in services held after the school sessions. In connection with these, scores professed conversion, and there was evidence that the labors of the new-comer were owned of God.

In the spring of 1854 business called Mr. James to Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md. In the latter place a situation in his former employment was offered and temporarily accepted. A large part of the summer following was spent by Mrs. James and her children with the family of her brother, Captain Joseph A. Yard, at Freehold, N. J. Here, with aid from the older son during his summer vacation, the *Infant-School Lesson Book* was prepared. Here, too, the darling "little Charlie" received injuries from a fall, which resulted in congestion of the brain and death soon after the family returned to the Trenton home, in September. In January, 1855, Mr. James opened a watch and jewelry store in Trenton, and the family recommenced housekeeping.

The following, from a letter to Mrs. Melinda Hamline, wife of Bishop Leonidas L. Hamline, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, throws light upon events which occurred during the period now under consideration. Its date is December 7, 1855:

My spiritual comforts have abounded and my physical health has been better than formerly as a general thing, and I have been able to be more abundant in labors for my blessed Lord. Some crosses have been laid upon me which years ago I never could have thought of bearing, but strength has been given according to the task, and I trust my labors have not been in vain, because I know they were "in the Lord." I feel an increasing desire to be useful, and am daily praying most fervently :

"Teach me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew."

Dear sister, will you not pray much for me that God will so arm me with the panoply divine that I may be able to accomplish much in His glorious cause? I feel more and more my own utter weakness and

"Lean on His arm alone  
With self-distrusting care."

I have been favored of late with the sweet smiles of Jesus. Sometimes the communications of His love have been overwhelming, and my soul has been filled unutterably full of glory and of God. Such assurances of His tender regard for me, such manifestations of His presence as surpass the powers of language to describe. How wonderful the condescension of the Great and Holy One thus to reveal Himself to a worthless worm! And to think He should use such an one as an instrument to accomplish any good! What an exalted privilege!

Last summer, at Red Lion camp-meeting, after a deep impression that God had a special work for me to do there, and fervent supplication that I might be fitted for that work, I had retired and fallen asleep with this petition upon my lips: "Fill me with faith and with the Holy Ghost, and use me for Thy glory." I was awakened with these words, spoken as if audibly: "Sanctified and meet for the Master's use." I opened my eyes and looked around to see who had spoken the words, and found the two sisters lodging with me in the tent asleep. From that memorable hour the Holy Spirit seemed to rest upon me and to inspire my heart and my tongue more than ever before.

I had been long trying to get up a meeting in Trenton for the

promotion of holiness, but did not succeed till after this fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. I returned home determined to make another effort, believing that God would help me. In less than a week my desire was accomplished, and a meeting was commenced on Wednesday evenings, which has been productive of great good to many precious followers of Christ. It is well attended, and the special sanction of the Most High has been given in copious outpourings of the Holy Spirit at every meeting. Glory be to His ever-blessed name!

You kindly allude to my dear son. You may not have heard of his affliction, which the Lord in great mercy has now removed, but which for months threatened the loss of his sight. He came home from college last December with an affection of his eyes, and has been with us ever since till about five weeks ago, when he was called by a presiding elder to take an appointment at Westfield, N. J. He is preaching the blessed Gospel of Christ. . . . Dear sister, you will help me to praise the Lord that He has claimed our two precious boys for His own blessed service. O what unspeakable delight it gives me to think that I have one loved son engaged in the service of the upper temple and one employed in the work of God on earth!

It may have been at the camp-meeting here mentioned, it was at a Red Lion camp-meeting within a few years of this date, that the attention of the subject of this memoir was turned to a disability which had somewhat impaired the effectiveness of her Christian testimonies and other addresses. Up to this time she had been in the habit of speaking with her eyes closed, because she was disconcerted by meeting the gaze of others. At this meeting she noticed how greatly the impressiveness of the words of a Christian sister was increased by the expression of her eye. With childlike confidence, Mrs. James talked this matter over with Jesus and asked that she might be lifted above the embarrassment alluded to. From that time her victory was complete. When addressing audi-

ences of hundreds, even thousands, she was able to speak with perfect composure, and her expressive eyes gave added power to her earnest words.

Of the meeting for the promotion of the work of entire sanctification, and its influence, Mrs. James wrote to the editor of the *Guide to Holiness* :

It will give you pleasure to learn that the work of holiness is advancing in this part of our Zion. For some months past the interest on this subject has been evidently increasing. We have a meeting at our own house weekly, with special reference to this subject, and our parlor is filled and sometimes crowded with those who are "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." Several have recently entered into the blessed enjoyment of perfect love.

Some of our young men who attend this meeting have been greatly quickened and strengthened thereby in the spiritual life, and we doubt not they will become "rooted and grounded in love," and hereafter be pillars in the church of our God.

The advantage to young Christians in being early led into the way of holiness is beyond all estimate. O that this could be more deeply impressed upon the youthful part of our membership, the vast importance of being entirely given up to God, of rendering Him a whole-hearted service! A heart offered up to God, with all the powers of soul, mind, and body, as a living sacrifice, in all the freshness and vigor and beauty of youth—what a lovely offering! How acceptable must it be to God, and how will He crown such an one with His richest blessings!

None but a mother so deeply interested in all that concerns a son's welfare and usefulness can fully understand this mother's trial in the providential dispensation which cut short the college-work of her son. It was in answer to her prayers that the way to Pennington Seminary and Wesleyan University had been opened, and she shared the student's disappointment when he was compelled to lay aside his books. While the trial lasted, her con-

fidence that all would be overruled for real and eternal good never wavered, and greatly helped the young man to bear the blighting of his hopes and the apparent overturning of all his plans for life. When the cloud lifted, and he was permitted, though with eyes still capable of only partial service, to devote himself to pastoral work, her joy was unbounded.

Very soon after the young minister had entered upon his labors the mother was summoned to render aid in special revival meetings. She was not then accustomed to attempt extended addresses in public, but in such labor as is described in the chapter entitled "Harvesting" she was very helpful. A number of those who, during January and February, 1856, entered upon Christ's service in the little church at Westfield, N. J., are still faithful; others have entered into rest. Not a few people of the place still remember with gratitude to God that visit of the mother of the young pastor.

The second field of labor in the ministry of Mrs. James's son was on what was then called "Crosswick's Circuit," embracing five preaching-places, all within twelve miles of Trenton. At one church his senior colleague, the Rev. Joseph M. Pierson, and himself held a series of meetings. After these had been continued more than two weeks with little apparent result, one of the wisest and best men on the charge said to the young preacher: "If I had been consulted in regard to this matter, I should have advised that the meetings close last Sunday night. I do not believe they will succeed." The young man had set his heart on souls, and had expected to see some saved, but this, from one so much wiser than himself, was a serious set-back to his faith. That day he walked six miles to talk the matter over



with his mother. After conversation the two, with other members of the family, took the case to the mercy-seat. There light and hope came. That evening the mother and another Christian lady went with the preacher to the meeting. Their testimony to a full salvation and their appeal to Christians to draw nearer to God moved a number to new consecration. The next evening seven persons presented themselves as seekers of pardon, and the work went on till more than a score found Christ, some of whom are still pillars in the little church at Hamilton Square.

While the work was progressing, a member of the church said to the young minister: "I had no faith till that night when seven came forward; then I believed that we should see a revival." If no one had believed till then, there would have been no revival. In how many cases faith like that of this brother rests on appearances. How much better the confidence of the Christian woman, which took hold of God, and raised her above all indications seen by human eyes.

The faith of this earnest follower of Christ was of the sort that is contagious. On one occasion, during this residence in Trenton, Mrs. James's pastor came to her on a Saturday quite discouraged. Special meetings had been held, but there seemed to be little interest. Said the excellent man: "My heart is so sick I feel as if I cannot make another effort to call sinners to Christ. It is all of no use. They are Gospel-hardened. I never saw people so entirely unmoved by the appeals of the Gospel. There appears to be no feeling whatever."

Said his friend: "Don't be so discouraged. Your labors are not in vain. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. You will soon see light arising in darkness.

I should not wonder if to-morrow night there should be a breaking down of the hard hearts and a gracious shower of heavenly influence."

The next evening, after a powerful appeal from the pastor, twelve persons sought the Savior. Before the effort ended more than one hundred had united with the church. Of course the Christian woman co-operated with the pastor, and her faith in God gave energy to her efforts. On that first evening several came to the altar on her solicitation.

Of her inner life Mrs. James writes, February 5, 1860 :

I am being brought by a sweetly constraining influence more and more out of self, and away from all human agencies and influences, into an inner and spiritual life, a life emphatically "hid with Christ in God ;" to know more intimately Him who is the Alpha and the Omega, the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings and the glory of His grace. O how I love to contemplate the majesty and the blessedness of that kingdom which "cometh not with observation," which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." How my soul exults with unutterable gladness to find it is "within" *me*. The Almighty King of Zion has, indeed, established His kingdom in my heart, and reigns there without a rival.

I had some sweet musings upon this blessed passage : "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Having the mind stayed on God, meditating upon His glorious attributes and infinite perfections, inspires perfect trust, and this always brings peace.

A phase of Christian effort in which Mrs. James was greatly interested was that connected with the union meetings in 1858 and '59. The fact that there "the cold name of sect was never known," but Christians of different denominations mingled with perfect freedom, made the scenes of those gatherings specially dear to

her. About this time undenominational work first took organized form in the "Young Men's Christian Association." The feelings of Mrs. James in regard to this organization were expressed in the following verses, which were printed and quite extensively circulated:

*Christian Union.*

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DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

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How sweet to see a Christian band,  
 United all in heart and hand,  
 In blessed fellowship of love,  
 All journeying to one home above,  
     In perfect Christian union !

No separating wall can part  
 Those whom the Lord hath joined in heart,  
 In sacred bonds they're firmly joined,  
 In hallowed intercourse they find  
     A precious Christian union !

Christ is the great cementing power,  
 And O how blissful is the hour,  
 When, joined in worship at His shrine,  
 They feel the influence all divine,  
     Descend to bless their union !

How beautiful is Christian love !  
 How sweet the fellowship we prove  
 Of kindred hearts, in Jesus one,  
 O this is Heaven on earth begun !  
     This glorious Christian union !

While yet the dying words of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia, were ringing in the ears of the people, the following battle-hymn was written by Mrs. James :

*“Stand up for Jesus!”*

O, young men, “Stand up for Jesus!”

Lift the blood-stained banner high!

Fight for Him as valiant soldiers;

In God’s name your foes defy!

He will help you, He will guide you,

He will give you victory!

Yes! “Stand up,” a noble army!

War against the powers below;

Let not Satan’s host alarm you,

God can mighty power bestow.

You will conquer! You will triumph!

On to glorious conquest go!

Never fear! “Stand up for Jesus!”

Speak to all of His sweet name,

Tell them of His great salvation,

All His wondrous love proclaim!

Peace and pardon, grace and glory,

Through the precious, dying Lamb!

Never be ashamed of Jesus,

“Glory” ever in “His cross;”

Count it most exalted honor

To advance His blessed cause.

Hallowed honors, untold blessings

Cluster round the Savior’s cross.

What are all earth’s fame and pleasures,

What but gilded nothingness,

To the glorious, fadeless treasures,

To the pure, unfailing bliss,

Found in Jesus? Precious Jesus!

All His “paths are paths of peace.”

Christian band, “Stand up for Jesus!”

Plead His cause, your Savior own!

Lo! He now your cause is pleading,

Standing up before the throne!

He will own you; He will claim you,

When He comes with angels down.

When the retinue of heaven  
 Shall in matchless grandeur come,  
 And the countless hosts of mortals,  
 Stand to hear their final doom—  
 Jesus smiling, saints rejoicing—  
 You will then be welcomed home.

Home, to dwell with holy angels,  
 Home, where saints in glory reign,  
 Home, where all is bright and joyous,  
 Home, where there's no grief nor pain:  
 Home with Jesus, home with Jesus,  
 Evermore in bliss to reign!

About this time Mrs. James became intensely interested in labor in behalf of fallen women. Quite a number of this class came within reach of her influence and some were greatly helped. In a few instances there was permanent reform and the entrance into happy home-life. The following, from the pen of the Rev. O. H. Hazard, then active in Christian work as a young layman, now a Presbyterian minister in Bound Brook, N. J., appeared in the *Ocean Grove Record*, January 5, 1884.

“*A Reminiscence of Mrs. M. D. James.*”

“The writer has seldom been more surprised and saddened than when, glancing over a recent copy of the *Record*, he discovered that Mrs. Mary D. James had died. As her name is intimately associated with an event of touching interest (known, it may be, to but few of her friends and admirers), it has been thought proper to narrate it, and thus add, if possible, another chaplet to the memory of one so dear to the church and our common Savior.

“Nearly twenty-five years ago, late on Saturday night, a young woman was found lying on a cellar door on Green Street, Trenton. She was helpless and stupid from intoxication. A policeman arrested her, and conducted or wheeled her to a cell in the

city prison. The young woman, whose name was Jane, was an enrolled member of a mission school, established in a destitute portion of the city. As secretary of the mission, I called the next morning to see the fallen member. As I entered the door of the narrow cell in which Jane had spent such a doleful night, I found her sitting upright on her miserable apology for a bed, her hair disheveled, her head resting on her hands, and acutest agony pictured on her face. Her piteous exclamation was: 'O Mr. H—, I cannot live in this way!'

"Mrs. James and another excellent lady of the name of Marshall (now deceased, I think) interceded in behalf of the forlorn girl, and succeeded in getting her into the Magdalen Asylum at Twenty-first and Race Streets, Philadelphia. A soiled and mildewed letter, written by Jane shortly after her admission, lies before me. It is dated at the Magdalen Asylum, February 21st; no year is stated, though it must have been 1859. In this letter she speaks very tenderly of Mrs. James, and of the new world into which she had been ushered. Just one extract from this veteran letter will suffice: 'Dear ladies, I hope you will believe that I do indeed feel very grateful to you for your kindness to me, and I am sure you will be glad to hear that the Lord has given me strength to conquer all my miserable feelings. I begin to feel like myself again.' In a letter, dated December 7, 1859, written to the secretary of the mission, she says: 'Mrs. James was here to see me on Friday evening last; I was very glad to see her. She takes a great interest in me. She has been a very kind friend to me, and I hope that God will reward her richly for the good she does.'

"Thus was the busy toiler ever on the alert for opportunities to elevate and ennoble our suffering humanity.

"O. H. II."

In a letter dated November 28, 1884, the Rev. Mr. Hazard says:

"I count it one of my sweetest privileges to have known your sainted mother. While living in Trenton our paths frequently crossed, in our mutual efforts to raise the fallen and mitigate the sorrows of humanity. We were brought more especially together in our joint endeavors to save an abandoned young woman whose

case I mentioned in an article in the *Ocean Grove Record*. I never knew any one whose face shone more brightly and whose heart beat more warmly with the love of Christ than your dear mother's. She was indeed our Frances Ridley Havergal. I say *our*, for Presbyterians claim her as well as Methodists. In a word, I never expect to meet exactly her counterpart on this side of glory."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

IT was in connection with her work for the fallen and depraved that Mrs. James became impressed with the demand in Trenton for some place where little children could be shielded from the temptations about them in their miserable quarters, and provided with suitable food, proper home influences, and Christian education. The writer was pleased to find among the papers of his mother the following account of her connection with this institution :

#### *Origin of the Children's Home in Trenton, New Jersey.*

In my walks among the poor in the city of Trenton, over twenty years ago, I found a large number of children forlorn and wretched, some orphans, and many whose inebriate parents were incapable of taking care of them. In want, degradation, and vice they were being brought up to be pests to society. To rescue the perishing was the engrossing desire of my heart, and the thought was suggested, doubtless, by His spirit who came "to seek and to save that which was lost," that I might put forth an effort, which, by God's blessing, would secure a home for those poor little sufferers where they would be kindly cared for and trained to be a blessing instead of a curse to the community. After much consideration and earnest prayer for divine guidance I sought advice from some of my best and most judicious friends, who encouraged me and promised their co-operation in the proposed effort. Some others who heard of the project objected, saying that the Widow's Home, which had been organized the preceding year, was enough for the city to support, etc. But so strong was my conviction that to pro-



vide a home for destitute children would be pleasing to God and that He would put it into the hearts of the people to sustain it, that I resolved to set about the work in good earnest.

When this determination was fully fixed and I started to act upon it, I felt such an assurance of the divine approval that I was jubilant in the undertaking, and from that moment never had a doubt of success. It seemed to me a vivid reality that the Omnipotent One was at my side every step I took, and my heart was strong to do his bidding.

I wrote notices for all the evangelical churches, twelve in number, calling a meeting of the ladies of the city, to be held the next afternoon (Monday) in the lecture-room of the Third Presbyterian Church.

When the hour for the meeting arrived rain was pouring in torrents, and there seemed no probability that ladies would go out in such a terrible storm. Yet there were sixteen there. Of course, they were of the kind whose hearts, like that of the Divine Redeemer, were touched with human woe, and ready to make sacrifices to relieve the wretched and save the outcast.

What was most remarkable was that each denomination was represented. I cannot now remember the names of all those sixteen ladies, but I recall some of them: Mrs. G. G. Roncy, Miss Rebecca Potts, Miss Margarett Potts, and Mrs. Rev. A. K. Street. Those excellent ladies were among my strongest supporters and most valuable helpers from the first step that was taken.

I presented a paper which I had prepared, setting forth the great need of an institution to protect and train the helpless children of the poor, which was listened to with interest and at once acted upon. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution, and a meeting was called for the following Monday. Mrs. Mary D. James was requested to write and send notices for all the churches. Mrs. Roncy and Mrs. James were the committee to draft a constitution.

The day for the next meeting was favorable and a large number were present. The "Union Ladies' Society of the Children's Home" was then organized. The constitution, as prepared by the committee, was adopted, and officers were elected. Mrs. G. G. Roncy, President; Miss Rebecca Potts, Vice-President; Mrs. Mary D. James, Secretary; Mrs. John R. Dill, Treasurer; with a Board of

Managers. A committee was appointed to canvass the city, soliciting donations and subscriptions, and it was arranged to hold a meeting the following week to set forth to the public the institution, with its object and aims.

That meeting was held in the First Presbyteriau Church. It was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Halliday, from the House of the Friendless in New York, with several clergymen of the city, delivered very effective addresses, as did also the mayor of the city, Mr. F. S. Mills, whose sympathies and aid were enlisted in our behalf from the beginning of the enterprise.

The effect of this meeting was most helpful to the work. The hearts of the people were opened to the new enterprise, and when our Soliciting Committee went forth they were greeted with welcome, and received contributions from willing hearts. Our success was wonderful, and warranted us fully in taking a house which seemed providentially prepared for us, being adapted to the purpose, and furnishing it without delay. In just eight weeks from the day that the society was organized, the Children's Home was opened for the reception of inmates, and several entered on that day. An excellent matron having taken charge—Mrs. Wilkes—the children were well cared for, and the institution, so nobly sustained from its beginning, continued to prosper.

Soon, however, we began to feel the importance of having a house of our own. One day Professor Phelps, Principal of the Normal School, who from the first had been one of the warmest friends of the enterprise, called on me and said he had been talking with Mr. Roebling, and found him greatly interested in our benevolent work, and he had expressed a desire that we should purchase a house. If we would start a subscription for this object he would head the list with one thousand dollars. This was cheering news to us, and we at once resolved to make the effort, which was successful. A house just adapted to our wants was in readiness—another marked providence of God—and we purchased it, the same now occupied as the Children's Home.

Mr. Roebling paid the salary of our teacher and made donations frequently. At one of our anniversary meetings he gave us a happy surprise by canceling a mortgage of one thousand dollars, thus making the Home free from debt. Of the subsequent liberal bequest of that noble friend, so noted for his large-hearted benevo-

lence, the institution is still reaping the benefit, while we trust he is reaping in brighter realms the rich reward of those who consider the poor.

I held the office of secretary until my removal to Boston in 1863, and was succeeded in the office by Mrs. Appleton, wife of the Rev. Mr. Appleton.

I cannot close this sketch without alluding to the valuable aid we received in the beginning of our good work from A. G. Riehey, Esq., Chancellor Green, now passed away to his reward above, and John R. Dill, Esq., as well as Mrs. Dill, who has proved so valuable and faithful an officer for so many years. Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Duane, of the Episcopal Church, now in the upper temple, and Rev. Mr. Wright, of the Baptist Church, all gave us excellent counsel and great encouragement.

I have always inquired with deepest interest in regard to the Children's Home, and have been delighted to hear of its prosperity. Few of my early associates in the work so dear to my heart remain in the Board of Managers. They were noble women whose record is on high. Several of them have gained the reward of the righteous in the kingdom above, where I trust we shall all meet when our life-work shall have ended.

That it may be said to us in the great day by the Almighty Judge, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord," prays your friend,

MARY D. JAMES.\*

There lies before the writer of this volume a copy of the *First Annual Report of the Managers of the Union Industrial Home Association for Destitute Children of Trenton, New Jersey*. It was written by Mrs. Mary D. James, the secretary, in December, 1859. The importance of this effort in behalf of homeless waifs, from the very beginning, is indicated in the fact that during the

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\* The engraved *fac-simile* of Mrs. James's autograph under her portrait was made from that affixed to this document.

first year of its existence fifty children, thirty-five boys and fifteen girls, found there a shelter; some of them, however, only for a short time. At the end of the first year twenty-four little ones still continued to receive attention, but nine had been transferred to respectable families, where the managers had reason to believe they would be kindly treated and properly trained. The reader can imagine the joy with which the secretary wrote:

The inmates of the Home have been brought under such salutary influences as have, by the divine blessing, already wrought a happy transformation of habit and character in many cases. It is well known that the class we seek to benefit embraces the most unpromising, because the most depraved and degraded. Yet we find that even those who seem to partake of the ferocious nature of wild, untamed animals, or rather of demons, may be influenced by kind treatment and the teachings of the Gospel, and many such have become docile and tractable, changed from the lion to the lamb.

Some incidents of the personal work of Mrs. James in this Home will be found in the chapter entitled "Among Little People."

At the first public anniversary of the Home, Professor William F. Phelps, then Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School in Trenton, read a paper, in which, among other expressions of appreciation of the work which these ladies were accomplishing, he remarked:

"It seems to have been reserved for you to institute those measures of practical benevolence which every community owes to itself to carry on, and which are designed to strike a radical blow at those monster evils which threaten the very existence of our social fabric. Let me close by congratulating you upon the success of what was to you a doubtful experiment, and upon the bright promises of a more auspicious future."

In the report of Mrs. James allusion is made to the liberality of a citizen of Trenton. This is the widely known civil engineer, Mr. John A. Roebling, builder of the first bridge across the Niagara River, and projector of that over the East River at New York, whose death occurred in connection with the latter work. Not only did he make the first donation of one thousand dollars received by this charity, and afterward double this amount, but he endowed the institution with a fund of thirty thousand dollars, the proceeds of which are still helping forward its noble work. This public-spirited man was only one of the hundreds to whom this enterprise at once commended itself, and who have since manifested the deepest interest in it.

A few months since the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Home was held in the Taylor Opera House, Trenton. The secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth D. Bell, in her annual report remarks :

“It is not necessary to bring these little people before you to remind you of the existence of this excellent charity, for your remembrance is evidenced constantly by donations of various kinds. We know it has a hold on your hearts, because your hands respond so cheerfully to our calls for assistance. Our object is rather to give you a realizing sense of what has been done with your contributions, with the hope that seeing these fifty-seven happy faces will so stir your feelings that you will desire to have the number greatly increased; for the managers well know that many more need to be saved from ignorance and evil ways.”

At this anniversary meeting Mr. T. A. Bell, who conducted the exercises, said, in regard to the Home, as reported in a local paper :

“Before it was started one of the newspapers asked if there was really need of such an institution here. The question seems absurd

now. . . . This newspaper asked several other questions at the same time in connection with the subject, desiring to know if the women could obtain control over the children and if they would be able to overcome the peculiar difficulties besetting the beginning of such an enterprise. These questions, the speaker said, surprised him. There is a debt of gratitude owing the ladies that can never be paid. Mr. Bell read the names of the ladies who started the home and framed its policy, alluded to those who have died, and predicted that the work, so well begun by them, would be continued."

Hundreds of little people have here found a temporary home. Many of them have gone from this to positions of comfort, and some have grown up to be good citizens. Still, year by year, it cares for from fifty to sixty neglected children.

A large and well-appointed building is soon to be erected for a gathering-place for the ever-increasing number of needy little ones in this growing city. This building will doubtless be a credit to the capital of New Jersey. No less will it be a monument to the wise Christian effort of the ladies that founded it, and especially of the subject of this memoir, who originated the enterprise, and amid such discouragements continued her efforts until success was assured. She claimed no such honor, yet it was a life-long joy to her that her Father in heaven permitted her to do this much for these objects of His care. In its far-reaching consequences, this work was probably the greatest committed to this servant of the Lord Jesus.

## CHAPTER III.

### PATRIOTISM.

THE reader must not imagine that the subject of this memoir was so absorbed with religion as to be a cipher in the affairs which interest persons of less spirituality. Her ardent nature entered into all the concerns of life with real zest, and she was ever ready to give time, energy, and money to whatever promised good to her fellow-beings.

As we have seen, the recollections of her mother's childhood connected Mrs. James with the struggle of our ancestors for independence. She watched, with close attention, the events of the nation's progress, and, while she was never a politician, had her views in regard to public questions. When the nation was plunged into war with Mexico, as stated in another chapter, two of her brothers became commissioned officers in the army. Her hatred of war would have caused her to use whatever influence she might have brought to bear to keep those so dear to her from engaging in its cruel work, but when her brothers decided to become soldiers, she did all in her power to cheer and inspire them. She sought also to instill into the minds of her children love of their country, admiration for its form of government, and patriotic devotion.

During the long period of discussion in regard to slavery all the sympathies of this warm heart were with the oppressed; and, without being identified with any

abolition movement, she was one of the many hundreds who longed and prayed for the overthrow of the system which rendered wretched so many lives. The feelings which she had cherished through long years found expression in the following descriptive poem which appeared in a New England newspaper during the war :

*Slave Mart and Auction Block.*

Thoughts suggested by seeing the sign of the Charleston Slave Mart and the Steps to the Auction Block, exhibited in Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of March 9, 1865.

What do I see ? Four gilded letters—" MART."  
 The import what ? Ah, to the slave's poor heart  
 What sorrow did it give, what anguish send !  
 What sorer grief, what deeper woe portend !  
 Beings immortal, God's own image, sold  
 As goods and chattels, or dumb beasts, behold !

What mean those steps, all stained with bitter tears ?  
 O'er those the victims passed, trembling with fears,  
 With grief convulsed, up to the auction block,  
 Which to their being's center caused a shock  
 That rent the fibers of the tender heart ;  
 For there, the cruel doom was sealed, to part  
 With those they loved as life, to meet no more,  
 Till the dark, dreary day of life was o'er.

What scenes were those ! what pencil could portray  
 The parting on the dreadful auction day,  
 When mothers from their tender babes were driven,  
 And fondest, strongest human ties were riven ?  
 O who can tell the crushing weight of woe  
 Those steps have borne ? or who describe the flow  
 Of sealding tears, that oft upon them poured,  
 From heart-wounds deeper than the lash had scored  
 In the poor quivering flesh ? Omniscient God !  
 Thy vengeance slumbered long, but O Thy rod  
 Falls heavily upon oppressors now !  
 Just retribution ! God inflict the blow :



He metes to them in fearful measure full,  
 That which they measured out to each sad soul :  
 Those cruel wrongs His searching eye had seen,  
 Those deeds of crime from Him they could not screen.  
 Lo ! now He comes, in dreadful majesty  
 To avenge those wrongs and set the captives free.

How changed the scene ! How wondrous, how sublime !  
 That vilest spot, of basest, foulest crime,  
 Rebellion's birth-place, see it bearing now  
 Our nation's glorious flag on Sumter's brow !  
 Our country's blight removed, Slavery's foul stain  
 Erased, no more to curse the land again.  
 The Charleston slave mart now is seen no more ;  
 The grief and tears and pangs it caused are o'er ;  
 Its gilded sign suspended in a hall  
 Of Boston, Massachusetts ! that of all  
 The States most hated by the traitorous band,  
 But dear to loyal hearts through all our land.

Just are Thy judgments, great, tremendous God !  
 Righteous are all Thy ways, and true Thy Word.  
 To Thee all knees shall bow, all tongues be still,  
 While Thou shalt work Thy glorious sovereign will.  
 Amen ! amen ! Ride on, all-conquering King !  
 To our revolted world redemption bring !  
 Now by the sword Thy work Thou hast begun,  
 O let the great stupendous work be done !  
 Sin's vile pollution sweep from earth away,  
 Let all the nations own Thy sovereign sway,  
 Set up Thy kingdom here, of peace and love,  
 Thy will be done below as done above.

When the civil war actually broke out, as will be readily supposed, this ardent nature was all aglow with patriotism. Her brother, Captain Joseph A. Yard, regarded his military experience in Mexico as a trust which he must use for his imperiled country, and was among the first to offer his services in response to President Lincoln's call for volunteer soldiers. He used his political

and social influence to induce men to enlist, and was chosen captain of a company in one of the first regiments organized. One of his sons was a major in a New Jersey regiment, and six other sons, for a longer or shorter time, devoted themselves to the military service. One, the Rev. Robert B. Yard, was for nearly three years a most efficient chaplain.

Living at the capital of one of the loyal States, Mrs. James was brought into close contact with the work of equipping and sending out soldiers and providing for their comfort.

Extracts from letters written in those stirring times will recall scenes that ought not to pass into oblivion, and give facts of heart-history akin to that of myriads in those days.

Our city is in a state of tumultuous excitement about the war. [The names of a number of relatives about to enter the service are mentioned, and the letter continues.] Eight hundred are going through Trenton to-day on their way to Washington, and our companies will go in a few days. O how many bleeding hearts will our city contain! Mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters parting with loved ones, perhaps to meet them no more on earth. It is thought by many that the struggle will be an awful one and many lives will be sacrificed. How it sickens my heart to think of it! How Christians should be pleading with God in behalf of our distressed country! I can scarcely think of any other interest, my heart is so burdened with my country's troubles. I feel a strong impulse to go, should our men engage in conflict, and help to nurse the sick and wounded. O would it not be a blessed, though a painful task, to minister to the poor sufferers, our own dear countrymen and kindred! To soothe and comfort them, and point them to Jesus, the good physician, and whisper in their ears the precious promises of the Gospel. It seems to me I cannot stay away from them if a battle should take place.

I am going to have our men each presented with a pocket Testa-

ment. Will it not be a blessed thing for each of them to take the precious Word of Life? It is a just and righteous cause to defend our beloved country, and I could not say to any one, however dear to me, "Don't go." If I were a man I should not hesitate a moment. I would go and try to do all in my power for my country.

A few days later she writes in a similar strain :

You cannot imagine what a tumult we have been in. The day the troops left was one such as I desire never to witness again. The parting scene was heart-rending. Your poor Aunt M—— has seemed almost overwhelmed with grief, yet she has been wonderfully sustained since their departure. One night, while thinking of parting with her husband and four sons, she felt as if her heart must break, and, in the depths of her anguish, she went to the mercy-seat and poured out her soul in prayer to God. While she was pleading for help and comfort from on high the Comforter came and filled her sorrowing heart with the rich and blessed consolations of the Gospel.

The restoration to this relative of the joy of salvation was a preparation for her removal to the better world, which occurred not very long after.

We have had a fine company of men from Salem quartered close by us in St. Michael's chapel. The Perry Street ladies supplied them with bedding and many little comforts, for which they were very grateful. I pasted the lines addressed to the volunteers in their little Testaments. Several of them came over to see me and thanked me for the verses. Among them was a young man by the name of C—— P——. He expressed much gratitude to me, and seemed to be a very interesting young man. I asked him if he had given his heart to God. He replied: "No, I have not. For years I have thought much upon the subject of religion, but I have not become a decided Christian." I said: "Is it possible you are going to place yourself in circumstances of so much danger without having God for your Protector and Friend?" Tears filled his eyes, he sighed heavily, and looked at me with such an expression as deeply moved my heart. I said: "Will you please tell me your

name? I wish to know it, for I intend to pray for you every day." I then urged upon him to give his heart to God, and he said: "Mrs. James, will you please write to my mother? I have a praying mother. She is a good woman, and is much concerned about me. I think it would be a great comfort to her if you would write a letter to her." I replied: "I will do so with pleasure." He gave me her address. I said: "Shall I tell her your mind is made up to give your heart to God and to seek now the pardon of your sins?" After a moment's hesitation, with a look of deep solemnity, he replied: "Yes, you may tell her so." . . . Many of that company were pious men, some of them class-leaders in our church. They had prayers night and morning, and conducted themselves with much propriety during their stay among us. Just before they left, about twenty-five of them came over to our door and sang the lines I had given them, and bade me an affectionate farewell. I have just been writing to Mrs. P——, and inclosed a copy of the piece upon which her son set so high an estimate. If ever I wrote anything that was an effusion from my heart that piece was such. It was pasted in the Testaments of several companies and was distributed among the soldiers. There were more than three thousand copies printed, and many came and asked for them before there was opportunity to make a general distribution. It was sung in Green Street church as the closing hymn after a most impressive sermon to the soldiers.

The following is the poem alluded to as so widely distributed among and so highly prized by the soldiers:

*To the New Jersey Volunteers.*

Go, ye noble sons of freedom!  
 Go, your country to defend!  
 Go, and God, "the God of nations,"  
 Will your onward march attend!

Go, our husbands, sons, and brothers!  
 Go, though loving hearts be rent!  
 Though our tears will flow in torrents,  
 And our life in grief be spent.

Go, obey your country's summons,  
 'Tis a noble, glorious cause !  
 Go, defend its sacred interests  
 Ye will have our warm applause !

Patriot bands, may Heaven bless you,  
 Jesus be your strong defense !  
 The Almighty's wing your refuge,  
 Shielded by Omnipotence !

We, your sisters, wives, and mothers,  
 Ceaseless send to heaven our prayer  
 That the God of love and mercy  
 Will to us our loved ones spare.

Prayers, like clouds of incense rising,  
 Compass the Eternal Throne.  
 God will hear His pleading children,  
 God will guide and guard His own.

If, amid the dreadful conflict  
 You should fall, we'll look above.  
 Trust in Him who helps the helpless,  
 Trust in Him, the God of love.

Only give us this assurance,  
 You will fall in Jesus' arms,  
 And be borne to that blest country  
 Where are heard no war's alarms.

Then we'll hope again to meet you  
 On that bright celestial shore,  
 There with rapturous joy to greet you  
 Where we'll part again no more.

Just after the first battle of Bull Run this Christian patriot writes :

When the news came of the disastrous defeat of our army, with a loss of five thousand men, as it was first reported, your father came in pale and trembling, almost fainting, and sat down overwhelmed with sorrow and dismay. I said to him, "Is the Lord dead? Does not the Lord God Omnipotent live and reign?"

“Yes,” he replied. I said, “And is He not on our side?” He said, “Yes.” “And will He not, then, make even this seeming disaster work for our ultimate good?” “Yes,” said he, “and I feel like praising Him.” He was lifted up, and from that time seemed cheerful and his faith unwavering.

The soldiers to whom allusion was made above, responded to the call for volunteers for three months. Their enthusiastic friend thus writes of the return of those who went from Trenton :

The troops have come, and, siek as I was, I had to go down town when I heard the cannon firing as a signal of their arrival. And such a sight! more like colored men than white, so forlorn in their appearance, completely worn out with fatigue, loss of sleep, and excitement. Poor fellows! Every one who looked upon them seemed to feel more than words could express. They were greeted with tears by many. . . . You never heard such cheering as your uncle received all the way as he marched with the troops, and afterward, when they dispersed. Crowds gathered round him, cheering him, and seeming ready to take him in their arms. It was a scene of great interest to witness the enthusiasm of the multitude, evincing their appreciation of the bravery and valuable services of our noble Jerseymen.

The following letter to a young friend, a Christian volunteer, in some way came back to her and is among her papers :

TRENTON, Oct. 3, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST :

I write to inform you that I have sent a book to be delivered to you. I had procured a number of books and tracts for the soldiers, all of which had been distributed among New Jersey Volunteers except the volume I have sent you. In thinking of you as a soldier of our country and as a soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ, I have felt a desire to present you with this book, *The Life of Captain Hedley Vears*. I earnestly pray that, by God's blessing, it may be the

means of leading you to a close walk with Christ and a life of great usefulness to your fellow-soldiers! May you follow the beautiful example of the devoted young captain who so zealously labored for the salvation of his fellow-men, and exemplified so strikingly the power of true religion! O my brother, be watchful and prayerful, ever "looking unto Jesus." Then you will be strong to labor for God and "a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

In being loyal to your country and taking up arms in its defense you are acting a noble part; but to be loyal to your God and fight valiantly in His cause is noble and glorious above the power of language to express. In order to be successful you must have on the whole armor of God. To be clothed with that blessed armor you must be very diligent in reading the Word of God and in prayer. I know your opportunities for secret devotion are very limited, but you can lift your heart to God at all times, and it is the heart that he looks upon, not the position of the body. Yet it is very desirable and important to be alone in prayer as often as your circumstances will allow.

May heaven bless you, and amid the dangers, toils, and privations of your soldier-life may you abide beneath the shadow of the Almighty, and in the covert of His wing "make your refuge until these calamities be overpassed!"

With Christian regard,

MARY D. JAMES.

The war had been in progress about two years when intimations were given that the son of Mrs. James might be invited to become the chaplain of one of the regiments from his native State. The mother went at once to visit the young man, then pastor of the church at Harrisonville, N. J. None but those who passed through the experience of parting with nearest relatives can know the intensity of that mother's feeling as she thought of sending forth her only son to a soldier's life, yet in those hours of their communion not one word was spoken to dissuade the young man from obeying what he believed to be a divine call. Wise and earnest were her counsels

and fervent were her prayers that he might be helped in his novel and peculiar work.

While the arrangements for the young minister's entrance into the chaplaincy were pending, the second battle of Fredericksburg occurred, and the colonel who had suggested his appointment was wounded. This caused delay, and when the newly commissioned chaplain went to see his mother in Trenton she was suffering intensely from erysipelas, seriously affecting her eyes, of course, involving danger to the brain, and so complicated with heart-disease as to endanger life itself. Yet her words were full of cheer and hope.

Not until after the above had been written did that son find among his mother's memoranda the following record of the struggle that parting cost her:

On the evening of May 27, 1863, I had retired early, quite exhausted from fatigue and excitement, having seen much company and being still very feeble. My husband came in about nine o'clock, bringing a letter from our son, which informed us of his appointment to a chaplaincy in the army. Although I had been previously apprised of the probability that such an event would take place, and knew that he felt it his duty to accept the position if offered, and approved it, believing it was by God's direction, yet, being so weak and nervous, I was thrown into great agitation by this intelligence. As I began to realize that he was going, the hardships, privations, and perils of army-life were presented to my mind in the most formidable aspect. I thought, "How can I bear that my precious only son, so tenderly reared, so frail in health, should be thus exposed? I suffered much in the contemplation of what was before him, and thought, O that I had not heard this sad news till morning, for I am so unable to bear it. Now I shall lie awake all night, and shall, no doubt, be very sick again. And then the parting scene! How shall I bear that? It will be too much for my frail, sinking frame to endure. Just then, when my heart was so full of sorrow and my burdens seemed about to crush



my spirit, my blessed Comforter appeared and said: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." Sweet assurances were given that my dear son was precious in His sight, that He would have him in His special keeping; that no evil should befall him, and that God would be glorified in a signal manner by his going into the army. In a moment I was enabled with perfect confidence to commit him into His hands to whom I had dedicated him from his birth, and sank down into sweet submission to His will. My spirit became calm and peaceful, and soon my nerves were quieted. I asked that I might have a night of sweet repose, that I might be refreshed and strengthened for the coming day. The words came: "And so He giveth His beloved sleep." Immediately I fell into a delightful slumber which was unbroken through the night. In the morning I arose with more physical strength, and with my heart full of praise to the covenant-keeping God. On the following day my son came to see us and we had refreshing communion. How my heart rejoiced to think he is called of God to a work of such vast importance; to serve the interests of his beloved country and God's cause—a twofold and glorious object.

As the time approached for him to leave I felt a great dread of the parting scene, but the sweet words were spoken to my heart: "In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion." When he came to bid us adieu I was calm; no agitation of spirit and no nervous excitement. The tears flowed at parting, but I felt no deep grief; my mind was stayed on God, and the precious promise that had been given me: "There shall not a hair of his head perish," kept in my thoughts, and I felt confident of his perfect safety beneath the shadow of the Almighty.

No wonder the mother manifested such calmness in the parting hour. She had been to the Omnipotent for strength and He gave "power to the faint."

In one of her first letters to her soldier boy she alludes to alarming news which had reached New Jersey, that the division to which he belonged had been captured, and to the great distress of his father and sisters, but adds:

I had committed my loved one into the care of the covenant-keeping God and had been assured by His word that He would suffer no evil to befall him, and when the terrific news came my soul was kept in perfect peace, for my trust in God was unwavering. I heard the report in your father's absence, and when he afterward came in, looking as if he had lost every friend on earth, I greeted him with a smile and exclaimed: "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock and let the God of my salvation be exalted!" His sad countenance brightened in an instant, and his heart was reassured of the glorious truth that "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." When your letter came assuring us of your safety our hearts were filled with gratitude and joy. Although I had expected you would be saved from harm, I felt a thrill of delight that words cannot describe to see from your own dear hand the words, "I am gloriously safe." Yes, my darling son, you are gloriously safe in God's keeping, and you will, by His help, be gloriously useful to the poor soldiers to whom you minister.

My heart has always felt happy in thinking of you as a herald of salvation, the blessed and exalted office to which I consecrated you from your birth, but never have I felt so high a degree of joy as since you went to bear the message of salvation to the soldiers in our army. Emotions too great for words swell my heart when I think my own dear son fills a position doubly useful in serving both God and our country, working for the salvation of souls and for the cause of our Union. . . . I am confident that the divine blessing will attend you, and that great and eternal good will be the result. You may, however, have to encounter difficulties that will try your soul to the utmost. You may be brought to know something of the fellowship of Christ's sufferings in order that you may know Him more fully and "the power of His resurrection" and "be made conformable unto His death." But, with Jesus infinitely near, suffering is sweet, hard things are easy, rough places smooth, privations pleasant, darkness light, and death the gate to eternal life.

Surely no soldiers were ever blessed with such sisters, wives, and mothers as those who gave to their country

the men that bore arms in that struggle for union and freedom. What those soldiers owed to the letters from and the prayers of the Christian women at home will never be known until we read the records of eternity. The work of this servant of God was not, like that of many of her sisters, at the front, amid the horrible sounds of strife or the sad scenes of the hospital. Yet she was active, with others, in all those agencies which meant the comfort and help of the men who were struggling, dying, for the flag she loved, and her prayers went up with the myriads that were answered in the final victory.

The feelings inspired by the beginnings of victory are indicated in such passages as the following, from a letter just after the triumphs of the Union army at Gettysburg and Vicksburg :

The recent victories to our army furnish cause for warmest gratitude and continued praise to Him whose own almighty arm has interposed for us and is subduing our enemies. Surely it is by the might of His arm and His infinite wisdom and skill in turning the counsels of the rebellious host to foolishness, and we will give Him the glory. Well may we, with confidence unwavering, trust all our interests in His hands. . . . Fearful clouds are gathering in our Northern horizon, threatening devastation and ruin on every hand, yet we will "trust and not be afraid." The dreadful riots in every direction are filling the people with dismay and they are expecting hourly an outbreak here in our city. A riotous mob is more to be dreaded than a Southern army, so far as our safety is concerned.

One extract from a letter to her chaplain son will show the reader how deep was her sense of the responsibility pressing upon him, and how faithful were her counsels in regard to the important work committed to him.

The magnitude of your work and responsibility of your position seem to me overwhelming, and it is only by very close union with

Jesus and constant reliance upon Him alone that you can fulfill the divine requisition and withstand the influences so opposed to God and the work of soul-saving. It is heart-sickening to hear of the backslidings and unfaithfulness of many chaplains. When in New York I heard this subject spoken of. It is attributed to the fact that chaplains associate so much with officers and neglect the men; treat them as their inferiors, and manifest a spirit so contrary to that of their divine Master. This alienates the men from them and destroys their confidence in religion. I would rather, my dear son, that you should even be looked upon with contempt by the officers than for a single one of the poor privates to be neglected by you, or feel that you kept aloof from him because of your position. While a degree of dignity should be maintained by the chaplain, great care should be used to show the men that you sympathize with them, and that they may consider you as their best friend, to whom they may have free access at any time. If I had not reason to believe that you thus act toward them I should feel very unhappy and should fear the frown of God would be upon you.

In June, 1864, the regiment with which the young chaplain had been connected was mustered out of the service, and he was permitted to greet again his wife and two little girls, one born in his absence, and with them visit the parents and sisters, then in Massachusetts. Great was the joy and gratitude of the reunited circle. The patriotic mother, in whom love of souls was the strongest feeling, rejoiced especially that the chaplain had been permitted to lead some soldiers to enlist under the banner of the cross. Some of these had, while clad in what proved to be their grave-clothes, heard the message of salvation and secured the crown of endless life. Mother and son have always regarded the army work of the latter as paramount in interest and importance to any he has been permitted to do. It was heaven-appointed and divinely blessed. The prayers of the patriotic Christian woman were answered. To God alone be glory!

## CHAPTER IV.

IN NEW ENGLAND.

FOR about ten years Mr. James continued to prosecute his watch business in Trenton with considerable success. Then it seemed to him desirable to make a change. He had long been devoting special attention to certain improvements in the construction of time-keepers. Upon some of these he had secured letters-patent. He considered them of so much value as would commend them to watch manufacturers, and thought it important for him to be near the great establishments in this business in New England. He therefore disposed of his store in Trenton, and, with his wife and daughters, removed to Boston, Mass., in the autumn of 1863. The feelings of his wife are described and commented upon in a journal made at the time, and quoted in *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*.

The separation from valued friends and relatives was very afflict-  
ing; and when I found myself among entire strangers, and alone in  
regard to social intercourse and fellowship, there was a feeling of  
desolation which I had never known before. I had always felt com-  
passion for strangers, but I said, in my loneliness, I shall have a  
deeper feeling for them ever after this, for now I know the heart  
of a stranger. Confident that we were there by God's own appoint-  
ment, I dared not hesitate to take the bitter cup which was after-  
ward given me, as from His own gracious hand.

The dark way before us was portrayed in a singular way. I was  
sitting in quiet contemplation one day, when a kind of vision passed  
before my mind. A little child, led by the hand of its father, was

passing along, when suddenly coming to a dark passage or alley, the father attempted to take the child in, but he drew back as if terrified, crying out, "Oh, I can't go through that dark place!" The father looked at him with surprise and grief, saying, "My child, I am with you; won't you trust me?" Then the little one looked up into his father's face and smiled, saying, "Yes, father, I will trust you," and went on without hesitation. Wondering what this meant, I pondered it in my heart for hours after.

On the evening of the same day it was all explained. An event occurred which threw me into the greatest consternation and gloom. I exclaimed, "Oh, this is too much! I can't bear it!" Instantly the vision came before me again: I was the little child, and my loving Father was leading me into the dark place, and I unwilling to go! My Father's voice then spoke in tenderest love, saying, "I am with you; won't you trust me?" My heart exclaimed, "Yes, my Father, I will trust and not be afraid!" In a moment the tempest of my grief was assuaged, a heavenly calm came over me, and I was perfectly willing to suffer what a few minutes before seemed unendurable. I was borne through the trial so sweetly and gently that I scarcely felt its severity, but was thanking and praising God for His wondrous grace, which so caused me to "triumph in Christ."

When some peculiar trial comes, the result of the ugliness and wilfulness of some selfish, unkind disposition, how prone we are to look at the one who inflicts the wound, and not think our Father permits this for our good. How often I have heard Christians say, "If it had been a providential trial, a bereavement or sickness, or anything in the order of God's dispensations, then I could bear it; but this is something that God has nothing to do with. It comes from the ugliness of human nature, and I can't be reconciled."

Ah! this is a delusion of the grand Deceiver, to trip the child of God and cause him to fall. Nothing can possibly happen but what is under His notice, and He would not permit evil persons to afflict His children if He did not intend to bring good out of it. "Let him curse me, for the Lord hath bidden him," said one of God's servants of old. Many a time He sees we need to be "cast down," that self may be abased and God glorified by our being more fully fitted for the Master's use.

There were, in the providential circumstances sur-

rounding the strangers, many things that tended to relieve the first feeling of depression. In a letter to her son, then in the army, she writes of the pleasant rooms in which their own furniture, sent from Trenton, had been arranged so as to be homelike, of guests in the large boarding-house who had given kindly greeting to the new-comers, and especially of the cordiality of their reception by Christian people whom they met in Boston. Several pastors extended to them invitations to unite with their churches. Among these was Rev. J. A. M. Chapman, of the Hanover Street Methodist Episcopal Church, who greeted them "with great warmth and kindness." Of some of her first social meetings Mrs. James writes :

On Saturday evening I attended a meeting for the promotion of holiness in his [the Rev. Mr. Chapman's] church. . . . It was a precious season, and I was much comforted and refreshed. The members seem to be living Christians. After the meeting several spoke to us very cordially, and, finding we were strangers, invited us to join their church. . . . On Tuesday evening we attended a general class at which there was a fuller attendance of the members. There, also, a flood of heavenly influence came down. Many a warm response, many exclamations of "Glory to God!" and "Hallelujah!" burst from the warm hearts of the Savior's followers. Well, thought I, if the Yankees are cold-hearted, as they are called, I wonder where warm-hearted Christians can be found.

Not alone among Methodists did this liberal spirit find friends. In one of her early letters she mentions the following incident :

Last evening when passing through the hall I heard a sweet, pensive tune on the piano, and a voice singing. Stopping to listen to the words I heard :

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee," etc.

I was delighted, and, upon inquiry, found it to be a lady who is a member of a Unitarian church who was singing that precious hymn so expressive of ardent love to Jesus. I afterward went into the parlor, and another lady proposed that we sing :

“ Depth of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ? ”

with the chorus “ God is Love.” As I sang, with several others, those blessed words, I felt such divine influence thrilling my soul that it seemed to me all present must have felt it. I afterward requested the lady who had sung, “ Jesus, I my cross have taken,” to sing it again, and related the circumstances under which it was composed and first sung. The Unitarian lady and her husband seemed to be specially pleased with the narration, and remarked that the hymn had been a favorite with them.

After much prayerful consideration of the question of their church relation the family united with the Bromfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church, then under the pastorate of the Rev. Charles N. Smith, with whom their Christian intercourse was most pleasant. It was their good fortune to be assigned to the care of the Hon. Jacob Sleeper, as class-leader, and then commenced a friendship highly prized, interrupted only by the death of Mrs. James, and doubtless to be continued through all eternity.

A favored “ child of the King,” moving in a humble sphere, with whom the subject of this memoir became delightfully associated very soon after her removal to the New England city, was Mrs. Elizabeth Munroe. With this good woman it was the privilege of Mrs. James to make a large circle acquainted through the little volume entitled \**Mother Munroe; or, The Shining Path.* In the introduction to this book the author remarks :



At a meeting for the promotion of holiness, held in the chapel of the Old South Church, in Boston, I saw an aged woman whose peculiar attire attracted my attention. I thought, There is one of the old-fashioned Methodists who were quite numerous many years ago, but now are so rare that to see one is a real curiosity. The meeting had not advanced far when the plain old lady arose and stated briefly her happy experience of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. I was impressed with her simplicity and humility, and especially with the divine unction which attended her testimony. "There is one of my Savior's precious jewels," I said in my heart, "and I must seek an early acquaintance with her."

I asked a lady at my side: "Who is that aged woman who just spoke?" "Why, that is Mother Munroe," she replied. "I guess you are a stranger in Boston, for everybody here knows Mother Munroe." I said: "I have but recently come to the city, but I have heard of that good woman, and hope I shall not long be a stranger to her."

The two Christian women soon met, to the joy of both, and of many who through the little volume have become familiar with the Quaker bonnet, the quaint earnestness, and the happy Christian experience of the good old lady.

Mr. James, as well as his wife, was deeply interested in the promotion of Christian holiness, and their parlor at the boarding-house soon became the rallying-place of a company of kindred spirits. Rich were the manifestations of the divine favor upon those Tuesday afternoon meetings there held.

It was in connection with these meetings, however, that a duty devolved upon this conscientious woman in some respects more painful than any other that she was ever required to perform. At the gatherings alluded to and in more intimate intercourse with some who attended them, she found that they were holding and propagating sentiments which she could not approve. She subsequently came to know that they had drifted into strange fanati-

cism and extravagance, both as to doctrine and conduct. Here appeared the Christian courage elsewhere mentioned as behind the gentleness and love ever shining in the spirit, words, and acts of this disciple of Jesus. She felt called upon not only to labor with those whom she regarded as having fallen into error, but to warn others of the snare and seek to guard their feet from stumbling. Kindly, and always in a Christian spirit, yet faithfully and unflinchingly, with voice and pen, were the errors exposed. Her feelings in regard to this matter are shown in a paper which seems to be a copy of part of a letter to one who was being drawn into the coils of the destroyer :

Had I failed to warn those who are exposed to that snare, I should have felt guilty in the sight of God ; as much so as if I had failed to warn one who was about to take poison, and who I knew was ignorant of its nature and effects, allowing the poor victim to swallow the fatal draught. Soul-poison is incomparably more dreadful, and he who would allow one to receive it and not admonish him of its ruinous nature is worse than a murderer.

After speaking of those who had taught the doctrines regarded as so far from right, she continues :

You know of the awful developments in the cases of some of their disciples—the legitimate fruits of their pernicious views ; just as I told them when my heart was aching and bleeding on account of their having been led away from the blessed teachings of God's Word. I said, "The result of this will be sin and destruction." Has it not proved true ?

Sad cases are cited, and the writer adds :

Had I not endeavored to save them from that awful snare, my conscience would smite me now with severest reproach. I am truly thankful that I did try to open their eyes to the danger, but,

alas! they had gone too far into the labyrinth of Satan's devices. The father of lies had so deceived them they could not be extricated. O how I prayed for them!

Allusion is made to the way in which the young friend addressed has been drawn into the snare; but, says the faithful one:

Many an earnest prayer has gone up for you to our loving Father that He would cover you with His hand and not let you become a victim of the Destroyer. Had I been favored with an opportunity to warn you before you were entirely under the influence, I should have tried to guard you; but it was too late. I have reason to believe, however, that you have never fallen into sin; but that you have imbibed an error which must involve the greatest danger of sin I have learned from various sources. It is this, namely, that being entirely under the control and guidance of the Holy Spirit, Satan cannot exert any influence over you, and therefore every impulse and desire must be divinely prompted and must be unhesitatingly obeyed. This is the fatal rock on which thousands have been wrecked, and which caused the ruin of the persons named.

Some who have gone far into wrong are mentioned as having begun with this mistake, and the writer expresses her sense of the peril in these words:

I have read and seen and known so much of the disastrous results of this very idea which has obtained among some of the best of Christians, that I am as much afraid of it as I am of its author, the Deceiver of men. When people believe that they are infallible, then they are in the most imminent danger.

If any reader has classed the subject of this memoir with "Perfectionists," the above statements will remove the misapprehension. The only perfection that she conceived possible for human beings in this life is that of love. This, as she was conscious in herself, is always mixed with so many defects of judgment and will, that

she never would have thought of saying, "I am perfect."

Some of those whom this defender of the truth warned did not heed the warning, and their friends will never cease to regret the injury to them and to Christ's cause that resulted.

Not long since, in conversation with the writer of these pages, a Christian gentleman, not a Methodist, familiar with all the circumstances now under consideration, spoke of this phase of the work of Mrs. James in Boston with evident feeling, and expressed gratitude to God that she had been so faithful in this delicate but important work for the Master whose cause was in peril.

It subsequently gave this lover of truth great joy to find some, who were at first inclined to be deluded, coming to see the right way. Long after, she reported to her son the statement of one such, that in her case "those objectionable things have all been laid aside, and she thinks it would have been very wrong to have continued them. She thinks it blessed that they are done away."

The writer of this volume would have preferred that it should go forth without any allusion to this always painful subject, but deemed it a matter of simple justice to his mother's memory to say this much.

The chapter entitled "In the Furnace" gives some details of trials through which Mrs. James was permitted to pass during her stay in New England. There her husband was robbed, their confidence was abused by people who had been taken into their home, the health of their eldest daughter received the shock from which it never recovered, the husband passed through a severe and alarming illness, and their property nearly all melted

away. Many of the scenes of their stay in Boston were dark indeed. To the human eye there seems little to relieve the gloom. Yet it was in connection with this removal that the son was introduced to New England, where for more than a score of years he has been permitted to labor in the Christian pastorate. Other events also hinged upon that change in the circumstances of Mr. and Mrs. James, which have ever since been reason for devout gratitude to God. The whole matter must be left where the subject of this memoir left it—with Him whose “ways are past finding out,” but all whose dealings she recognized to be prompted by infinite wisdom and fatherly love. Her severe trials, she believed, drove her nearer to Christ and caused His likeness to be more deeply graven upon her character. In that world where all mysteries shall be cleared up, this may be seen to have been of infinitely more importance than any enjoyments or any apparent successes could have been.

Just as this manuscript is being prepared for the press the following testimony is received in regard to the helpfulness of the subject of this memoir to one now whom she met as a young Christian during those months in Boston. It is from the Rev. John D. Pickles, now pastor of the Common Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Lynn, Mass.

“I shall always account it a blessing from God that I was permitted to know and enjoy the friendship of Sister James. I thought her the most rounded and symmetrical Christian character, the most exemplary illustration of the doctrine of Christian holiness, I ever knew. How faithfully she warned me of the danger of departing from the written Word, and pointed to many who had made shipwreck of faith by imagining they were Spirit-led, apart from and independent of the oracles of God. They were indeed

led by a spirit, but it was a spirit from beneath and not from above.

“Your mother’s visits were prized indeed. She walked and talked in a spiritual atmosphere because she walked and talked with God. I treasure her memory, and feel that my own spiritual life owes much to her influence and counsel.”

## CHAPTER V.

### ONCE MORE IN NEW JERSEY.

THE temporary sojourn in New England did not result as anticipated. Mr. James's business prospects were dark indeed, and he was well-nigh disheartened. The daughter, who died months later, was slowly recovering from typhoid fever and, with her mother, was visiting friends in Trenton, N. J., when the latter wrote :

It does seem now that we have come to an extremity. Will it not be God's opportunity? Surely He will interpose in our behalf. He will not suffer us to be confounded when we have so fully trusted in Him. He is our "Rock and our Fortress, and our Deliverer; our God; in Him we will trust."

Not long after, Mrs. James received what seemed a new revelation of the meaning of the words "OUR FATHER," which she had just uttered in beginning a prayer. In *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus* she quotes, from a journal kept at the time, an account of this manifestation of God and its influence upon herself and her husband, and the gracious interposition by which they were led back to the city in which most of their life had been spent.

"Our Father" had been repeated by my lips thousands of times, with some appreciation of the blessed import of the expression, but now the wealth of its meaning burst upon my soul, as the glory of the meridian sun breaking through a dark cloud in its fullness of splendor. I was amazed and overpowered by the vast treasure I had

now come to apprehend as my right by virtue of my relation to God as His child. "The God of the universe is OUR FATHER!" I exclaimed, "and He has promised to 'supply all our need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'" "ALL our need," that comprehends everything, both for body and soul. And just then such a revelation of His love to me as His child filled me with exultant joy. The hallowing influence was shared by my husband, and we mingled our joyful tears and thanksgiving, adoring Our Father for the bounteous provision he had made for us, which, though invisible now, yet certain to be meted out to us as we should have need. The promissory notes of Our Father would be available to us at any time. What if we could not see the money? the notes were just as good. There could be no failure in God's promises.

No words can express the exuberant delight of that hallowed hour, when "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen," became, through "faith," a living, tangible reality. "Glory and praise to Our Father! Hallowed be Thy name!" I said again and again, with grateful love welling up from the depths of my soul. "Now," I said, "we shall see a way opened for our deliverance very soon, I know we shall."

The very next day a letter came, offering to my husband his former business. Overjoyed, I said: "This is the way! Our Father is going to take us back to our own loved home and kindred. He said: 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' We have committed our way to Him, and now He is going to give us 'the desire of our hearts.' This is just what He promised to those who 'delight in Him.' See how His promises are being fulfilled."

"Yes, but," said the faint-hearted husband, "it is not accomplished yet. Money must be had to purchase the stock, and where is that to come from?" "I don't know," I replied, "but Our Father knows. 'The silver and the gold are His,' and He has it somewhere all ready for you. Now, don't doubt or fear for one moment, but trust in God with all your heart." By means which seemed most unlikely, a considerable amount was soon placed at our disposal.

Later, the amount secured was found to be insufficient,



and again the needy pair went to the divine Banker. After a season of united prayer Mr. James went out upon the street.

At noon he returned with a bright countenance, saying: "Isn't it wonderful, Mary? As I went down the street this morning I met Mr. T. J. S., and he greeted me very cordially, said he was very glad we had returned, and asked me if I was going to have my former business again. I replied I had come back with that expectation, but found a difficulty in my way. 'What is it?' he asked; 'do you need more funds?' I said: 'Yes, I need \$300 more, to pay on taking possession.' 'Well,' he said, 'I will let you have it.' So then he handed me the cash, and my business is all arranged satisfactorily." Then we had another season of communion with Our Father, and poured into His ear our grateful praises for His great goodness.

Another interposition of Providence, quite as marked, occurred in reference to a home. We had come back without furniture, and no suitable house could be procured at that season of the year. I had been praying that we might have a home of our own and enjoy the comforts for which we had been longing. One of our daughters was an invalid, and for her sake especially I desired a quiet abode. One day, when praying that this desire of my heart might be given, I received an assurance that my prayer would be granted. How this could be brought about I had not the most remote idea; but was saying in my heart all the time: "Our Father has a home for us somewhere, and we shall have it, I know we shall."

On our arrival I went to the house of my own dear brother [Captain Joseph A. Yard], whose wife had been removed to her heavenly home, and there was an open door for me and my family. A pleasant abode, nicely furnished, and every comfort, with the privilege of taking care of my bereaved brother and ministering to his comfort, which had been a cherished desire of my heart, and it seemed also to have been one of God's gracious purposes in bringing us back again. Many things, resulting from our residence there, were signal blessings for which we shall ever praise our gracious God. Our reunion with beloved relatives and friends also was a source of

great comfort, and daily our hearts overflowed with grateful love to Him who thus crowned us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

Was it strange that about the time of this Providential interposition this favored one should have written to her son: "I never can distrust God again"? Probably in all her years of trial afterward there was never an hour of distrust.

Upon returning to Trenton the family united with the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church because of its location near their new home. With its work Mrs. James soon became closely identified. She was appointed a class-leader, meeting a company of ladies on Friday afternoons. In a letter to her friend, Mr. Cornelius Meeker, dated January 8, 1869, she speaks of her work:

I have a very interesting class, consisting of some young ladies and several children about twelve years of age, who have been brought to Jesus through the influence of the children's meetings held on Saturday afternoons, of which I have charge, and in which God has specially blessed my humble efforts. How sweet it is to work for Jesus, especially to feed the lambs. . . . In this blessed work I feel more at home than in any other field, but whatsoever my hand findeth to do I am trying to do it with my might.

I have a most interesting Bible-class of young girls from twelve to twenty-five in the mission-school on Sunday morning, and also a Bible-class of teachers of the mission-school, meeting on Thursday evenings. This, too, is a precious work in which I am deeply interested. To be "always abounding in the work of the Lord" is my highest ambition, and as long as my frail body can move I want to work and sing for Jesus. I find it a great help in my labors and trials, for of these I have a pretty large share, to sing much, to praise my blessed Master with a full and glad heart. It lightens life's heavy burdens, makes its crooked paths straight and its rough places smooth, and turns its darkness into light.

A meeting specially for the promotion of Christian purity, in which, of course, Mrs. James was particularly active, was held on Sunday afternoons in one of the rooms in the church, and proved a source of great profit to many. In addition to all this church work this lady found an opportunity for usefulness to some young lady students in the State Normal School. That she was going beyond her strength became apparent to her kindred and at last to herself. In a letter to her son and his wife, written on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, 1868, she says :

I have been so prone to forget that I had a frail body. Now I feel its frailty sensibly. But if I were to tell you of the work of one afternoon and evening a few weeks ago, you would think I had not then learned to take care of myself. After leading my class I visited an absent member and conversed at some length with her; then went to the Normal School Hall and talked to the young ladies in their prayer-meeting half an hour, and prayed; then came down to our own prayer-meeting in the church; was called upon to lead in prayer, and, though faint from over-exertion, made the attempt but uttered only a few words. I came home completely exhausted and soon after had a chill followed by fever. I felt that I had over-taxed my feeble frame and resolved to be more careful in future. I have kept my resolution thus far and intend to continue to do so. But such is my sense of the shortness of time with me and the great need of constant, faithful labor for the salvation of precious souls, that I seem to be impelled to put forth every effort possible to do good. I would much rather do more than God requires of me than fail in one instance to do all I can in the all-important work.

The good work among the Normal School pupils continues. A number have been converted. I have several of them in my class and am deeply interested in them. I attend their prayer-meetings at the hall as often as I can, and have been specially helped from above in trying to lead them in the way everlasting. They receive with eagerness the communications which the good Spirit enables me to impart, and often come to me expressing their thanks

and saying that my words have been a great blessing to them. From the depths of my heart I say, To God alone be the glory. I am so thankful that this door of usefulness has been opened to me by \*Professor Lippincott and his wife, who both, as well as the pupils, urge me to attend their meetings as often as I can.

Every year there were more or less conversions in connection with the children's meeting and other efforts of this earnest woman. At one time she and a Christian sister became deeply interested in a gentleman and his wife for whom they had been earnestly praying. A call upon the wife by these two ladies, and some religious conversation, developed the fact that in answer to prayer both husband and wife had been awakened, and this appeal resulted in their being brought to Christ. Another case was a young girl who had escaped from unworthy relatives and was led to Christ. So this indefatigable toiler was seeking by all possible means to advance the cause of her Savior.

Early in the year 1868 Mrs. James was invited by her nephew, Major James S. Yard, of Freehold, to visit that place once more. Some of the people remembered her summer there some fourteen years before, and she found that the good seed then sown was still producing fruit to God's honor. At the time of this later visit special meetings were in progress and there was a marked religious interest. Into this work she threw herself with her wonted zeal and not without evident results, especially among children. She writes :

Their tender hearts were prepared by the Spirit to receive the instructions I was enabled to give them. Over forty children professed to give their hearts to Christ, and thirty-two were formed into a class. A meeting for the ladies was also held, where I was

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\* Mentioned in the chapter "Helping Young Christians."

enabled to speak with much liberty upon the responsibility resting upon them as wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, with special reference to the salvation of the other sex.

In her New Year's letter for 1871 she says:

On reviewing the past year I see much to be thankful for as well as much reason for humiliation. While I wish from my heart that I had done more for Jesus and served Him more perfectly, I praise Him for the grace given me to do more than in any former year of my life. I have written more, talked more, prayed more, and thought more for Jesus than in any previous year, and had more peace of mind, resulting from a stronger and more simple faith in Him. My realization of His presence and guidance has been deeper, fuller, and sweeter than ever before. In working for Jesus I have felt less burden, more perfect self-abandonment, more reliance on the blessed Spirit, and more conscious help from above, so I must call the year 1870 the best year of my life.

It was at this time that Mrs. James expressed her feelings upon entering the New Year in the hymn, "All for Jesus." This has probably become the most widely known of her sacred songs. At least three different pieces of music have been arranged for it by as many composers. It is highly prized, and often sung by those who know nothing of its authorship, but recognize it as expressing desires that are felt by all well-instructed followers of Christ.

In addition to her work in Trenton, when strength and home-duties would permit, Mrs. James gladly responded to calls to labor in other places. One visit was to Westfield, N. J., the scene of her son's first pastorate, about a dozen years before. Here quite a company of children opened their young hearts to make the Savior welcome.

With love for souls world-wide in its sweep, she also accepted a commission as organizer of the Woman's

Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in its interests visited several places, among them Mount Holly, N. J., where she had lived so long. Her appeals in behalf of the women in heathen lands were earnest and moving. Her son remembers that in one of his charges such an appeal was followed by the organization of a society which has been kept up all these years, and out of which have grown two others in the same church, one of young ladies and one of little children.

In the summer of 1871 Mr. and Mrs. James accepted the invitation of their kind friend, Mr. E. Remington, of Ilion, N. Y., to enjoy his hospitality and attend a camp-meeting in that region. In her diary of the time, the lady visitor speaks in glowing terms of the kindness of their friends and the signal divine blessing attending her labors at this meeting, while to this day her host remembers that "Every one who met her was impressed with her devotion to the cause of the Master, and her presence was a blessing wherever she went."

On the way home some fears awakened by accounts of accidents were allayed by the application to her heart of the assurance: "I will send mine angel before thee to keep thee in all thy way whither thou goest." Mr. and Mrs. James were pursuing their journey when the gentleman missed his pocket-book. It had been stolen while they were in a crowd changing cars.

Of this occurrence and some others connected with it Mrs. James wrote to Mr. Remington after returning home:

Among entire strangers, so far from home and destitute of funds, our situation was sad indeed. My husband was in extreme distress, not knowing what to do. I said to him, "You can certainly

sell some of your watches, pencils, etc. [which he had brought with him] to these gentlemen if you inform them of your loss." He stated his case to a number and every one refused to purchase. Discouraged and sorrowful beyond measure, he came to me and said: "What shall we do?" I replied: "Our Father will surely interpose for our relief. He brought us here and He will not forsake us in the time of our extremity." We then went to the other end of the car and took a seat behind a gentleman who had kindly vacated his seat that we might sit together. As I looked at his countenance I thought I could discern benevolence, and said in my heart: "He will befriend us." Just then my husband took from his pocket the little Bible which he carries with him and opened to the passage, "We glory in tribulations," etc. He read it to me and I said, "Now we must have grace to enable us to glory in this trial. Not only to be resigned to it, but to glory in it. Satan has been trying to trouble me with his suggestions in reference to the divine care over us. He said: 'What has become of the promise in which you took so much comfort? 'The angel of His presence' has permitted you to fall among thieves, and in your trouble to meet only 'priests' and 'Levites,' who have passed you by; and now what are you going to do?' I said, 'We will trust in God. Yea, 'though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'" Even this seeming calamity is going to work for good in some way.'"

Mr. James seemed comforted, and smiled amid his tears. Soon our story was told to our new friend, whose heart was full of sympathy. He proposed that we should stop with him at Waverly, where his parents live, and he would make some purchases that would at least enable us to reach Auburn, where we could obtain funds from a friend. We found in that stranger the "Good Samaritan." After having purchased two watches, he went to some of his friends and sold others. Thus we had enough to meet our demands till we could reach home. We concluded to stop and spend the night at a camp-meeting at Spencer, thinking the Lord might have some work for me there.

In conversation with a number of persons I tried to sow some good seed and to bring precious souls to Jesus. In the love-feast, I gave my testimony of the glorious truth that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth." Had great liberty in speaking. We left that hallowed spot feeling that God's own hand had led us there. Had not the

pocket-book been stolen we should not have gone to the camp-meeting. So "we thanked God and took courage," going "on our way rejoicing."

The genuine humility that was so marked a feature of the character we are studying was manifested whenever she alluded to her own work and the results which, by God's blessing, followed it. The following, from a letter written on her sixty-second birthday, August 7, 1872, illustrates this statement. After alluding to her life-journey thus far she remarks :

The retrospect fills my heart with mingled emotions. I see so much to regret on my own part and yet so much to be thankful for. Mistakes, failures, infirmities have marred my life-picture, and yet the grace of God has so abounded to me, through the infinite merit of my Redeemer, that I feel and know I have not lived in vain. Deeply conscious I am that all that is worthy to be admired in the picture portraying my life was traced by His hand who "is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." The longer I live the more I see and feel that I am nothing, and the more I am willing to be considered as nothing. The opinions of the world, its esteem and applause, have been diminishing in importance to me for years past. Now they seem to be of no more consequence than a puff of wind. My only solicitude is to please God and be useful to the world.

The same vein runs through a letter written some months later to a life-long friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, of Little Silver, N. J. She has spoken of the serious and protracted illness of her husband and of her own feeble health and possible speedy end of life, and adds :

But now the words of Young come to my mind, "Man is immortal till his work is done." If my Heavenly Father has any more for me to do, He can "prop the house of clay and lengthen out my days." His blessed will be done. It seems to me desirable to live



only so far as my life may glorify God. Any other object in life has never entered into my calculation, and now, in the retrospect of sixty-two years, it gives me unspeakable comfort to know that my entire life has been consecrated to His blessed service. O that I had served Him more faithfully, more acceptably! But "the past is under the blood." O blessed thought! the atoning blood covers all our failures and renders us acceptable to God. It is the sweetest joy of my heart to look up to my dear Savior and say:

"Thy righteousness alone  
Can clothe and beautify;  
I wrap it round my soul,  
In it I live and die."

The business in Trenton did not meet the expectations of Mr. James, and he found himself under the necessity of once more disposing of his stock, and now abandoned the attempt to conduct a store for the sale of watches and jewelry. In the spring of 1873 Mr. and Mrs. James temporarily took up their abode in Pennington, N. J. The lady writes:

Here we are in our quiet home at Pennington, for which we are truly thankful. Never was there a greater relief to poor, toil-worn, sick pilgrims. It makes me think of the sweet rest of the Israelites at Elim, under the delightful shade of the palm-trees among the cooling wells of water, after the long journey through the burning desert. You can scarcely imagine the turmoil, the discomforts, annoyances, toils, trials, and sufferings of the past winter. And yet the Lord did so graciously help us that we were enabled in patience to possess our souls, and to be thankful for the mercies that were mingled with our affliction.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BEREAVED.

IT will scarcely make a break in this narrative to introduce at this point some of the proposed chapters in regard to specific phases of the experience and work of Mrs. James, as illustrated at different times in her history, because most of these were intimately connected with the maturity of her Christian character, either as helping in its development or manifesting its effects in the wise, efficient work she was enabled to do, and in her meekness and patience under trials.

Precious as is the religion of Jesus in all circumstances, it is in earth's darkest scenes that it shines with purest luster. The worldling, robbed of that upon which he had leaned, sinks overwhelmed. His only staff is broken and he is forlorn indeed. However great the losses of the Christian he may sing :

“ What though created streams are dried ?  
I have the Fountain still.”

To learn how the subject of this memoir was permitted to prove the value of her faith and hope we need to contemplate the triumphs of grace in those times when the removal of cherished friends wounded and crushed her nature, so ardent in its attachments and so sensitive to every rude blast.

While yet in childhood, she lost a little brother younger than herself. Two older brothers and her

father were removed by death before her marriage. Not again until the year 1847 did death invade the circle of her near relatives. The first one stricken was her brother, Lieutenant Benjamin Yard, who had entered the military service in the war with Mexico. The following incidents are connected with this event :

One day, while engaged in domestic cares, a sudden sense of the imminent danger of her brother Benjamin almost overpowered her, and she ran up-stairs to pray for him. In agonizing supplication she pleaded with God to save his soul. After a few moments had passed the answer was spoken to her heart: "He shall be saved." The burden was gone and she was relieved.

The same night she dreamed that her brother came to her. His appearance was that of a dying person, his complexion the color of a lemon, and she was painfully conscious that he was about to die. She said: "You are very ill, brother. O tell me! are you ready to die?" His reply was satisfactory. When she awoke, her mind was deeply impressed with the exercises of the previous day and with the dream which followed, and she noted the date of the occurrence. She very soon after met her mother, who said: "Mary, we have had sad news from Mexico. The yellow fever is raging in Matamoras, and your brother Benjamin is there."

She related the singular facts, adding: "Mother, if he dies, he will be saved." Only a few days had elapsed when the tidings came of her brother's death from yellow fever, and, comparing dates, they were found to correspond. The night of the dream was the night of his death. When his trunk was sent home, a letter was found in it, which his sister had written to him a few weeks prior to his death, in which she strongly urged him to give his heart to God without delay. In writing that letter she had fervently prayed that the Holy Spirit might dictate every word and make it the means of the salvation of her brother.

However little dependence is to be placed upon dreams and impressions in general, there was here at least a singular coincidence, and this heart found comfort and

hope, as did God's people in ancient times, through such means.

A few years later another brother, Mr. William K. Yard, of Trenton, was called away. In his case, too, there were remarkable answers to prayer, and the sorrowing sister was comforted.

It has been said that the imagination of Mrs. James was prone to conjure up trials and prepare for them. In this way she had, by anticipation, passed through the ordeal of parting with her mother many times in the repeated attacks of disease which that lady had endured. At last, after some eighty-one years of life, in December, 1853, the venerable and excellent Mrs. Yard found herself entering the valley of shadows. We have the following particulars of the experiences through which mother and daughter passed :

The beloved mother who had led her daughter into the way of life and taught her many precious lessons of trust in God during her early years, now needed consolation and spiritual aid from her child. As the infirmities of age came on, she realized more and more her sad deprivation in being separated from her only daughter, and nervous depression sometimes caused despondency and gloom. "Mary's letters," she said, "keep my head above the waters. If it were not for the comfort they give me, I should sink."

Finding that God made her letters the means of encouragement to her dear parent, she wrote very often. An extract from one communication, which was made a special blessing, is given :

MY PRECIOUS MOTHER: You are ever on my mind, and my prayers are continually going up for you, that abundant grace may be imparted to you, and that, as you are nearing the close of your earthly life, you may have a glorious prospect of the life beyond, and an earnest of the rich inheritance awaiting you. May your "peace be as a river" and your "love abound more and more."

I know you are sometimes tempted to fear that you will yet be wrecked upon some dreadful rock, and fail at last to reach bright

Canaan's peaceful shore; but victory and heaven will be yours through Him who has loved you and given Himself for you. Your name is graven upon His hands and you are dear as the apple of His eye.

Could you cast off one of your children? No, you could not, you would not, even one who was rebellious and really unworthy of your regard; your love is so deep, your compassion so tender, and your forbearance so great. You bear your children ever on your mind and heart. Our interests are yours; our every burden is carried by our loving, tender mother. We all see and know this, and we feel that your very life is bound up in us. All your desire and solicitude is for our welfare.

God represents His love and care for His children as like that of a mother for her child, and even deeper and stronger; for he asks: "Can a mother forget her child?" and admits the possibility that a mother might forget her sucking child, but says, "I will not forget thee."

O how often has my own heart been cheered by this glorious passage of God's precious Word! When in severe trials and temptations I have thought of the deep affection I feel for my children, how unspeakably dear they are to my heart, how anxious I am to promote their welfare and their comfort in everything, and when their tender hearts are wounded, or their bodies are suffering from pain, how I clasp them to my bosom, and the gushing fountain of a mother's love finds vent in flowing tears and expressions of pity and fond caresses, how sweetly have come, as a soothing balm when my own heart has been wounded, the words: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Dear mother, only let us cling very closely to our Jesus and we are safe. Nothing can possibly harm us while He is with us. Oh, I am so sure the eternal God is your Refuge as well as mine and that underneath you are the everlasting arms. "Fear not, only believe."

May all the clouds quickly disperse and the Sun of Righteousness shine gloriously upon you, prays your loving MARY.

As the dear, aged pilgrim came down to the valley, her experience became clearer and her heart more trustful. She one day repeated the sweet hymn of Dr. Watts on the 23d Psalm:

“ The Lord my shepherd is,  
 I shall be well supplied;  
 Since He is mine and I am His,  
 What can I want beside ?”

Tears of joy flowed from her eyes as she repeated verse after verse, and especially when she came to the last one :

“ While He affords His aid  
 I cannot yield to fear :  
 E'en though I walk through death's dark shade,  
 My Shepherd's with me there.”

The daughter said, “ Mother, that is the language of your own heart, is it not ?” “ Yes, my dear child, it is; and that is my great comfort. And this precious Book,” holding up the Bible in her hands, “ is my constant companion, and it grows more and more dear to me every day.”

That conversation was remembered with peculiar interest, for it was the last one while the loved mother was able to sit up. The next day she was weaker, and every day seemed perceptibly failing.

As Mrs. Yard approached the end of life, there came an hour when she was saddened with the thought of her own unworthiness. When her feelings were expressed to the daughter she replied :

“ Why, mother, you know that it is not our own goodness that will save us :

“ ‘ 'Tis Jesus' blood and righteousness  
 Our beauty are, our glorious dress.’ ”

She replied: “ Why, yes! yes! so it is!” and added:

“ ‘ Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed  
 With joy shall I lift up my head !  
 Bold shall I stand in that great day :  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
 Fully absolved through these I am  
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.’ ”

“ Glory, glory to the Lamb ! my sins were laid on Jesus. He bore all my iniquities. I am saved through His precious blood !”

Thus she exulted and praised God until, quite exhausted, she sank into a slumber. On awaking she said, "Oh, I have been to heaven, and saw Jesus, and I sang:

" 'I'll sit at His feet, and the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.' "

When passing through the valley she seemed all the time in communion with Jesus and loved ones gone before. Her eyes were constantly turned upward and her lips moving. "Oh, what a company!" she said; "that great company that John—" Her daughter repeated the rest of the sentence, "that John saw, that had 'washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb'? Do you see that company, mother?" "Yes," she said; and then, with her eyes still gazing upward, she said, "Mother, Sister Beckie, I'm coming! Yes, I'm coming!" As loved ones surrounded the bed they felt the hallowed influence of celestial visitants, and knew the chariot and horses had come and she was all ready to step in. How holy seemed the place, even as the precincts of the upper temple! When the spirit fled away with the shining ones, the sons and daughter felt that they had lost a precious mother and heaven had gained a priceless jewel.

The bitter cup was then poor Mary's portion. When she knew the spirit had fled, and she had no mother, she exclaimed in deepest anguish, "O my best earthly friend is gone! she who loved me with unselfish love; my counselor, my comforter. O my sweet, lovely mother! how can I live without her?"

But the tempest of her grief was soon stilled by Him who calms the winds and waves. After the momentary burst from her overcharged heart, she said, "It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him good. He has taken my dear, suffering mother to her home in heaven: how blest she is, free from all sorrow and pain, in the presence of her loved Redeemer. Hallelujah to the Lamb!"

In 1854, not many months after their re-establishment in Trenton, death removed the pet of the household, the darling "little Charlie." The record of Mrs. James's experience is in these words:

Having consecrated him to God as a missionary, the mother could not believe he would die until she found the spirit had really fled. Then she said, "Good is the will of the Lord! The Master may want to make him a missionary up there. 'He doeth all things well.' 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

A few weeks before his mother had met a bereaved sister in the church who had lost her only daughter, the idol of the household, the light of her parents' eyes. The mother was disconsolate and would not be comforted. In vain were all the efforts made to convince her that God had taken her daughter in wisdom and love. The question she put to her friend was: "Have you ever lost a child?" She replied, "No, I have not." "Then," she said, "you don't know what it is, and cannot understand what I feel." "But," said her friend, "there can be no circumstance or trial in life which the grace of God cannot meet. He said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and that means it is adequate to all the conditions and troubles of our earthly pilgrimage." "Well," added the bereaved one, "wait till you pass through what I have and then tell me how you feel." She little thought the test would so soon come.

When her own sweet boy, her youngest pet, was lying cold in death, the mother who had said "Wait till you are tested" came to see the stricken one. She found her calm and resigned. Smiling through her tears she said, "I did not think I should so soon be brought to feel the deep sorrow of bereavement when speaking to you of the soothing balm that heals the wounded heart, but now I am proving its efficacy, and what I told you grace could do for the afflicted, I am sweetly realizing in my own case. My little Charles Melville was as precious to me as your daughter was to you. He was a child of uncommon promise, and so lovely that he seemed almost angelic. I believed he would live to be very useful in the world. This was my fondly cherished desire, and when the terrible blow came it seemed to tear my heart asunder. But looking right away to Jesus, I felt immediately the inflowing of His love as a healing balm to my wounded heart, and my mourning was turned to praises. I said, 'Blessed Lord, Thou hast a right to take my cherished boy; he belongs to Thee and I cheerfully resign him.' I have felt perfectly peaceful and resigned from that moment. And



O how thankful I am that I can now say, 'I know the grace of God is sufficient even under these circumstances.'

The sad countenance brightened, and the mourner said, "Now I am convinced that what you said to me is true. I wanted to see you to know how you bore this trial; and I am encouraged to believe I, too, can be lifted up and comforted."

Up to the moment when the little coffin was let down into the grave, the mother's heart was strong to bear up under the trial; but she was yet to taste more deeply the bitterness of grief, that she might attest more completely the power of divine grace to enable the soul to triumph over deepest sorrow.

As the form of her precious child was lowered into the grave, she seemed for a moment to forget the resurrection, and said in her heart, "O am I never to see that loved form again? Will I never more hear his sweet voice, nor clasp him to my bosom again?" Her heart seemed crushed with grief, and she was near fainting when the words fell upon her ears: "Charlie is not dead, but sleepeth;" "them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." As these words, uttered by the minister at the grave, sounded forth, they seemed as a message to the agonized one from the God whom she served. The light of the glorious resurrection morn dawned upon the darkness of the tomb, and she saw the darling one rising up in beauty and glory more charming than ever, and she said, "I shall see my own sweet Charlie again, and in a blissful reunion dwell with him forever, where death can never come!" The transition in her feelings was overpowering, her joy was unbounded; she could scarcely restrain the impulse to shout aloud praises to Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life," as she stood at the open grave.

O glorious hope of the Christian! "When He who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory." Our loved ones who sleep in Jesus will be with us again, and through endless ages we shall love, wonder, and adore His matchless grace who hath "led captivity captive," triumphed over death and the grave, and made His redeemed people "more than conquerors."

"Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
His name is all-glorious,  
O'er death and the grave  
He hath made us victorious!"

Mr. Charles C. Yard, an active servant of God and His church, but never vigorous in health, all the dearer to his sister because he was an object of constant solicitude, and because many years of their life were passed under the same roof, died in Trenton in September, 1866.

Mr. John Yard died at his home in Philadelphia some months later, and six days after the death of his daughter, Mrs. Hannah McCurdy, almost as dear as a sister to Mrs. James, who keenly felt this double bereavement, but, as in others, found grace sufficient.

The heaviest blow of all fell in December, 1867, when Mrs. James was suddenly bereaved of her daughter, Mary Priscilla.

The young lady possessed rare loveliness of character, which drew to her a large circle of friends and made her especially dear to her kindred. As intimated elsewhere in this volume, her stay in New England proved a serious injury to her health. She was not strong enough to endure the rigors of the New England climate.

While yet her parents remained in Boston Miss James accepted a position in the school of a dear friend of the family in West Chester, Penn. Scarcely had she entered upon her duties when she was stricken down with typhoid fever. The diary of Mrs. James, as given in *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*, thus describes her feelings at this time:

The first thought was, "She will die. Her frail frame will not long withstand the ravages of that terrible disease." The mother's heart was agonized at the thought that her darling was so far away and might die before she could possibly reach her. Just then a minister had called to see us, and I said, "Brother, pray for us and for our dear sick daughter." We all knelt in prayer, and the moment he commenced speaking to God my spiritual eyes saw a vision that lifted me above my sorrow. Mary was in the arms of Jesus, and he said: "She is safe!" Then my soul was calm as the Sea of Gal-

ilce after Jesus said to the winds and waves, "Be still." All agitation, anxiety, and grief left me in a moment, and I said: "Yes, she is safe, safe in the arms of Jesus!"

Now I was able to prepare for the long journey, which must be commenced in a few hours, for which I would have been so utterly unfitted had my poor shattered nerves not been quieted and my troubled spirit comforted. Soon we were on our way to the dear one and my heart seemed to leap to meet her. When the train had reached the place where we were to take the steamboat a tremendous storm came on, causing the Sound to be too rough for the boat to go out; and as I heard the chambermaid say: "Captain says we can't leave here before morning," my heart, for a moment, sank. "Oh, must I be delayed ten or twelve hours?" I said; "how can I bear it, to be kept so long from my darling sick one? I fear she will die before I shall reach her!" Immediately the vision came up again: she was safe in the arms of Jesus! Then my spirit was calm in a moment. I retired for the night and slept as sweetly as ever in my life. In the morning the boat was plowing the great deep, which was wrought up to wild commotion by the tempest of the previous night. All day we were on the waters, not reaching New York till evening, just in time to take the Southern train. Two more delays on the long journey caused pangs in my heart; but they were only momentary, for the same sweet, comforting assurance quickly came again and set my trembling spirit at rest.

On the evening of the third day we reached the darling sufferer and found her very low; but never was a more thankful heart than was mine, to find her still alive and safe in the arms of Jesus, as I had been assured. Day and night I watched beside her, relieved occasionally by her dear sister, and saw the meek sufferer enduring with lamb-like patience her distressing sickness for three weeks. When I spoke to her of the beautiful vision with which my heart was so comforted before I came to her, she said: "Well, that is just the way I have felt all the time—safe in the arms of Jesus."

Slowly the young invalid recovered, and there was evidence that her severe trials had deepened her religious experience. More than a year had passed when there came what the mother calls "a memorable Sabbath."

It was when, with unusual vigor and interest, our daughter attended five services, one of which was a meeting with reference to the higher privilege of believers. The Holy Spirit came down at the beginning of the exercises, and hearts received the divine impress. After the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," had been sung, the leader said did we mean what we said,

"Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me" ?

"Are we so desirous to be nearer to God that we are willing to have some heavy trial or sorrow laid upon us? Let us look now into our hearts and see if our desire is so strong to be nearer to God that we are willing that, if need be, such means should be used to bring us close to His side."

It was a solemn moment. The work of heart-searching was going on, and as the momentous scrutiny with the light of the Spirit revealed the true condition of each heart, there was a simultaneous soul-ery for closer union with Jesus, as in supplication we bowed before Him. The leader called upon me to lead in prayer, and with deepest sincerity of soul I reiterated the prayer,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me."

There seemed a response going forth from every heart.

We knew not that some of us would be taken at our word, nor did I think that a sword was about to pierce my own soul also. But what a baptism descended upon us, as we there consecrated ourselves to God anew! Never was a richer or sweeter blessing imparted to a band of suppliants. The way into the holy of holies was open and some precious ones entered in. One of those favored ones was our own sweet Mary!

I saw her bright countenance as we arose from prayer, and at the close of the meeting heard her say, "I'm so glad I came here to-day!" A sister afterward told me that Mary was going home after Sabbath-school, and as she turned toward the door to go out, she said to her, "Mary, come into the meeting, won't you?" "I thought I would go home and read," was her reply. "I think you

had better stay to the meeting," rejoined her friend. "Come with me," and, taking her hand, led her into that room where the dear Savior was waiting to meet and bless His disciples who longed to get nearer to Him. What a blessing was that dear child of God instrumental in bringing upon Mary, by that kind invitation to remain with those praying ones! How many others might be blessed by similar invitations.

In the evening meeting, when the invitation was given, Mary was one of the first to indicate her purpose to be all the Lord's. On the following evening she attended a meeting of the teachers of the mission Sabbath-school, in which she was a faithful teacher, and her flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes caused the remark, "How well Mary looks! she never seemed brighter."

Buoyant and joyous as a bird she entered her home that night and, opening her melodeon, said, "I must practice the 'Song of the Angels,' for I shall have to play it at the Christmas festival." Sweetly she sang and played the beautiful piece; then, closing the instrument, hastened up-stairs to retire. Lingered long upon her knees, she seemed devoutly pouring out her soul to God. Next morning Mary said, on awakening, "I feel unusually well this morning," and, hastening to dress, went down into the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Suddenly a severe pain seized her heart, and she ran into the parlor, exclaiming to her sister, "Oh, I never had such a pain as this!" and sank down upon the floor, saying, "Come, blessed Jesus!" As soon as I saw her I feared she was struck with death! "Is my darling to be torn away from me so suddenly?" I said, "how can I bear it?" and my poor heart was wrung with anguish. Then a voice whispered to the inner ear, "Would you not be willing to have her taken from you now, if the result would be a revival in your church and the salvation of souls?" My heart replied, "Yes, blessed Lord, do as Thou wilt, I know she is safe; and if the dead church may be quickened, and souls saved by her death, I am willing Thou shouldst take her."\*

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\* Her sudden death and the glorious triumph of her last hours did, indeed, result in the quickening of many souls, and an interest in the subject of entire conformity to the Bible standard, which, on Sabbath afternoons, filled with earnest seekers that room where Mary had "washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," and several of her unconverted friends were awakened and saved.

Then the blessed Spirit came upon me in a wonderful manner, filling my heart with an unspeakable sense of God's love and goodness and of His special pleasure in my acquiescence in His will.

That daughter was dear as my own soul. She was the light of our house, and I had so fondly cherished her, it was like tearing my heart asunder to part with her; yet, O how sweetly was I kept, by divine power, from sinking amid the deep, deep waters!

Amid her intense sufferings I said to her, "Mary, dear, you know I have told you of many attacks of illness which have brought me near death, and how, in the midst of extreme sufferings, Jesus has always so sweetly comforted me. Now look to Him and He will comfort you." Looking at me with a sweet smile, she said: "Yes, mother, I know, and this morning those words were given me, 'As one whom His mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'" "And does He comfort you, dear?" I asked. "Yes, He does," she replied, and her face lighted up with celestial radiance. Her pastor came to see her, and said: "Mary, are you ready to go if God should call you now?" "Yes, sir," she replied, and added: "I'm so glad that I went to that meeting on Sabbath afternoon, for Jesus has been nearer to me ever since." Afterward she asked us to sing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," saying, "I always loved it so." Then lifting her eyes upward, she said: "I am willing to go, blessed Jesus, if it is Thy will." Just as her life was ebbing out she fixed her eyes upon a relative who was not a Christian, and exclaimed, "What could we do without Jesus?" Those were her last words! In a few minutes her spirit winged its upward flight to "the palace of angels and God."

My poor heart was crushed by the dreadful blow, but the soothing balm of Jesus' love took away all the pain, and calmly I rested in His arms. As a suffering infant in the embrace of its loving mother forgets its anguish and is soothed into sweet repose, so was I comforted, and so wonderfully lifted up and girded with strength through all that scene of suffering and death and funeral services and burial, that my friends were astonished at the calmness and peacefulness of my spirit.

A lady who called to see me on the day following our dear one's departure, and expressed her deep sympathy, afterward said to a friend concerning me, "She is a perfect mystery. Why, I found her as calm and unmoved as if nothing had happened. Only think

what a loss she has sustained! Such a lovely daughter; torn away from her so suddenly; only sick a few hours. And yet to manifest no grief! Well, I can't understand it!" Ah, no wonder the dear woman could not understand it. She knew not the power of the great salvation, which, as a mighty bulwark, surrounded me, guarding my soul from every ill, and keeping me in perfect peace.

Mr. Edmund J. Yard, whose life-work his sister has so beautifully described in the *Soul Winner*, suddenly departed, Nov. 6, 1876. On that day his sister wrote to her son:

Although I have felt for a long time that his hold on life was extremely slender, on account of his advanced age, yet the announcement of his death came with a sad surprise that almost overcame me. I was not able to endure such a shock, having suffered last night from another attack of sickness. Immediately was taken worse, from the excitement, and am scarcely able to write. . . . I had desired very much to be with my dear brother at the close of his life, but this privilege was not given me. I am thankful to have had two interviews with him within the last three weeks. How sweet the thought of the bliss which his freed spirit knows in the bright world above. . . . Dear, sainted one, how precious he was to me! His departure will be felt by us all and by multitudes who knew and loved him. . . . May we be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promise!

Mr. Joseph A. Yard, the last remaining brother of Mrs. James, was in many respects a remarkable man. His devotion to suffering humanity during the visitation of the cholera at Trenton, in 1832, was so great as to receive honorable recognition from the city authorities. For many years he was keeper of the New Jersey State Prison, a position for which he had extraordinary qualifications. His knowledge of human nature and com-

mand over men enabled him, without harshness, to control even the desperadoes who came into his charge. When the war with Mexico broke out he was requested by President Polk to accept a commission as captain, which he did. His sister says of him :

It had often been a matter of wonder why he should have been permitted to enter upon such a campaign ; so useful a Christian man to engage in carnal warfare. But, whether right or wrong, God in a wonderful manner overruled it for good. Seeds of Gospel truth were planted in Mexico by that pioneer missionary soldier in the war of 1847. He there preached Jesus and the great salvation, although not then a licensed preacher. By his kindness to the Mexieans he so won their hearts that they listened to his words with attention and interest.

His knowledge of medicine gave him access to the sick, and in presenting to them Jesus as the Great Physician he won some precious souls to Christ. An Indian Catholic was sick from hemorrhage and he came to the "captain doctor," who was then in military command of the town, to receive medical treatment; was informed that he could only live a short time, and was instructed concerning the way of salvation through Christ. The poor Indian's benighted mind became enlightened, and he apprehended Jesus as the Great High-Priest by whom ample atonement had been made for the whole human race, and trusted in Him as his Savior. When dying, his friend, wishing to know whether the dying man's trust in Christ was complete, asked him : "John, do you wish to have the priest, and the rites of the church administered?" The man opened his great black eyes, and staring, as with amazement and horror, exclaimed : "Not if what you have told me is true!" His friend said : "It is true, John ; every word I have said to you is true, and if you are trusting in Jesus, you need no priest, you are safe!" Then his countenance brightened, and peacefully he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, a trophy of the cross on Mexican soil.

Captain Yard was compelled to leave Mexico on account of ill health. For weeks his life was despaired of,



but he was restored, as his sister believed, in answer to her prayers. After his return from Mexico Captain Yard passed through a great variety of experiences and was at one time in a state of alienation from God. His sister's faith held him, and, after years of wandering, he returned to his first love and became eminently useful. In his advancing years he received license as a local minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his rare gifts were devoted to the work of God. His death occurred October 18, 1878. Some particulars are given by Mrs. James in a letter written to her son from Farmingdale, N. J. :

I was summoned here yesterday on account of the serious illness of your dear Uncle Joseph. From the telegram I feared he was dying, and the cherished wish of my heart, to be with him in his last hours, prompted the prayer that he might live and retain consciousness till I could see him. My desire was granted. He was living and knew me. I asked: "Is Jesus precious to you now?" "Yes!" he replied, and afterward looking at me said: "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Three times afterward he repeated those words, gasping for breath. They were his last utterance. He fell asleep in Jesus at seven and a half o'clock last evening.

The last of my nine dear brothers has departed, and I alone am left of a family of ten. I feel like saying:

" Behold, I stand on Jordan's strand,  
My friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
I now almost discover."

It does, indeed, bring heaven very near, and I realize that I, too, will soon pass over.

This youngest and most feeble one of the large family survived the last of her brothers about seven years. In

parting with them and in all her sorrows the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" sustained and comforted her. In these experiences of woe came richest consolations and most precious spiritual gifts. Verily, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble."

## CHAPTER VII.

### AMONG LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE fact that she herself was converted while yet a child may have given Mrs. James special confidence and interest in efforts to lead little ones to Christ. We have already seen the young girl entering enthusiastically upon this work, and have noted that, soon after her removal to Mount Holly, she was made superintendent of the female department of the Sunday-school there. When it was decided to form an "infant class" in connection with the school, Mrs. James was selected to have charge of that class. The enthusiasm with which she entered upon this work, and the zeal and skill with which she sought not only to impart instruction but to impress little hearts and win them for Jesus, can be better imagined than described. To be sure, the "blackboards," "leaf-clusters," "object-lessons," and modern helps in primary work were not at hand, but there was no lack of attention in that room, where two or three scores of tiny ones gathered for an hour with their consecrated teacher. Other pastors would doubtless corroborate the statement of the venerable Dr. John S. Porter, her pastor in 1852 and 1853, given in his letter to the writer of this volume, dated July 16, 1884, and elsewhere quoted.

"In the Sunday-school she was an earnest and efficient worker. To her was committed the infant class, and it was a favored place to be for a while on Sunday afternoon, to witness the loving skill

with which the service was conducted. Her best gifts here found a congenial opportunity for her best work, the training of the little ones, the feeding of Christ's lambs."

The teacher's methods of working were somewhat unique, especially for the time when they were introduced, more than forty years ago. A Bible story would be told in simple, childlike words, and with such animation, and in such a dramatic way as could scarcely fail to hold attention and fix points in the memory of the little listeners. It was not unusual to see eyes moist, or to find the youthful Bible-students greatly moved under these recitals. Then came questions, to ascertain how fully the story was apprehended, and to help the memory. At subsequent meetings review-questions were asked, and there was such repetition as made it hard to forget the lesson that had been imparted.

Her ways of working were to some extent brought out in a little volume published by the Methodist Book Concern about thirty years ago, entitled *Infant School Lesson Book*. In this, the record of the six days of Creation, the Fall, the leading events of the Savior's life, and some other Bible stories were presented in her fresh and graphic way, with suggestions to teachers or parents who might use the book. Children, upon listening to the reading of these stories, would ask: "Are you reading or are you talking?" so fully had her natural method of presenting truth been transferred to the printed page. Of this book, her friend, Mrs. Boyle, says: "It was a great assistance to me in imprinting Scripture truth on the minds of my little ones."

No work seems for the time less likely to result in permanent good than that for very little children. And yet the heart of this seeker after saving results was often en-

couraged to find that her labors for the tiny ones were not lost. Not many years before her death, she casually met the pastor of one of the large churches in the vicinity of New York. In the course of conversation he remarked: "I suppose you will be surprised to know that it is so, but my first religious impressions were received when I was in your infant class in Mount Holly." Not a few now faithfully serving God and the church in various spheres might bear a testimony like this of the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley.

Her charge of the primary class in Mount Holly ended only when she removed from the place. Similar work was afterward assigned to her in Trenton. While yet devoting Sunday afternoons to the Mount Holly class she considered herself providentially called to additional work, which is thus described:

A new field of labor claimed the attention of this Christian worker at a time when all her friends thought she was already overburdened with work. A settlement of colored people in the vicinity without a Sabbath-school, the children having no instruction, presented a powerful appeal for Christian labor.

After earnest prayer, she felt assured it was her duty to go there and instruct those neglected people in the Scriptures. At first her husband remonstrated on account of her want of physical strength, but she said: "Surely it was God who put the desire in my heart to go, and if so, He will give me strength to do what His Spirit suggested." The way was soon opened by the provision of a conveyance, and every Sabbath morning from nine to ten o'clock she taught children and adults the blessed truths of the Bible. The interest they manifested was most encouraging. Their glistening eyes were fixed upon her with earnest gaze as she related the histories so full of thrilling interest, and sometimes, when speaking of the divine interposition, as in the case of Joseph and Daniel and the three Hebrews, there would be a loud response of "Glory to God!" while the ebony faces would shine and the tears flow plentifully.

To many of them these wondrous stories were new, and it was really cheering to see with what zest they would take them in. But the story of Jesus' love caused their hearts to glow with a deeper joy. Some of the older ones had been slaves, and, while in bondage, had heard the story of the cross and found Jesus. Realizing their glorious liberty in Christ, many a shout of triumph went up from their glad hearts.

As long as her strength and circumstances allowed, she continued to cultivate that interesting field. At length she succeeded in inducing others to establish a regular Sabbath-school there. She then felt herself released, and soon after turned her attention to another destitute settlement of the same race, not so distant from her home.

To walk three-fourths of a mile under the burning rays of a summer's sun, through the hot sand most of the way, seemed a task for one not vigorous in health, yet it was gladly done, with so glorious an object in view as the elevation and salvation of those poor down-trodden ones, who had been saying, "No man careth for my soul."

Some years after the entrance of Mrs. James upon primary work in the Sunday-school, the conversion of a number of the children led to her appointment to a position not less congenial, that of leader of a class of Christian boys and girls. It met on Saturday afternoons. Here she sought by careful instruction, as well as by exercises adapted to promote religious feeling, to build up those committed to her in the Christian life. Here, too, her labors were signally blessed of God and the results brought honor to Him. Similar work in Trenton, during her later residence there, found a like reward.

Another kind of labor for children is spoken of by Mrs. Boyle in the letter from which quotations have already been introduced into this volume. Mrs. Boyle remarks :

"I think she inaugurated the religious meetings for children at our camp-meetings, now so commonly held and with such glorious

results. She held one in Delaware, full of deep interest both to children and adults. It was a novelty then and was enthusiastically accepted."

The peculiar power over children which this teacher was permitted to wield is illustrated in some incidents connected with her work in the Children's Home in Trenton. From the foundation of that institution it was her habit frequently to visit it and talk to the little inmates, so utterly lacking in religious knowledge. In her first report as secretary Mrs. James remarks :

The attention and interest manifested by the children when listening to religious instruction, and their frequent request, "Tell us more about Jesus," evinces that their hearts are not untouched by the power of His love who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Many instances tending to show that such labors are not lost upon them might be given, but we will give one only. A little boy of uncommon promise, seven years old, thus accosted one of the ladies who often talks to the children: "O do please tell us all about Jesus, for I do love Him so. I like Him and I love Him and I pray to Him every day and try to be good. Won't you please to pray to God to give me a new heart? Pray now, won't you, for I do want a new heart and I want to go to heaven when I die." Many more joined in the same request, and, kneeling in prayer, they seemed as devout as adult worshipers engaged in supplication.

Even the most ferocious of the little creatures brought into the Home yielded to the gentle sway of this Christly spirit. Among the incidents in an appendix to the same report of the Children's Home is "the case of a little boy scarcely five years old."

When he came into the Home he appeared more like a young hyena than a human being. His passions, unusually strong, having never been restrained, his temper the most violent, his habits the most debased and corrupt, his language profane and obscene—

it seemed really impossible that a child of such tender age could be so depraved. The first Sabbath he spent at the Home a gentleman held him all the time during the Sabbath-school exercises, to prevent him from injuring the other children, as he would kick and strike and bite every one that came in his way. It was almost impossible to hold him, and when he found that he could not be liberated he would spit in the face of the person who held him, making every demonstration of wrath and determination to free himself. When told that he must be good, he replied: "I won't be good, I'll be bad." A lady said to him: "Do you know God is looking at you?" "There ain't no God," he said. "Yes, there is a God, and He's looking at you all the time." "No, he can't see me. He ain't here; I know He ain't." During the singing he put his fingers in his ears, saying: "I won't hear that." It seemed in vain to make any effort to interest him in any subject. He would not listen for a moment. The matron was obliged to keep him tied nearly all the time.

After several weeks had passed and many efforts had been made to subdue him and interest his mind in religious subjects, one day, when a lady [Mrs. James] was talking to the children about God, she discovered that little boy looking at her very earnestly and with evident interest. After she ceased talking he asked her: "Does God see me? Does He see me in the dark, too? Will He take me to heaven if I am good? How will He take me there? Will He give me wings to fly there?" After his questions were answered he seemed to be in deep thought for a minute or more. Then, with great seriousness and emphasis he said: "I mean to be good. I won't tell lies any more and I won't say bad words either."

From that time there was a great change in that little boy. He said one day to a visitor: "I pray every morning and every night and try to be good. I don't say naughty words any more."

Mrs. E. E. Baldwin, the wife of the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D., for about a score of years associated with her husband in missionary labor in China, and now a most efficient helper in all Christian enterprises, thus writes of the influence of this friend of children upon a mind very different from that just described.



“The memory of your dear mother is very precious to me. I can never forget the impression she made upon me when but a mere child. I was away from my own home attending a private school in Salem, N. J. Brother George Hughes was pastor of the Methodist Church in that place at that time, and Mrs. James was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. From the first moment I looked into her sweet face my heart was drawn to her. She addressed our Sabbath-school, and urged upon the scholars the beauty, joy, and safety of a Christian life, and afterward met with a few of us alone. She appeared to me like a saint ready to be translated. The humble, trustful, loving spirit spoke in her words and shone from her face. From a very little girl I had been trying to walk in the good way, and she spoke helpful, encouraging words to me, and earnest, entreating words to my young friends who had not given their hearts to the Savior.

“Years went by. Many, many changes came to me. I did not again see her until our return from China in 1870. But in all those years that impression that she made upon me when a child, of a pure, saintly life, was never lost. Words from her active pen came to me with double power because of that impression. And when I met her again, after the years had robbed her of physical strength and vigor, I found her strong in Christ; the same meek, loving, consecrated spirit. What an impression was that she made upon the child-heart in a single interview, that long years and a varied life has never effaced! Hers, indeed, was a rare spirit. The Divine seemed to reign in and about her, refining, consecrating, setting her apart for holy work. Her departure to the heavenly land, so like a translation, seemed eminently fitting. She was not, for God took her. It is a pleasure for me to think of her, and sometime, when the journey of life is over, its storms all past, I hope to meet her in the quiet, safe harbor.”

If in any mind the query has arisen whether the influence of this laborer with little ones was confined to those whose meeting with her was but casual; whether her efforts were directed chiefly to children of homes other than her own, the following, from *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*, may furnish an answer :

The religious culture of her precious children was an engrossing object of their mother from the first evidences of their comprehending the meaning of language. It seemed to her a matter of the greatest importance to sow the seed of Gospel truth in the tender heart, before the Enemy of all good should have opportunity to scatter his poisonous seed. Thus the soil, preoccupied with the good, would not be subjected to the pernicious influences of the evil, until firmly established in Christian doctrines, principles, and practice.

She therefore sought to fill the minds of her little ones with those gems of priceless worth, ere their lisping tongues could utter distinctly the words they had learned. Often she would lead her little darlings to the place of her secret devotions, and placing her hand on their heads as they knelt by her side, plead for God's blessing upon them. When they had committed a fault she would take them aside for prayer, and, with tears, ask God to forgive the erring child and help him to do right. After having talked impressively, the mother's kiss of love would dry the tears, and the little one would bound away with the promise, "I won't be naughty any more." The little heart was always melted and subdued by this course, and in after years those children said to their mother many times, "Your prayers and tears had more power to save me from doing wrong than all the punishment that could have been inflicted."

Her earnest efforts to lead them to Jesus were early blessed. Having taught them that it was only by having a "new heart" and receiving constant help from God that they could always do right, they were very desirous to obtain the great blessing which their mother told them was for little children as well as for grown people.

One day the mother heard the voice of her little son, her first-born, up-stairs in earnest prayer. Hastening to him, she found him kneeling, with uplifted eyes and flowing tears, pleading, "O Lord, do for Christ's sake forgive my sins and give me a new heart!" Kneeling beside him, she joined her fervent supplications with his, and soon she saw his sad face light up with joy. Clapping his little hands, leaping to his feet, he exclaimed, "O He has forgiven my sins and given me a new heart! I'm so happy! I'm so glad!"

That was a moment of thrilling rapture to the mother's heart. All day and all night she was sending up praises to God. "My

child is the Lord's!" was the utterance of her exulting heart. "My precious boy belongs to Jesus!" the happy mother said, in speaking of his conversion; "I gave him to God as soon as I called him mine, and I expected He would claim him early for His blessed service. Indeed, I felt sure He would. And now, at seven years old, he has become a child of God! O what cause for gratitude and praise! No words can express my joy."

The memory of that happy day is still fresh to that child-convert. During his youth he lost, for a time, the sense of God's favor, yet the influence of that childhood experience was not lost. The reality of the work of grace upon his youthful heart has prompted him during his whole life to labor earnestly to lead even very little children to trust Christ as a personal Savior, and he believes some such have consciously received the assurance of a part with God's people, and entered upon the Christian life.

Of course, little children are prone to speedily forget their impressions and purposes, and wander into sin. They need constant, tender care. But what converts do not? The newly saved one is but a "babe" in Christ. There may be in that new-born soul all the possibilities of a Wesley or a Paul, but the realization of those possibilities will depend upon the spiritual culture bestowed upon the frail infant in the spiritual life and experience.

The truth emphasized by this narration is that the conversion of a child may be as genuine and the results may be as permanent as in the case of an adult. Bishop Waugh once said to Mrs. James that his observation convinced him that, with equal care, the proportion of those continuing steadfast was likely to be quite as great among children as among those of riper years. Mr. Spurgeon, the London Baptist minister, once stated that of hundreds

received into his church in childhood not one had required to be disciplined or expelled. The faith of the Church for its little ones is yet far too weak. Most Christians seem to act as if they expect Satan to have the first years of a life. The result, in a vast number of cases, is that he gets the whole life. The race of disciples whose unbelief and lack of zeal keep the little ones from the Savior is not yet extinct. We need the rebuke of the all-wise and all-loving Master: "Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom."

Upon whom shall this work of leading the little ones devolve, if not upon parents, and especially mothers? To every mother is given the opportunity of making the very first impressions. She may not delegate even to the faithful Sabbath-school teacher the duty, the privilege, of taking that tiny hand and placing it in the hand of the divine Friend. Not until mothers accept the God-given honor of being to their children the first teachers of Christian truth, the right and privilege of bringing their own children to Jesus, will the Church take its heaven-assigned position.

What excuse for unfaithfulness in this duty can a mother give? Will she plead lack of talent or education? From her the little one learns to talk. Shall not his "mother-tongue" be the "language of Canaan"? Are her cares too many? Just such cares were to this mother all the more crushing because her health was always frail. While a mother can find time to prepare such food as pampers the appetite and tends to awaken a craving for stimulants, or such clothing as fosters the love of display, she may not be excused from efforts to feed and clothe the immortal nature. With real sympathy for overburdened mothers, the writer is moved to

express, to any whose eyes may rest upon this page, his profound conviction that the way to lessen those burdens is to recognize each child as belonging to God, and seek, from his first intelligent moments, to bring him to so recognize himself and secure the grace to live a right life. Then shall family government be made easy, for each true subject of the King will gladly submit to parents and teachers. Children growing up with this spirit will have such love for parents as will make them willing sharers of their cares and burdens, real helpers in the household.

The well-being of the Church, the nation of the future, will depend upon the character of the children of to-day. God's plan is that, coming into His kingdom as "little children" and brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," they shall from the beginning have right habits and become stalwart men and women of God, giving a right conception of Christian character and conquering the world for Christ.

Christian mother, let no thought of the delinquencies of others hide from you the fact that *your child* must forever bear, for weal or woe, *the impress of your hand*.

The memory of that hour when a precious mother knelt by the side of her child, helping his prayer for a new heart, has prompted what may seem a digression. The chapter must not close without the statement that, throughout her life, this earnest woman continued to labor for little people wherever opportunity occurred. During a series of years she found time each month to write to the young readers of the *Guide to Holiness* a letter full of such suggestions as children need and Christian children prize. Many times was she invited to address large gatherings of little people. No labors

were more delightful to her, none more signally blessed by the Master than those for -young people.

A little waif, brought to a Sunday-school and a joyful acquaintance with the "Children's Friend" by a faithful teacher, in her dying moments said: "When I get to heaven I will thank Jesus for sending you to tell me of Him. Then I will sit at the gate and wait for you. When you come, I will take you to Jesus and say, 'Here is the teacher that told me about You.'"

A host of saved children were waiting for this earnest woman. Dear reader,

"Will any one there, by the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for THEE?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TIRELESS PEN.

FROM her very early schooldays Mary Yard had remarkable facility and found great delight in composition. From the time of her complete consecration to Christ she regarded her pen as specially set apart for His work.

Christian correspondence was the chief employment of this consecrated pen. The writer of this volume has now in his possession about fifteen hundred letters written by his mother. More than four hundred were addressed to the mother of Mrs. James, a still larger number to her son. Next to these is the package to Miss Rogers, including those written after she became Mrs. Dr. Harlow; but letters to the Rev. R. B. Yard, Rev. J. J. Matthias, Mrs. Bishop Hamline and others, may be reckoned by scores. It is a noteworthy fact that rarely was the most hurried note or even postal-card sent without some expression which breathed the all-pervading piety of the writer. In nearly all of these letters the subject of religion is the staple, as it is evidently the inspiration. The letters and extracts and poems, introduced because of their bearing upon facts of the history, have given the reader an idea of the characteristics of the style of this correspondent. Hers was, indeed, the "pen of the ready writer." It seemed to almost fly across the page, and yet her chirography was usually very legible. When writing for the press she was particularly careful. The perfect freedom of hand, the smoothness, the shading,

even the flourish illustrated in her signature, were characteristics of the handwriting to the very last autograph, written a few moments before the pen was dropped forever.

To how many hearts her letters of encouragement, counsel, or consolation have been messages from God will never be known until the unfolding of the records in another world. It was her joy as well as felt duty to seize the first opportunity after learning of any important event in the history of one who seemed to have claims upon her, or whom she hoped to help, to make that event the subject of a letter, leading the thoughts from the occurrence to the divine Ruler of all things. Especially was this true of the reception of such intelligence as that of conversion or entrance upon a life of entire devotion to God. The expressions of joyful sympathy with the soul newly blessed, and the words of wise instruction, caution, or inspiration, have proved to hundreds a life-long benediction.

Years ago Mrs. James wrote to a young relative words of Christian sympathy and counsel. The letter produced little impression at the time of its receipt, but within the past few months its possessor, now in deep affliction and well-nigh in despair, casually found and re-read it. It came as a message from heaven, and seemed to lift her spirit above its weight of woe.

Those who have kindly placed letters at the disposal of Mrs. James's biographer have been careful to remind him of their preciousness and insist upon their return. Hundreds of such treasures have been carefully guarded till the paper has become worn and time-stained. It would be worth one lifetime to accomplish the good achieved by the private correspondence of this earnest writer.



With the increasing cares of her family, as is stated elsewhere, there came a period, embracing several years, in which she wrote very little. Her own account of the circumstances connected with her taking up, with new and never-waning interest, this kind of service for Christ is as follows :

Divine guidance through human instrumentality had often been imparted to the Christian pilgrim as with sincere heart she daily prayed : "Teach me Thy way, O Lord, show me Thy paths." Now, in loving-kindness, the God whom she served sent to her, on a special errand of love, a precious friend who had many times given her aid in her heavenward journey, Mrs. Dr. Palmer.

She found the young mother busily engaged in making clothes for her children. The question was asked : "Do you spend much of your time in this way ?" She replied : "Yes, I make all my own clothes, and my children's also; am dressmaker, milliner, and tailoress for my family."

Mrs. P., knowing that her husband's circumstances at that time were not such as to render it necessary that her time should be devoted to such work, expressed surprise, and said, "I seldom see anything from your pen, and this accounts for it. Can you justify yourself before God in laying aside a work to which He has evidently called you and giving your precious time and energies to that which others could do in your stead ? The work required of you, writing for Jesus, is of vast importance. This no one can do for you, but making garments others can do in your place."

To aid her husband by being an industrious and efficient wife, saving the expense of hiring extra help, etc., was acknowledged as the motive, and not because there was real necessity. Then her faithful friend showed her the mistake she had made. "Suppose by making that little dress in your hands you save a dollar, and suppose by spending that time in writing you might save a soul, put the dollar in one scale and the soul in the other ; which will weigh the more ? Which is of the greater importance, for you to aid your husband in saving money, or to help immortal souls to heaven ? Which will please God and add to your treasure above ?"

These were startling questions, and they set her heart in great

commotion. She said, "What have I been doing? Burying the talent which God gave me to use for Him. O I did not mean to do that, but have been thinking that, as a faithful wife and mother, I must be diligent in doing what I could for my family. I know I have been loving and serving God, but I have not rendered Him all the service He required."

Soon after the visit of Mrs. Palmer another valued friend, Rev. Dr. Bangs, made a similar remark in regard to his conviction of the work which God had given her to do, which struck her mind as a remarkable coincidence, and tended to strengthen her in the purpose she had formed.

Not long after, during a visit to the country, Mrs. James wrote to her husband:

I know I have lost much by being engrossed with domestic cares and not doing what God required of me for His blessed cause. He has shown me that He desired me to be as Mary, sitting at His feet and listening to His teachings, ever ready to do His bidding, not as Martha, burdened with many cares. I see clearly that I must more frequently use my pen for Jesus. I have such a clear conviction of duty that I dare not employ my time in things which others can do, and leave undone that which God bids me do. In making a renewed dedication of myself to God I have received new tokens of His favor which have filled my soul with joy unspeakable. When Jesus is with us we forget the roughness of the way, and the soul bounds forward with delightful speed along the path made pleasant by His cheering smiles.

From this time the pen was more frequently employed in the cherished work, yet there continued to be interruptions, and, not for a number of years, did it become possible for her to do as much writing as her spirit prompted.

The first communication of the long series to the beloved *Guide* appeared in its early days, perhaps in 1842. The publication was then issued in Boston, by Dexter S. King, with the title, *Guide to Christian Perfection*. This

article reappeared in the *Guide to Holiness*, in the series of contributions entitled *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus*, but is so in keeping with her style, and withal so beautifully describes one of the many rich effusions of the Holy Spirit vouchsafed to this earnest disciple, that it is given a permanent place here. It is addressed to the Rev. T. Merritt, then editor :

REV. AND DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST: I had not forgotten your request, but for several reasons, which I think you would deem justifiable, was delaying the fulfillment of it, when, by your repeated solicitation in Sister Palmer's letter, which I received last evening, I was prompted to the immediate performance of the duty which now devolves upon me. And probably I could not select, as the subject of my letter, a more profitable or pleasing topic than the exercises of my mind for the last twenty-four hours.

Last evening I attended the class of which I am a member. I went there with my soul unspeakably happy in God; and in relating my experience, I remarked that I had of late been striving with unusual earnestness to keep my eyes steadfastly fixed upon Jesus, and while He had been in my view, I had lost sight of earthly objects and my soul had been wholly absorbed by His love. My excellent leader remarked, in reply: "It is by looking to Jesus," or "looking at Jesus, that we are changed into His image." It struck my mind with peculiar force, and produced such a thrill of holy joy as I cannot describe. I was then looking at Jesus. He seemed standing before me, arrayed in glory and beauty that surpassed all I had ever before conceived of, and looking upon me with tender regard, benignant love, and divine complaisance, seemed to claim me for His own. My soul was so captivated with the charms of the adorable Redeemer that when my leader spoke of being changed into His image I felt such a transport of bliss as nearly overpowered me. O thought I, to be assimilated to His glorious likeness, to be a partaker of His nature, to be "one with Him!" What ineffable felicity, what overwhelming glory, what amazing exaltation for an abject worm of earth, to be changed into the image of Jesus!

And this is my privilege. I, who am "less than the least of all saints;" I, who am the most unworthy of so distinguished a favor,

thus honored, thus blessed of God! Heretofore my heart has borne but the mere outlines of that glorious image; but now I am to receive the full impress. Yes, now, while I am looking at Jesus! Now, He is molding me and fashioning me after His own lovely likeness! My soul is in His hands, passive as clay in the hands of the potter. Jesus is making me all glorious within. I shall be like Him! I have fixed my eyes upon Him, never more to remove them thence, and it is by looking at Him that I am to be conformed to His likeness. O such a fullness of love and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I seemed, indeed, "filled unutterably full of glory and of God."

As I came home Jesus seemed walking with me and commuing with my heart by the way. When I retired to my chamber His presence accompanied me and His glory appeared to fill the room. For several hours my heart was in such raptures of joy that I could not become sufficiently composed to sleep. At length exhausted nature sank into repose, but still my mind was occupied with the same glorious subject. Often I would awake in ecstasies, exclaiming, "Jesus! Thou art my Savior, 'my Redeemer from all sin,' my happiness, my heaven!" I have ever since enjoyed the same delightful consciousness of His presence, Who is the life of all my joys, and am still enabled to keep my eyes unwaveringly fixed upon Him. I see clearly that this is the way, and the only way, to abide in His love, and to have the continual victory over the world, the flesh, and Satan, to keep looking at Jesus.

While our eyes are fixed upon Him we shall not see the smiles or frowns of our fellow-beings; we shall not see the attractions of earth's gilded pleasures, its riches and honors, nor the dark clouds of adversity impending over our heads; we shall see nothing to dismay or to elate us, and, therefore, we shall escape the many snares which Satan has set for our feet and into some of which we are sure to fall, if for one moment we cease "looking to Jesus." And it seems to me I can never again desire to look at aught beside. Oh, how paltry, how empty, how vain, do all other objects appear to us when our souls are captivated with the charms of our Beloved! How insipid, how tasteless do the pleasures of the world seem after having drunk at the Fountain of pure celestial love! The thought of even for one moment turning to earth again, leaving the Fountain-head of bliss, and stooping to creature happiness, seems

to me more dreadful than to endure the most agonizing sufferings, and death itself would be infinitely preferable. If I was as sure of heaven as that I now exist, it would not satisfy me, nor could I be happy in any degree if I thought that I should ever, for a short time, depart from God and bring reproach upon His blessed name, who has "loved me and given Himself for me."

Pray for me, dear Father Merritt, that I may be "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

With Christian regard, believe me yours,

MARY.

During all her earlier years her contributions to the press were signed "Mary." Not until she came to be somewhat widely known to readers of the *Guide*, and some other periodicals, did she venture to permit her full name to appear. Even before the above letter was written this ardent lover of Bible holiness had become deeply interested in the magazine, inducing numbers of her friends to subscribe for it. Many can understand the feeling of a friend who recently said, "I shall always take the *Guide* for Sister James's sake, if for no other reason." Her feelings in regard to the publication never changed, only that when Dr. and Mrs. Palmer took charge of it, her regard for them prompted even increasing efforts to call attention to its excellence and promote its work. From that time her contributions were more frequent. During the last ten or twelve years of her life rarely did a number go forth without something from her pen. Her monthly "Letters to the Children" were written, many of them with brain weary or fevered, and when it taxed her little strength to write, but she must be very ill indeed if she disappointed the little ones who were expecting her loving words. The letter which appeared in the *Guide* for November, 1883, was perhaps the last work of her pen intended for publication, except

the verses for the *Wall Roll*, which was to be published from the office of the *Guide*.

Besides her many contributions to this magazine, Mrs. James wrote occasionally for the *New York Christian Advocate*, *The Contributor*, and *The Christian Witness*, Boston. Still more frequently, especially in later years, her articles appeared in *The Christian Woman* and *The Christian Standard*, Philadelphia, and very often in the *Ocean Grove Record*. In later life her facility in composition rather increased than diminished. Her pen seemed almost inspired, and her contributions were eagerly read by many hundreds.

It was in writing poetry that this pen gave strongest evidence of inspiration. While he was yet a youth her son copied nearly fifty of her poems. Most of these had been called forth by local occurrences, and not a large proportion would be of general interest. Some, however, are creditable to her skill in versification, and all glow with religious fervor. A great variety of incidents occurring in the circle of her personal knowledge are in this way commemorated; especially is this true of the death of friends. Some of her best pieces were inspired by sermons or addresses which deeply moved her susceptible nature. The muse often came to her in wakeful hours of the night. Then, when she rose in the morning, she would first "scribble" and afterward carefully copy the results of her cogitations. An occurrence of special interest, a thought suggested in a discourse, or in something she read, or caught in conversation, would set the active brain at work, and the result would be an article in prose or verse which would soon find its way to one of her editor friends. Rarely were her offerings of this sort declined.

To her own mind the secret of the acceptability and usefulness of the work of her pen was that it was her habit to seek the divine guidance in every attempt to write. While writing, too, she was constantly in a prayerful attitude, relying wholly upon the divine wisdom. So the promise of that wisdom was fulfilled, and her glad heart gave to her Heavenly Friend all the honor.

More than fifty of the hymns of Mrs. James have been set to music and published in various collections of sacred songs for Sunday-schools and social services. Many of these are popular, and not a few have been a source of inspiration, joy, and help to thousands.

It has been suggested that a volume of the poems of this writer be published. As it is doubtful whether anything of this kind will be attempted, a few are here inserted that they may not be entirely lost.

The first article from *The Christian Woman* illustrates the way in which a thought would start this ready pen. The poems are selected almost at random, and will give readers of this volume, not familiar with Mrs. James's poetry, an idea of the style of this writer of "Hymns of the Heart." The list might be greatly lengthened if the limits of the volume would allow.

*Nobody Knows but Jesus.*

The touching pathos of the "Jubilee songs" has moved and melted thousands of listeners, and caused tears to flow from many "eyes unused to weep." The sweet strains of sacred melody and words of tender simplicity charmed even the most refined and fastidious; and those who could listen to the most solemn and impressive appeals from the pulpit unmoved were deeply affected by the power of Gospel truth conveyed by the simple songs of the freed slaves.

That sweet chorus:

“Nobody knows the troubles I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows but Jesus!”

struck a chord in many a Christian heart that has continued to vibrate ever since. The sorrows and wrongs of slavery evoked those sad yet hallowed words of song from crushed hearts, as the rude hand that bruises the fragrant plant brings out its sweet perfume.

No wonder an old saint, just released from slavery, exultingly shouted, “Glory! glory! I’s e been ’spectin’ de Lord would make us free dis good while—afore Massa Lincoln said so—’cause we’s been a-prayin’ and cryin’ to Him so long, and when dis yere war broke out, den I b’lieved de good Lord was a-goin’ to set us free. Now ’tis come. Bless de Lord! ’tis come at last! ’Tis de good Lord done it. Massa Lineoln only said so, but Jesus made him do it. Glory to Jesus!” Yes, it was the Lord God Omnipotent who broke their fetters. Their cries had gone up to His throne and He said: “I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people, and I have come down to deliver them.”

When toiling in the fields, with their flesh bleeding under the lash of the eruel overseer, and their hearts bleeding from the deeper wounds made by the severing of tender ties, being torn away from loved ones and suffering a living death, they went to Jesus with their troubles, for

“Kindly He opened to them His ear,  
And bade them pour their sorrows there,  
And tell Him all their pains.”

And there are many others sinking under the pressure of accumulated woes, oppressed with bondage as dreadful as was that of Southern slavery. Many a crushed spirit can say:

“Nobody knows the troubles I see,  
Nobody knows but Jesus.”

The griefs, long pent-up in the aching heart, would seem an insupportable load were there no sympathizing ear to listen to their tale of anguish, no helping hand to share their burdens. But they go and tell Jesus, and in loving tenderness He listens to their complaints and hastens to pour into their wounds the soothing balm of His love; lifting up their fainting hearts, bidding them repose in



His arms, rest upon His bosom and trust in His love. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry." Cheering assurance! He inclineth His ear and heareth us, as a loving parent bends over to his child to hear his request! Yes, and

"More quickly our whispers go up to His ear  
Than the message on telegraph wire;  
More quickly His messages come to us here  
Than those by electrical fire."

Dear, suffering child of God, never mind, if you have no human arm to lean upon, no human ear to listen to your sorrows, no loving heart to sympathize with you. Never mind if you are misunderstood, misrepresented, censured, and even calumniated—Jesus hears all your complaints; Jesus extends His strong arms for your support. His heart of infinite love sympathizes with you. He understands you and loves you with an everlasting love. Oh, is it not enough that Jesus knows all about your sorrows and knows how to succor and defend and deliver you? Is it not enough that He who is mighty to save is your Friend, your Savior, and has promised never to leave nor forsake you? Then may you with a glad heart sing:

"Nobody knows the troubles I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows but Jesus."

Among the earliest of the poetic effusions of Mrs. James is the following, which was first published in the *Guide to Holiness* for August, 1885. It was found in a letter to Mrs. James's mother, dated August 18, 1838, and shows that, even in early womanhood, hers was an exultant type of piety:

*The Joy of Communion with God.*

O 'tis a blissful solitude,  
To be alone with God;  
To hold sweet intercourse with heaven,  
And feast on angels' food.

To be alone with God! O what  
Supreme, what hallowed bliss!

Earth's glories all condensed, would seem  
The gloom of night to this.

And may such abject mortals here  
Enjoy so high a bliss ?  
E'en mid the woes and sins of earth,  
Be blessed with joys like this ?

Yes ! here the Holy One will dwell ;  
Here, with the contrite heart ;  
And treasures of immortal worth  
He will to worms impart !

Then let me be a worm, if God  
Will thus exalt a worm  
To be an heir of bliss, and bear  
The image of His Son.

I'll mourn no more my feebleness,  
Since God Himself extends  
His mighty arm for my support,  
Till life's sad journey ends.

I'll weep no more that earthly woes  
Assail as poignant darts,  
For the pure Source of heavenly love  
A healing balm imparts.

'Tis Thou, my God, 'tis Thou alone  
I need to make me blest :  
Adieu, then, earth, for I have found  
That this is not my rest.

It would be hard to find a better antidote to the spirit of repining than is suggested in this little gem, set in this form in its author's middle life :

*\* Count the Mercies.*

Count the mercies ! count the mercies !  
Number all the gifts of love ;  
Keep a daily, faithful record  
Of the comforts from above.

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\* Issued in leaflet form, the last fourteen lines omitted, at Willard Tract Repository, Beacon Hill, Boston, Mass.

Look at all the lovely green spots  
 In life's weary desert way ;  
 Think how many cooling fountains  
 Cheer our fainting hearts each day.  
 Count the mercies ! count the mercies !  
 See them strewn along our way !

See ! O see the countless beauties  
 In the charming scenes of earth !  
 Think of all the untold blessings,  
 Clustering round our home and hearth ;  
 Think of friends and precious kindred,  
 To our hearts so dear, so sweet ;  
 Think of heaven's unnumbered blessings,  
 Can you all the list repeat ?  
 Count the mercies ! count the mercies  
 Making bright paths for your feet !

Count the mercies, though the trials  
 Seem to number more each day :  
 Count the trials, too, as mercies ;  
 Add them to the grand array.  
 Trials are God's richest blessings,  
 Sent to prompt our upward flight,  
 As the eagle's nest, all broken,  
 Makes them fly to loftier heights.  
 Count them mercies ; count them mercies  
 That bring heaven within our sight.

Count them mercies which shall sever  
 Cords that bind our spirits down,  
 Causing them below to grovel,  
 And forget our heavenly crown.  
 Let all earthly ties be riven,  
 Nests be broken, hopes decay,  
 If to God our souls be driven,  
 If from earth we soar away.  
 Wondrous mercies ! hallowed mercies !  
 Urging us the heavenward way.

Thus we find the purer comforts,  
 Richer far than those of earth,

Joys unfailing, hopes enduring,  
 Treasures of surpassing worth :  
 Beams of bright, celestial radiance,  
 From the Central Source of Light,  
 Spreading o'er each scene of sadness  
 Halos gladdening to our sight.  
 Count the mercies ! count the mercies !  
 Filling us with joys so bright.

Let us number all our jewels,  
 Let us estimate their worth ;  
 Let us thank the gracious Giver,  
 Strewing blessings o'er the earth ;  
 Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness,  
 Let us tell the wonders o'er,  
 Till our multiplying treasures  
 Seem a countless, boundless store.  
 Then let praises, grateful praises,  
 Be our language evermore.

Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, the Quaker co-worker of Mrs. James, since deceased, sent a copy of the following to the writer of this volume, with a request that it be inserted in the book.

*He Stirred my Nest.*

Deuteronomy, xxxii : 11, 12.

Reposing calmly in my downy nest,  
 I had forgotten earth is not my rest,  
 Until, disturbed, I saw a gracious Hand  
 Point upward to a brighter, happier land.

He stirred my nest, then, fluttering o'er my head,  
 I saw His radiant wings benignly spread  
 To bear me up from earthly scenes on high,  
 To purer regions and a cloudless sky.

'Twas hard to find no foothold 'neath the sun,  
 But soon I found my life of bliss begun !  
 A world of unseen joys, untold delight,  
 Revealed its glories to my raptured sight.

My broken nest forsaken, on those wings  
 Upborne, my spirit mounts, and sweetly sings :  
 Victorious over all her foes, she soars,  
 And glorious unknown realms of light explores.

I had slept on, nor ever felt or known  
 The perfect bliss of loving God alone,  
 Of being borne upon His wings on high,  
 Had He not taught me thus to rise and fly.

Had not my nest been stirred, and sorrows deep,  
 And painful grief disturbed my carnal sleep,  
 I had not known this pure, heartfelt delight,  
 'Twas love, unbounded love, that forced my flight.

O now, a wide expanse, boundless, sublime,  
 Stretches before my sight, and earth and time  
 Seem but a point, a bubble on the stream,  
 While on my soul celestial glories beam.

O'erwhelmed with wond'ring joy, and filled with praise,  
 I now exult in grateful, ceaseless lays  
 To Him whose love unbounded stooped to me,  
 And stirred my nest, and set my spirit free.

This appeared in *The Christian Woman*, with the music, a simple but sweet tune. It brings out its writer's appreciation of the fact that the triple repetition of the negative is in the Greek much more emphatic than in the English.

*Never.*

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—*Bible.*

"Our Father" said that precious word,  
 And I will trust it ever :  
 I'll never leave thee, nor forsake,  
 "No, never, *never*, NEVER!"

'Twas thrice repeated by our Lord,  
 That word so blessed ever,  
 O I'm so sure it cannot fail,  
 "No, never, *never*, NEVER!"

Though all my cherished joys depart,  
 And from loved ones I sever,  
 My loving Father will not leave,  
 "No, never, *never*, NEVER!"

So strong His love, so rich His grace,  
 To help each weak endeavor,  
 And when I fail He never chides  
 Nor frowns on me, "no, NEVER."

My failures and infirmities  
 Oft make me weep, but ever  
 He sweetly whispers, "I forgive;  
 Fear not, I'll leave thee never."

I've placed my feeble hand in His,  
 From Him no power can sever,  
 While His strong hand is holding me,  
 "No, *never*—NEVER—NEVER!"

*All for Jesus.\**

All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;  
 All my thoughts, and words, and doings,  
 All my days and all my hours.  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 All my days and all my hours.

Let my hands perform His bidding,  
 Let my feet run in His ways,  
 Let my eyes see Jesus only,  
 Let my lips speak forth His praise!  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.

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\* Composed in 1871. See chapter entitled "Second Residence in Trenton."

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
 I've lost sight of all beside ;  
 So enchained my spirit's vision,  
 Looking at the Crucified.  
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !  
 Looking at the Crucified.

Oh, what wonder ! how amazing !  
 Jesus, glorious King of kings,  
 Deigns to call me His beloved,  
 Lets me rest beneath His wings.  
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !  
 Resting now beneath His wings !

The Scripture references attached to each line of the following piece were arranged by Mrs. Col. Lowe, of Xenia, Ohio. This is one of the sacred songs to which a beautiful tune was adapted by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

It is in a number of singing books, and has been very popular. It has been used most effectively on the unique plan of the singing of a line at a time, each followed by the words from God's Book.

*Companionship with Jesus.*

O blessed fellowship divine !	1 John, i : 3 ; Acts, x : 41.
O joy supremely sweet !	Acts, ii : 28 ; John, xiv : 24.
Companionship with Jesus here	Luke, xxiv : 32.
Makes life with bliss replete :	Matt xvii : 4 ; Luke, ix : 29-32.
In union with the Purest One,	Eph. v : 30 ; John, xvii : 23.
I find my heaven on earth begun.	1 Peter, i : 8.
O wondrous bliss, O joy sublime,	John, xv : 11.
I've Jesus with me all the time !	Matt. xxviii : 20.

[vi : 9.

I'm walking close to Jesus' side,	2 Cor. vi : 16 ; Gen. v : 24 ;
So close that I can hear	Isa. xxx : 21.
The softest whispers of His love,	Num. xi : 17.
In fellowship so dear,	1 John, i : 7.

- And feel His great Almighty hand      Isa. xli : 10-13.  
Protects me in this hostile land.      John, xv : 19.  
    O wondrous bliss, O joy sublime,  
    I've Jesus with me all the time !
- I'm leaning on His loving breast,      John, xiii : 23.  
    Along life's weary way,      Jer. xxxv : 21.  
My path, illumined by His smile,  
    Grows brighter day by day ;      Prov. iv : 18.  
No woes, no foes, my heart can fear,      Isa. li : 12 ; Ps. xxxvii : 2.  
With my Almighty Friend so near.      Ps. cxix : 151.  
    O wondrous bliss, O joy sublime,  
    I've Jesus with me all the time !
- I know His sheltering wings of love      Ps. xci : 1 ; lvii : 1 ; lxiii : 7.  
    Are always o'er me spread ;      Ps. xci : 4.  
And tho' the storms may fiercely rage      Ps. lxxxix : 9 ; Matt. xiv : 24.  
    All calm and free from dread,      John, vi : 20.  
My peaceful spirit ever sings,      Phil. iv : 7.  
" I'll trust the covert of His wings."      Ps. lxi : 4.  
    O wondrous bliss, O joy sublime,      [24-26.  
    I've Jesus with me all the time !      Isa. xxxv : 10 ; John, xvii :

On one occasion, while Mrs. James was the guest of her son, his pulpit was filled by a ministerial friend, whose sermon, on Jer. xxxi : 3, deeply moved this poetic soul. Not long after the visiting clergyman received a copy of the following verses. They may be found, with a beautiful tune composed by Mrs. J. F. Knapp, No. 100, in the *Epworth Hymnal*.

*Everlasting Love.*

Wondrous words ! how rich in blessing !  
    Deeper than the unfathomed sea ;  
Broader than its world of waters,  
    Boundless, infinite, and free ;  
Higher than the heavens above,  
Is that *Everlasting Love*.



Down to lowest depths it reaches—  
 The all-loving Father's arm,  
 Toward His rebel children yearning,  
 Drawing them with magic charm,  
 Till the yielding spirits move,  
 Touched by *Everlasting Love*.

Weary spirits, sad with toiling,  
 'Mid the sorrows of the way,  
 Feel their heavy burdens lightened,  
 As they journey day by day ;  
 How with quickened steps they move,  
 Cheered by *Everlasting Love*.

I have set thee as a signet,  
 Graven on My hands thy name ;  
 Lo, I still am with thee always,  
 Evermore thy Friend—the same,  
 Never changing. Thou wilt prove  
 Mine an *Everlasting Love*.

In My house of many mansions,  
 I've prepared a place for thee,  
 Where are no dark clouds or tempests,  
 Where I am, there thou shalt be—  
 All the untold bliss to prove,  
 Of My *Everlasting Love*.

*Light at Evening-time.*

“ At evening time it shall be light.”—Zech. xiv : 7.

'Tis evening-time ; the shadows, gathering fast  
 Around my footsteps as they onward move,  
 Admonish me life's day is nearly past ;  
 And yet I see light beaming from above.

They say I'm growing old. 'Tis true, I know,  
 For I have numbered more than threescore years ;  
 And yet my heavenward pathway brightens so,  
 And not a shade of darkening gloom appears.

'Tis evening-time, how true ! and soon I'll rest ;  
 And yet it seems but yesterday that I begun

My life's bright morning. Now far in the West  
So rapidly declines my cloudless sun.

Yes, cloudless, thanks to God ! all bright and clear,  
And even in death's valley light doth shine :  
With Jesus by my side I cannot fear,  
Encircled by the loving arms divine.

I've looked within the vale, and even when  
Upon the verge of its dark shadow's gloom  
Stood face to face with death, victorious then,  
Exulting o'er the monster and the tomb.

O hallelujah to the Lamb ! His name,  
Death's conqueror ! my ransomed powers adore !  
In ceaseless praise His wondrous love proclaim  
Thro' life, in death, in heaven forever more !

During the summer of 1882, while Mrs. James was visiting the family of her son in Danielsonville, Conn., a neighbor kindly invited them and others to see a "night-blooming cereus," then bearing seven of the blossoms for which that wonderful plant is so famous. To her the sight was almost overpowering. Her feelings found expression in some verses which appeared first in *The Sunday-School Times* and were copied in other periodicals. This has been regarded as one of the best of Mrs. James's poems, and may well occupy a place here :

*The Night-blooming Cereus.*

Oh, beautiful Cereus,  
How welcome thy bloom !  
Thy grand coronation,  
How rich in perfume !  
How wondrously charming,  
So queenly, so chaste !  
We mourn thy sweet flowers  
Should fade in such haste.

Beholding with rapture  
The exquisite sight,  
We wonder thy glories  
Are kept for the night ;  
In darkness to lavish  
Their beautiful bloom,  
And give their rich odors  
To midnight's deep gloom !

Some sister plants close up  
Their petals at night,  
And open them only  
To greet morning light.  
Thy charms are unfolded  
When Nature's asleep ;  
As angels night-vigils  
So lovingly keep.

So Faith comes in darkness,  
And blooms in the night ;  
To soothe in affliction,  
In danger, in blight.  
When sources of comfort  
All fail and depart,  
Faith brings sweetest solace  
To cheer the sad heart.

And night-blooming flowers  
Bring lessons of love,  
As messages coming  
From regions above.  
We too have a mission—  
In darkness and grief,  
To bring the afflicted  
And suffering relief.

To be to the feeble,  
The sinful, the poor,  
Sweet love-plants, all blooming  
With charms that endure.  
To shed on the lowly,  
In earth's deepest gloom,

The fragrance of kindness—  
Most blessed perfume !

The way of salvation  
To show to the lost,  
Which Jesus provided  
At infinite cost ;  
To help struggling spirits  
To gain heaven's bliss—  
What service so hallowed,  
So Christ-like as this ?

This was among the latest of Mrs. James's hymns. After her death Mr. W. J. Kirkpatrick composed a tune admirably adapted to it, which was published in the *Guide* for January, 1884, and afterward in a collection of hymns and music.

*All Bright Above.*

I see the bright, effulgent rays  
Out beaming from the Savior's face ;  
No dark'ning elouds obscure the sight  
Of His sweet smile, my Life, my Light.

CHORUS:—I am mounting on wings, I am soaring on high,  
Where the sun's ever shining in unclouded sky,  
In the joy of His presence, the smiles of His love ;  
Oh, glory to Jesus! 'tis all bright above ;  
'Tis all bright above, 'tis all bright above,  
Oh, glory to Jesus! 'tis all bright above!

O blessed vision, glad surprise,  
It breaks upon my wond'ring eyes,—  
The Sun of Righteousness divine,  
In whom the Father's glories shine.

Triumphant Christ! all-conqu'ring King!  
Thy praises I delight to sing ;  
Thy glory shines around me here,  
My path is bright, my sky is clear.

Multiplied as were the pages that went forth from this pen so often spoken of as "gifted," only four times in her long life did Mrs. James attempt the preparation of what could be properly called a volume. *Mary, The Infant School Lesson Book, Mother Munroe, and The Soul Winner* were her only books. The last was issued but a few weeks before the death of the author, to whom, even in that short time, there came many encouraging assurances that her tribute to her brother was appreciated and useful.

Fugitive as were nearly all the productions of this busy brain, they accomplished the purpose for which their messages were given, and their impress will remain upon hearts till that day in which it shall be seen of what sort is the work of human beings. May God accept this effort to keep a few of them from passing out of recollection, and use them for the good of souls!

But one more specimen can be given of this kind of work of this hand, now at rest forever. Let it be the expression of a thought ever prominent in the mind of this one so eager to lead men and women and children to Christ. It was published in *The Christian Woman*.

#### *A Starless Crown.*

A Christian lady was dying. The bright abode of the redeemed was revealed to her spiritual vision as her future and eternal home. She knew she was a child of God and an heir to His kingdom, yet a look of sadness came over her face as, with eyes turned upward, in mournful tones she exclaimed, "A starless crown! a starless crown! a starless crown!"

A friend asked her: "What do you mean?" She said: "I shall have a crown, I see it ready for me up there; but there is not a single star in it! Not one soul have I ever brought to Jesus—not one!" And thus she passed away to the spirit world with the words upon her lips, "A starless crown! a starless crown!"

The above recital, which was given by a Christian lady at Ocean Grove, recalled to the memory of the writer another sad case of a similar character.

A lady whose earthly course was just closing had been exulting in the prospect of a speedy entrance into the world of bliss, when suddenly the bright expression of her face changed to one of anguish, and her words of triumph to those of lamentation. "I have never done anything for Jesus!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how can I be permitted to enter Heaven? And if I should enter through the gates, how can I look at Jesus, and think of His wonderful love and goodness to me, and feel that I have never done anything for Him. If I had only brought one soul to Him! If I had done any good in the world! but, alas! I have been as a barren fig-tree! 'a slothful servant,' an 'idler in the Lord's vineyard.'"

No more did the joyous expression return to that face. Sadly she bade adieu to her friends, with the mournful utterance: "I have never done anything for Jesus! Never—done—anything—for Jesus!"

What a thought for a child of God, whose day for working is ended, and the night shades gathering round! Golden privileges, precious opportunities for soul-saving, all gone forever, and not one soul to present to Jesus as the result of the life-work!

Our dying day is approaching. What will be our reflections in the retrospect of our life as we shall view it in the light of eternity, just as we step from these mortal shores? How are we living? "At ease in Zion?" Seeking our own enjoyment, working for ourselves, for worldly gain, for the praise of men, for the things which perish with the using, instead of working for Jesus and "seeking the honor that cometh from God only," the things which are above, the pleasures that fade not away? Are we doing nothing for the salvation of immortal souls; nothing to advance the kingdom of our Redeemer in the world? Then may we expect to feel the bitter remorse of those whose dying words we have recorded.

Who would be willing to think, when dying, "I HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING FOR JESUS!" and to see in reserve "A STARLESS CROWN"?

## CHAPTER IX.

### TEMPERANCE WORK.

WE have seen that efforts in behalf of inebriates awakened a peculiar interest in the mind of the earnest Christian whose work has been our study. From the time when, as a little girl, she was instrumental in banishing the popular beverages from her father's sideboard, to the end of her life, she was identified with the temperance movement in every way possible.

In her own home she was a pattern of temperance, rarely using, even as a medicine, anything that could intoxicate. She sought also to fix in the minds of her children temperance principles. Well does the writer of these pages remember that, when he was a tiny child, a children's temperance society of some sort was being formed and he sought his mother's leave to join it. For some good reason, that leave was not given at that time, but the mother reminded her son that he and she could form a temperance organization. Then and there he promised her never to use intoxicating beverages or tobacco—a vow which, by God's grace, he has been enabled faithfully to keep. Such a personal pledge, made with a due sense of obligation, is vastly more likely to influence conduct than one made by a large number at once, with little realization of its meaning.

In the "Washingtonian Movement" and all the early efforts to organize temperance societies she was deeply

interested. Her house was often the stopping-place of lecturers on the subject, who visited the town where she resided, and she was ever ready with tongue and pen to advance temperance.

When, in 1852, the State of New Jersey was at white heat in efforts to secure the "Maine Law," none were more actively interested than Mrs. James in the circulation of petitions, holding meetings and in every way promoting the work. She wrote for a newspaper of the time an account of "The Twenty-seventh of January," 1853, as "a day never to be forgotten." She visited her native city, the State capital, to attend "That great convention, composed of such a multitude of the wise and good, the noblest minds, the warmest hearts, the truest philanthropists, assembled for the glorious object of removing from our land the curse of alcohol," and heard "such heart-thrilling appeals as never were listened to in Trenton before." She was impressed with the "procession, bearing in its front the great petition, as large in circumference as a barrel," which was presented to the State legislature, and in all the exercises of the day.

Mrs. James was one of a committee of ladies who presented the petition, signed by thousands of women, praying the legislature to enact the law which had accomplished such wonders in the Pine Tree State. She wrote a poetic appeal which was read before the men charged with responsibility in the matter.

Great things were hoped from that effort, but, as in too many cases since, the temperance people were disappointed. The legislature refused to accede to their request. This heart-stricken woman wrote in verse of

" Another year ! another year !  
Another long, long year ! "



of delay in the enactment of the prohibitory law, portraying in burning words the agony and woe which must come from the postponement which to her seemed so long and sad. Alas, alas! The lifetime of a generation has passed since, and her native State and the nation still groan under the curse, growing more and more bitter with passing years. Who can tell what myriads might have been saved had all Christians been as deeply impressed with the evils of intemperance, the necessity for total abstinence, and the righteousness and political wisdom of prohibition as was this woman. What wonders might be accomplished if the Christian people of to-day were all as earnest in this cause.

Mrs. James eagerly seized every opportunity for personal effort in behalf of the victims of strong drink. One case so well illustrates her energy and tact—shall we not say, inspired ingenuity?—as well as perseverance that her account of it, written, as was her wont, in the third person, is copied from the *Guide to Holiness*. It was published in 1871:

The train had just left Yarmouth camp-ground at the close of the camp-meeting, in the summer of 1864, when a young man of respectable appearance came staggering through one of the cars, so much intoxicated that he was scarcely able to keep his feet. At the extreme end of the car was a vacant seat, and on the next one sat a lady who, seeing the young man, touched his arm and invited him to occupy the seat beside her.

As she looked upon the poor inebriate her heart yearned toward him with intense solicitude, and all the feelings of the Christian mother were awakened in her breast. "I wonder if he has a praying mother?" was her first thought. "Oh, what peril he is in! Can I do anything for him? What can I do? He is not in a fit condition for me to talk to him; we have a long journey before us, and he will become sober after a while, and then I will converse with him."

After some time he arose and attempted to leave the car. The lady begged him to keep his seat, telling him there was great danger in passing from one car to another while the train was going so rapidly. Yielding to her entreaties he again became seated, but after a while repeated his attempt to leave the car. Again she remonstrated, urging him to wait till the train should stop. Looking at her earnestly, he said: "I know I'm drunk, and I'd better be dead anyhow. I'm a poor miserable wretch, and I don't see why such a lady as you should care for me." She said, "Have you a mother?" "Oh, yes," he replied, tears gushing from his eyes, "as good a mother as ever lived, and a good father, too, and I am breaking their hearts. Oh, I wish I had never been born, to be such a trouble to them! They have been praying for me all my life long, and I'm afraid their prayers will never be answered." His friend said, "I hope they will be answered yet, and that you will become a good and useful man. It is not in your power to resist the temptations that surround you, but God will give you strength to overcome, if you will ask Him." "No," said he, "there's no use in trying any more to break off from drinking. I have resolved a great many times, but have never kept my resolution long, and I've given up trying now. I'm going to the devil as fast as I can. When I get to Boston I am going to the worst place I can find, and there'll soon be an end of me, and the sooner the better."

Finding that he seemed now to comprehend what was said to him, she pressed the subject of religion upon him, telling him that if he would give himself to Christ he might be saved. He had "loved him and given Himself for him," was ready to receive him now, and would pardon his sins and change his heart, so that he would no longer desire to drink rum nor do anything sinful. Why would he not now come to Jesus and be saved, instead of giving himself up to Satan? Most fervently did her heart send up its supplications for help divine while thus pleading with the poor victim of the tempter, and as she saw the tears flowing from his eyes, she felt encouraged to urge her suit.

Just then, observing a Christian brother near by listening with apparent interest to the conversation, she said to him, "Brother, won't you help me pray for this poor young man, that the Holy Spirit may now be given to help him break away from the dreadful

snare of Satan and escape to the arms of Jesus for protection and salvation?"

He said: "Yes, sister; I will pray for him with all my heart."

The same appeal was made to several others, for the ear was filled with the followers of Jesus from the camp-meeting, and as they bowed their heads in supplication the poor young man bowed his head also, saying, as he did so, "Yes, do pray for me; and the Bible says, 'If two of you shall agree as touching anything,' to ask it of the Lord, if they ask in faith, nothing doubting, 'it shall be given them.'"

These words of inspiration, uttered by his lips for whom their united petitions were to be offered, deeply moved their hearts and gave a mighty impulse to their faith. As the ardent breathings of devout hearts went up to the Hearer of prayer, they felt that the wings of the Holy Dove overshadowed them and God himself drew near. They had taken hold of the horns of the altar, and the answer was sure to come. To her heart, who felt the deepest solicitude, it was spoken, "He shall be saved."

When the season of prayer was ended, the young man fixed his tearful eyes upon her and said:

"I ought to be good. I was named for such a good man. My given name is Isaae Newton."

His friend said: "Sir Isaae Newton was one of the best and the greatest of men. The same power that changed his heart can change yours also; the same all-cleansing blood of Jesus that washed his sin-stained soul can make yours clean, for Sir Isaac Newton's Savior is your Savior. JESUS DIED FOR YOU. He loves you. He wants to save you now."

A gleam of joy passed over his countenance, and he said: "Oh, how I wish I could be a Christian! How glad my dear parents would be! I have no doubt they are praying for me now. They don't know where I am and I did not mean to let them know. I thought I'd go to hell anyhow, and I'd go as soon as I could, and they should never hear from me again. I went to that camp-meeting with some of my wicked associates, and at a tavern near there we caroused all night. This morning my watch and money are gone! They've robbed me! Well, I deserve it, and hell itself is not too great a punishment for me. I have been religiously trained, well-educated, had a good example set before me, and

knew my duty so well, and to have become such a degraded wretch! Oh, I must go to hell, lady, there's no use in talking about my being saved, there's no mercy for such a vile sinner as I! No, no! You needn't say any more to me, there's no place for me now but one of the awful places that may be called the vestibule of hell, and then the next step will be into the pit! I'm bound to go there! I tell you, kind, good lady, your sympathy and efforts are wasted upon me; I can't be saved!"

As he uttered these words a look of such anguish and despair came over his face that it was awful to behold. It made one think of a lost spirit beyond the reach of hope and mercy; and no doubt Satan thought he had his victim fast enough now. But, thank heaven, Jesus triumphed after all!

"No, Isaac," said his friend, "Satan must not and shall not drag you down to the pit. He has his chain around you, I know, but the Almighty Savior can break that chain and set your captive spirit free! and He will do it, I know He will, if you will just say, 'Now I give myself up to Thee, blessed Jesus; save me! save me from the power of sin and Satan!' Just as sure as you sit on that seat Jesus is here to save you!" A ray of light passed over poor Isaac's face again. "And now," she continued, "I have a plan for you, Isaac; you shall go home with me and stay until a situation can be procured for you where you will be under good influences. My husband and I will do all we can for you, and you will yet become a respectable and good man."

He looked at her with astonishment, and exclaimed: "Lady, what does it mean that you should take such an interest in such a miserable drunkard as I am and a stranger to you? I never knew anything so strange as this." She replied: "It is because the Spirit of Jesus dwells in my heart; His Spirit makes me feel such solicitude for your salvation, it must be because Jesus wants to save you and means to save you. Don't you think this is sufficient evidence that there is mercy and salvation for you?"

"Why, yes, it does seem so," he said, his eyes brightening again. Then he seemed to be in deep thought. Directly he arose, saying, "I must go into the next car and see a friend of mine. I want to borrow some money of him."

"No, Isaac," said his friend, "don't go to him, he will lead you astray again. Stay with me, and it shall not cost you anything for

your board in Boston. We will soon find employment for you, and until then you will be at no expense."

"Thank you for your kind offer, good lady, but I won't live upon any one without paying my way. If you had anything for me to do, a horse to take care of, or any work I could do, I would go home with you."

Just then the train had reached Boston, and the lady's husband met her and was introduced to her new friend. She said :

"Now you will go home with us, Isaac."

"Indeed, you must excuse me. I appreciate your kindness, but I cannot go with you," he replied with firmness.

"But where do you mean to go?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said he. "I never was in Boston before and I don't know where I am going."

"You must go with us," she said; "I cannot excuse you. Come with us and dine, at least, and then we will see about a place for you."

Her husband joined in the request. Then, suddenly starting as if to leave them, Isaac repeated: "I can't go with you; excuse me, madam."

"But you will help us carry those things to the street car, won't you, Isaac?" handing him her camp-chair.

"O yes, madam, with pleasure; and I wish I could do a great deal more for you, to repay your kindness to me."

Arriving at the street car, she said: "Now, if you do feel really grateful to me you will manifest it by granting my request to go home with me to dinner. That will be the greatest favor you can do for me."

He then stepped into the car. On arriving at the home of his friend he handed the camp-chair into the hall; then, turning to go out of the door, said, "I must go now, indeed, ma'am."

"No, I can't let you go," she said, "for your precious soul is at stake! You will surely be ruined! Do, I beg of you, stay till after dinner."

Her entreaties were so earnest, Isaac could no longer resist. He went into the parlor and took a seat. Soon after he was offered a bath, which greatly refreshed him. He then took dinner, and afterward, by the advice of his friends, retired to his room and slept until the effects of his inebriation and fatigue were over.

That afternoon, a company of devoted Christians met in the parlor for social converse and prayer. Isaac was invited in and took his seat, looking sad and evidently ill at ease. His friend spoke of her providential meeting with the young man, and how God had laid him upon her heart, and requested their earnest prayers in his behalf. While their prayers were being offered Isaac wept much, and seemed to be engaged in prayer. At the close of the meeting he manifested a subdued and contrite spirit and seemed to be thinking about the interests of his soul.

All at once a thought struck the mind of his friend, that a camp-meeting was in progress at Hamilton, not far from Boston, and that would be the best place for Isaac. Looking to God for His help to induce him to go, she proposed her plan, telling him her son was there, a minister, and she would direct him to his care. He consented, and on the next morning, procuring a ticket for his passage and furnishing him with all things needful for his comfort, and a letter of introduction to her son, she saw him off on the train for Hamilton.

The nervous excitement produced by her intense solicitude in behalf of the precious soul that was so near the mouth of the pit had now prostrated her feeble body, and as she lay upon her bed, her soul-breathings into the ear of Him who listens to the cry of His children were unceasing. "O save the poor victim of the destroyer! Throw around him the arms of Thy compassion! Let him find rest to his soul at that camp-meeting. Save him, O Jesus, save him!" were the constant pleadings of her heart.

Two days after, her health being improved, she felt a longing to go and look after Isaac, and started for the camp-ground. On her arrival there, the first words she said to her son were: "Is Isaac converted?"

He replied: "He is in the altar among the penitents."

Hastening to the spot, as soon as she stepped within the inclosure she saw him standing among those who had just emerged from the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God, his countenance beaming with joy and his lips uttering praises to his great Deliverer.

The emotions of that heart, which had felt such unutterable longings for his salvation, were overwhelming. She wept, adored, exulted. "O the wonderful goodness of God, in snatching from

eternal burnings that precious soul!" she exclaimed. "What a glorious triumph of omnipotent Grace over the power of Satan!"

When Isaac saw her he rushed to her and, seizing her hand, exclaimed: "You have been the means of saving my poor soul! O how wonderful that God should have put it into your heart to care for such a poor sinner as I."

The next day he wrote to his parents, informing them of his conversion. The joy of their hearts was expressed in a speedy reply, with an earnest invitation for the prodigal's return to the parental home, and although the efforts of his friends to procure him a situation in Boston promised success, he concluded to return to his parents.

Several letters to his Boston friends afterward conveyed the most pleasing assurances of his faithfulness. The last intelligence received concerning him was of the most satisfactory nature, making glad her heart whom he called his spiritual mother, and causing her to praise and magnify His great name, for this marvelous display of His power to save.

When Francis Murphy, the widely known temperance lecturer, was in Philadelphia in the winter of 1873 and '74, daily prayer-meetings were held to deepen the spiritual impressions of the public addresses. Mrs. James was, at the time, residing in Philadelphia, and entered into this work with all the enthusiasm of her nature. The following account of her efforts is from a letter to her son, dated April 30, 1874:

The temperance work multiplies on my hands and the Lord helps me wonderfully. I never had more liberty in speaking than I have had in these meetings. A marked feature of the work is that it is wonderfully religious in its character. Those who sign the pledge come to Jesus and are saved. Our temperance meetings are sometimes like love-feasts. Salvation experiences multiply daily, and it is glorious to hear these monuments of grace testifying of Him who is "mighty to save." I never felt more conscious of the Divine approval as well as of the anointing of the Holy Ghost as a qualification for work. In speaking of Jesus and His love, and leading

the poor victims of the destroyer to the Fountain of cleansing, my heart has been drawn into closer intimacy with the Precious One who is my strength, my life, my joy. His presence and smiles are so cheering, so delightful, that I scarcely realize my toils. "Labor is rest" indeed, when Jesus makes our burdens light.

Desiring, if possible, to obtain further particulars in regard to this work, the writer of this volume addressed inquiries to the friend and co-laborer of his mother, Mrs. Dr. Gause, of Philadelphia, and to this lady he is indebted for the following :

"To do full justice to the subject would require a detailed narrative of numerous meetings held for prayer and exhortation in public halls and private houses, where Sister James became, as usual with her, conspicuous for earnest and effectual pleadings with and for the enslaved who were seeking deliverance from their thralldom. . . . The Women's Christian Temperance Union established a daily Gospel meeting to supplement the arousing labors of Mr. Murphy. They became gleaners, and most successfully did they glean, gathering into the fold many precious souls. Sister James attended many of these meetings, pleading, praying, and singing with a fervency that won many souls and inspired her co-workers.

"Of this latter phase of dear Sister James's life—inspiring workers—I feel led to say more: Five years since we established, in connection with our temperance work, a Ladies' Union Devotional Meeting for the deepening of the spiritual life and the communicating of God's Word, whereby women might be educated for Christ's work, in whatever department, in the order of God, they might be called to labor. In this meeting, in its incipiency, Mrs. James's words, testimony, and character shone forth with brilliant luster. She had been in life a success in all lines of spiritual service. Truly she went forth carrying the precious seed, sowing by all waters, in all places. Her very looks, spirit, manner, as well as well-seasoned words, carried germs that affected every one who heard. I find, as I write, that mere words cannot give expression to the fact of Mrs. James's rare, magnetic, divinely spiritual influence.

"To me she was always an inspiration, leading me up to the



heights I had not known, and paths of deepest humiliation were pointed out, where is the most fruitful ground for pilgrims journeying to the celestial city. In all the years I knew her I never found Mrs. James at a stand-still point or stagnation period. She was ever stepping up and onward. Always, after one of our memorable seasons of sweet converse of the deep things of God, it was 'Arise, let us go onward unto greater victories, grander achievements, holier ground.' The 'parasitism' that Drummond speaks of in our churches to-day was totally unknown in Mrs. James's life and character."

One case of marked interest which occurred in connection with the work in Philadelphia was narrated in a little pamphlet, or large tract, written by Mrs. James, entitled, *A Thrilling Narrative*, of which a small edition, long since exhausted, was published by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This so signally manifests the divine power that it is worthy of record in very brief outline here. The *Narrative* opens :

One day early in April, 187-, a young man, upon whom the destroyer had set marks too plain to be concealed, arose in a temperance meeting in Philadelphia and said: "I will give you a page from my life history. I was reared by Christian parents and taught to revere sacred things, and until sixteen years of age was correct in my habits. About that time I was sent away from home to school, where I formed evil associations and imbibed a love of strong drink. The appetite grew upon me until I became a confirmed inebriate, and was expelled from college before the period when I might have graduated. I went home in disgrace. Soon after my return to my parents I was one night brought home in a state of helpless intoxication. The next evening I was in the same condition, and my father bade me leave his house to return no more until I should become a sober man. The terrible shock occasioned by my ruin and banishment from home broke my mother's heart, and caused a serious attack of illness, on account of which I was summoned, within three weeks, to find her in a dying condition. With deepest sorrow and contrition I knelt at her bedside and asked and

received my dear mother's forgiveness, and promised to abandon my evil ways and meet her in heaven.

"After leaving my home again, I spent some time in the study of medicine and entered the medical profession. I kept my pledge and did well. On a New Year's Day I made a visit to my home and called upon my old friends. At several places I was offered wine, but in every case declined it. Afterward, calling on a lady friend, she offered me milk punch. At first I declined it, but she insisted, saying: 'It is perfectly harmless, don't refuse it.' Immediately the appetite revived. I took the goblet, drank its contents, had it filled again, and drank the fatal draught. Went directly to a saloon and drank till I was beastly drunk. Was again discarded by my father, and returned to the place of my residence to disgrace myself by a life of dissipation. Soon I lost my practice, went away as a poor tramp, and became a wretched vagabond. Last January, on one of the coldest nights, I was kicked out of a saloon at midnight without hat, coat, or vest, having bartered them all for rum. I should have frozen to death on the sidewalk had not a kind-hearted man taken pity on me and had me taken care of. Last night I signed the pledge at Mr. Murphy's meeting, and I will try, by God's help, to keep it."

This young man and another, who spoke immediately after him, calling himself the doctor's chum, were invited by Mrs. Gause to her home, where Mrs. James was at the time a visitor. Their appearance caused Dr. Gause to remark to his guest: "Look, Mrs. James! there comes my wife with a tramp on each side of her." Mrs. James's account goes on to say of the wanderer, whose name was Henry S. Parmelee:

After tea he took his hat and was about leaving, but we had all with one accord set our hearts to bring him to Jesus, and could not consent to have him leave the house till he was converted. Mrs. Gause said to him: "We are going to have prayer, and you must stay." He consented. She took up a Bible, and, opening it, said: "Listen to the words of God. I lifted my heart in prayer to Him as I opened this book and said: 'Give me a message to Dr. Parmelee,'

and this is the message: 'I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners. I create the fruit of the lips. Peace, peace to him that is far off and to him that is near, saith the Lord: and I will heal him.'"—Isaiah, lvii: 18, 19. The doctor dropped his head, and with tears exclaimed: "That is for me. I am far off and He is calling me."

We knelt in prayer. A devout Episcopalian lady, Mrs. D——, offered earnest supplication on behalf of the repentant prodigal, in which all hearts earnestly joined. Then the penitent poured out his soul in such strains of contrite pleading and confession as melted our hearts: "O God! I am a poor wanderer! I am indeed far off. O bring me near to Thee! I am wounded and bruised by sin, O heal me! For Christ's sake heal me! I come to Thee, the Redeemer of my soul, O save me! I am a wretched, lost sinner, O Jesus, forgive and receive me!"

The *Narrative* gives details of his struggle, and adds: "The prodigal went forth from that house a new creature." It recounts his victory over tobacco; his early efforts as a temperance worker, and his subsequent entrance upon the work of the Christian ministry, his marriage, and great usefulness, and then states that he died with his relatives, November 12, 1882. Here surely was a trophy of divine grace, "A brand plucked from the burning."

Many such poor wanderers were helped to find their way to Jesus by the faith and counsels of Mrs. James. During her last summer on earth she became interested in one whom she met at Ocean Grove. He had doubted almost every truth of religion and had no confidence in its professors, but became convinced of her genuineness and was drawn toward her Savior. After her death it was pathetic to hear his expressions of admiration of her character and gratitude for her labors in his behalf.

In the autumn of 1874 the writer of this volume was pastor of a church in Stafford Springs, Conn. In that

town, under the iniquitous license system, intemperance had flourished, and the beautiful village felt its blighting influence. A Woman's Christian Temperance Union, one of the first in the State, was formed. The subject of this memoir was then visiting her son and was greatly interested and helpful in this organization. The people united in an effort to carry a vote of the town against license, under the local option laws of Connecticut. Among the means used to awaken public attention was the circulation of a petition among women for their signatures. This petition was in the following words: "We, your sisters, wives, and mothers, earnestly pray you, our brothers, husbands, sons, and legal protectors, to defend our hearts and homes from the desolation of rum by voting 'no license.'"

On the day of the vote Mrs. James wrote on a sheet of foolscap paper a copy of this petition, in very large letters. To this the more than three hundred signatures were appended and the document was hung in a prominent place in the voting-room. That day "no license" was carried by a majority of one hundred and twenty-four, although the year before the majority had been nearly as large for license. One result of the movement in Stafford was that the most prominent dealer soon found himself in the clutches of the law and was compelled eventually to leave the place. Many believe this was in answer to the prayers of these Christian women. Only once in all the years since has the town voted for license. The whole spirit and condition of the place is changed. Of course, Mrs. James was only one of the workers, but there, as in every place where she labored, her zeal and faith inspired and helped others and God was glorified in the results.

## CHAPTER X.

### HELPING YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

A SUCCESSFUL business man, when near the close of a long life, was asked what, in his career, was looked back upon by him with most of satisfaction. He replied that several times he had embraced opportunities to help young men. To some he had loaned money, to others he had given counsel, and to a number he had lent a hand in some time of special need. Most of these were now winning success in life, and it gave him supreme satisfaction to think that the timely aid he had rendered might have contributed to that success.

If such is the pleasure caused by giving aid in matters purely secular how great is the privilege of helping in the development of the spiritual life, especially of those whom God accepts and uses in His work. Perhaps few persons in private life have been permitted to do so much of this work as the subject of this memoir.

Her published books and her many contributions to newspapers and magazines have been blessed to innumerable readers. But she was not content with striving in a general way to do good. It was her habit to cultivate personal acquaintance with those around her, and especially young people, and by conversation or correspondence to guide or stimulate, to warn or counsel, as the case might require. A few quotations from letters of those who have survived her and who yet feel the impress of

her hand upon them may give some conception of her work of this kind.

About the year 1840 Mrs. James became acquainted with the Rev. Socrates Townsend, then a young minister just entering upon his work. Impressed with his earnestness and the depth of his piety, she gladly corresponded with him. The first of Mrs. James's letters which has come under the writer's eye is dated November 28, 1840. In the glowing style with which the reader has become familiar it describes the visit to New York which was made in connection with the publication of *Little Mary*. The correspondence was continued through the lady's life, and one of her latest visits was to the home of her friend, at Little Silver, N. J.

In a letter accompanying the package of highly prized epistles Mr. Townsend remarks:

“I need not tell you what a deep interest I always felt in your dear, departed mother, nor need I inform you what a blessing it was to me, as a young minister, to have the example and counsels of such a friend as she was. I have often said that hers, take it for all in all, was the most beautiful Christian life that I ever witnessed, and shall always be heartily thankful that I ever became acquainted with her.”

Another, who not many years later was similarly aided by the subject of this memoir, was the Rev. John Parker, now for many years of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who thus writes:

“In the winter of 1848 I was engaged in revival work with the pastor and people of the Green Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Trenton, N. J. During this winter I met, for the first time, your now sainted mother, at the house of your revered and saintly grandmother and uncle, in Trenton.

“I was almost a stranger in this land. I ‘knew the heart of a stranger.’ Your mother, so wise of heart, no doubt saw some sign of this loneliness, for, in a few moments, she won my love forever by saying, ‘Let me be your mother.’ From that hour she became to me a godly friend and safe counselor. She kept over me a watchful interest. During several years she wrote to me almost every week, O such inspiring letters, full of just the motherly suggestions I needed. I left the old New Jersey Conference, came farther north, was launched out into a broad, busy life of a Methodist preacher, since which time she wrote and we met only occasionally. But I know her interest in me continued till her departure to her heavenly inheritance; for when weary and longing for a little quiet rest, or a specially good Sabbath, she would write to say, ‘I am coming to spend a Sabbath with you.’ Then we got ready for an angel’s visit. And she always left a benediction.

“The fragrance of her gentle, unselfish, and saintly life was so widely diffused that I cannot add either to its sweetness or its quantity. In every element of holiness she was my ideal Christian. Whenever I have wanted an ideal life that had made holy living possible and actual I have called up to my thinking the fruits of the Spirit as perfected in the life of your dear mother, in early life my mother and counselor, in later years my human standard and ideal. I shall cherish the memory of her holy life and teachings and sing her unctuous songs till I see her again in the city of many mansions.”

A beloved nephew of Mrs. James, Robert B. Yard, entered the Christian ministry about the same time as Rev. Mr. Parker. Scores of pages might be filled with extracts from wise and helpful letters to this young clergyman, written during the days of his student life and of his early labors in the pastorate. Mr. Yard and his aunt were kindred spirits, and their correspondence was mutually profitable. His beautiful and useful life ended some years before that of her whose counsels did much to shape that life and give it strength and beauty.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. James called

forth a letter from the Rev. Joshua A. Lippincott, D.D., now Chancellor of the Kansas University, from which the following extract is taken :

“I shall do less than my duty if I fail to say that your mother’s influence upon me in the formative period of my life was very great. Indeed, I may go farther and say that, though in later years I have not very often met her, yet the memory of what she was and continued to be, and of her quiet, gentle Christian influence upon me when I was a boy in Mount Holly, of the cordial welcome that always greeted me at her house and made me feel almost like a member of her family—this memory has followed me like a benediction all these years, and has exerted an influence I cannot tell how great.”

These are a few of scores whom her gentle yet strong hand touched, and helped to mold into men who have wrought wisely and well for God and humanity.

If this is true of so many who seemed to have no claim upon this good woman, save that growing out of relationship to a common Savior and their need, what shall be said of her influence upon him whom God gave into her special charge and to prepare whom for usefulness seemed for years to be the chief object of her life. No words of her son can convey to another his sense of obligation to the one who, under God, shaped his destiny for time and eternity.

To her he owes the kindling of desire for an education. In answer to her prayers and largely through her efforts his way was strangely, providentially opened to secure advantages in school and seminary and college.

As now he writes, there is before him a letter, only one of hundreds, and yet one the influence of which he will never be able to estimate. It bears date, “December 11, 1852.” It covers ten pages of letter paper. But for its length he would yield to inclination and copy the entire



epistle. An outline must be given. It was written just after the youth had left the parental roof to enter upon student life, and is full of counsels such as every student needs, but too few receive. Specific rules of conduct are laid down, with comments and illustrations that add to their impressiveness. These rules are :

*First.*—When you awake in the morning of each day let your thoughts immediately ascend to God.

*Second.*—Before leaving your room kneel and devoutly implore the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all your thoughts, words, and actions through the day.

*Third.*—Be very watchful.

*Fourth.*—Cherish a spirit of gratitude and love to God as the Author of all your blessings.

*Fifth.*—Order your conversation aright.

*Sixth.*—Read the Word of God daily, and not only read but study it, thoughtfully, diligently, and with much prayer.

*Seventh.*—Be diligent in the improvement of your time; let no moment pass unemployed or unimproved.

*Eighth.*—In all you say and do, have a single eye to the glory of God.

Above all things, be clothed with humility.

Would not any life be made sublime by *heeding* counsels like these? Few receive such suggestions at the time when the character is being formed. Receiving them, too few act upon them. Perhaps one reason for the little impression that is made by such suggestions is that counselors cannot say as does this mother in the opening paragraph of the letter :

“Most fervently do I pray that the Spirit of all wisdom, truth, and grace may dictate every word I shall write, and that through its blessed influence you may be able to act in accordance with the advice given you. Receive it then, my dear son, not only as your mother’s counsel, but as coming from the Great Spirit in whom

your mother trusts, and whose aid she invokes with humble and heart-felt reliance upon His gracious guidance. Receive it prayerfully. When you shall have read it kneel down before the Lord and earnestly plead for grace to enable you to be governed by the rules recommended for your adoption."

Deeply does the son feel that he has failed to measure up to the standard set for him, but few have been the days in which counsels in that letter have not come to his mind and, to some extent, at least, influenced his conduct. There was not a week during the years of his young manhood in which that mother did not follow up the impressions of that letter with similar counsels, oral or written. Has not that son reason to thank God for such a mother?

Possibly her relationship to one striving to do the work of a minister increased her interest, during middle and later life, in young men, and especially those whom God was calling to active service. Not many years before her death the following article from her pen appeared in the *Guide to Holiness*. It expresses lifelong convictions, and illustrates this phase of her work:

*Take Care of the Boys.*

Sixteen years ago there were five promising boys connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in one of the cities in New Jersey. Those boys found a warm place in the heart of a Christian woman of that church, who prayed for them, instructed them, and encouraged them in the good way, and by every means in her power tried to influence them to devote their lives to the service of God. At her house a meeting was held weekly for the promotion of holiness, to which the boys were specially invited. The rich testimonies of devoted Christians to which they listened led them to seek for the same blessed experience, and incited an ardent desire to be Christ-like and to be instrumental in bringing souls to a knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal.

Their friend who was so deeply interested in them one day said to her pastor: "Do you know much about the boys?" mentioning their names. "No," he replied, "I have but little knowledge of them." She said: "I think they are very promising. They evidently possess considerable talent as well as piety. Their prayers and testimonies in the social meetings at our house certainly evince ability for usefulness, and I should not wonder if every one of those five boys should be called to the ministry."

The pastor opened wide his eyes, looking astonished, and said: "Why, I never have thought of such a thing! I must look after those boys."

From that time he called upon them occasionally to lead in prayer and to speak in prayer-meetings, and sometimes they were sent into the country with some of the older brethren to assist in meetings. By and by they were licensed as exhorters, and eventually they were sent to a seminary to prepare for the ministry, and thence to one of the Annual Conferenees, in which they have all been acceptable and useful ministers of the blessed Gospel of Christ to the present time, having fruits of their ministry. The circumstances leading to their entire consecration to God were recalled to mind while recently listening to a sermon from one of them which thrilled the heart of their old friend.

In thinking afterward of other boys in whom, during the last half-century, she had been specially interested, and whom she has tried to help in the service of God, she counted twelve others who are in the Gospel ministry, making seventeen\* in all, who are doing blessed work for Christ as His faithful ambassadors, except one, who has gone to his reward in heaven. Of these some were of her own household and several were her scholars in the Sabbath-school.

Besides these, many scores of other boys were objects of her prayerful solicitude and instructions, who have been led into the fold of Jesus and kept there by being carefully watched over and nurtured while yet tender lambs of the flock. Many of these are now leading and useful members of various churches; some of

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\* In a letter written a few weeks before her death, Mrs. James speaks of a young member of the New Jersey Conference as one of the twenty-five whom she had helped into the ministry. So did the number increase with passing years.

them bid fair to become ministers, and others have joined the Church triumphant.

The girls have had an equal share of her influence and help, and probably even more success has crowned her efforts in regard to them; but it is the object of this statement to show that great responsibility rests upon the church, especially in reference to boys. They are more exposed to temptations, more liable to be ensnared by the allurements of sin, and need the most careful watching and training on the part of Christian parents, teachers, and friends. Many who might have been this day used by the hand of God in the building up of His kingdom are now being used by Satan as instruments of evil.

If the boys are not looked after diligently the destroyer will be almost sure to seize them as his prey. The danger of their ruin is not apprehended by their parents and the church as it should be, and such safeguards are not placed around them nor are such vigorous efforts made to save them as the peril of their condition demands.

Let the church awake and let Christian ministers and parents be admonished in regard to this matter. Let us all do what we can  
TO TAKE CARE OF THE BOYS.

Her own statement above will show that the labors of Mrs. James, of the kind here described, were not confined to candidates for the ministry, or even to young men. Wherever she found one possessed of qualifications for usefulness, or one whose perplexity or discouragement or need, growing out of any other circumstances, appealed to her, she gladly gave such words or practical aid as seemed to her best. Her ear and heart were always open to hear a story of difficulties or needs, and hundreds have received in conversation and prayer with her such help as has lifted them to new attitudes of hope and activity. Indeed, it was this Christ-like compassion—"feeling with" those whom she met, even casually—that gave her whose work is under consideration such a wonderful hold upon hearts.

A few months after Mrs. James's death the writer met at Ocean Grove a lady whose pen is actively engaged for the cause of Christ. In conversation she spoke of having been introduced to Mrs. James, and of the impression at once made by her deep spirituality and "wonderful tenderness for the little afflictions of people that the world will pass by and not notice." Not long after their first meeting the stranger was sick and sent for her new friend. The prayer offered in that sick-room, the evidence that "one can live for a good purpose," inspired in the young heart a wish to do so herself and a conviction that by grace she could do it. Said she: "I shall never forget the influence of that visit." Again and again, during a brief interview, did she exclaim: "I am so glad I met your mother."

Mrs. James took time to look into the minutiae of the cares and difficulties of those she met. Was a lodging-place wanted? She did not say: "Go to such a place," but "I will go with you and see about a room." To the young woman here alluded to such an offer was specially a favor, because of what she called her "horror of going among strangers." So, in all the work of that busy life, there was no thought of self, but the constant effort to help others and the constant prayer for divine guidance in such help.

It may not be possible for many to lend a hand to so large a number of needy ones as came in contact with this Christian woman, but no life is so poor that it cannot make some other life brighter and better. All around us are people sinking under burdens too heavy for them, but which, with our help, could be easily carried. Especially are there young people perplexed, tempted, it may be, in despair, and ready to yield to ad-

verse influences. As a matter of pure enjoyment, reaching after and helping one such soul is worth a life-time of selfish living. And then, has not Christ himself taught us \* that the destinies of our eternity will hinge upon our improvement of all opportunities for such service, even to "the least of these," His disciples and friends?

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\* Matt. xxv : 31-46.

## CHAPTER XI.

### AT CAMP-MEETINGS.

THE love for gatherings of God's people in groves, kindled by the blissful experience mentioned in one of the early chapters, never lost its influence over the subject of this memoir. From his early childhood her son was accustomed to go with the family to these scenes of Christian worship, labor, and enjoyment.

The first camp-meeting of which he has a distinct recollection was that which was held in Vincenttown, N. J., in August, 1847. His own love for Christ, kindled some time before, had lost its fervor, and, in her intense anxiety for his restoration, his mother took her child to this meeting under a promise to seek the Savior.

Two scenes come vividly before the mind as it once more contemplates that camp-meeting. One is that of a little boy, kneeling at a bench in front of the stand, with his mother and other Christian friends, including several ministers, prompted largely by regard for the mother, kneeling around him, pleading for the divine blessing.

The other scene is in a tent; the hour midnight. The daughter of the presiding elder in charge of the camp-meeting, a young miss from Philadelphia, and the same lad are kneeling at the board seat in the center of the tent, again surrounded by Christian friends. Before the close of that tent-service Jesus manifested Himself and all rejoiced. The first of the trio long since passed to

the home beyond the river. For a quarter of a century the other two have itinerated together. Is it strange that that camp-meeting is remembered?

In meetings in consecrated groves, if anywhere on earth, Mrs. James was at home. The entire freedom from cares and thoughts of a secular character, the leafy temple where her nature-loving spirit reveled, and, above all, the religious influences of the place, lifted her to altitudes of holy ecstasy above those attained under any other circumstances. Rarely did a summer pass without her attending one or more such gatherings. From her letters and contributions to periodicals a volume of her camp-meeting experiences might be compiled. There is room here for but a few pages in regard to this phase of her work.

One year later than the meeting mentioned above, in August, 1848, the camp-ground near Vincenttown was the scene of another remarkable meeting, of which Mrs. James gives a glowing account in a letter to her nephew, Rev. Robert B. Yard, then preaching at Keyport, N. J. It describes her own labors and enjoyments, and the influence of the meeting in giving a new impulse to the work of holiness, especially among the members of the church at Mount Holly. Then comes the following account of the conversion of a young lady in whose salvation both aunt and nephew had been deeply interested, which shows this Christian woman at work :

Have you heard that M—— B—— has given her heart to the Savior? It is really so. On Friday evening I felt my whole soul going out in earnest longing for her salvation. I had prayed much for her during the camp-meeting, but had few opportunities of conversing with her, for she seemed to shun me, fearing I would make an effort to bring her to the point, which she much dreaded, as she



has since told me, though she had a secret desire to be benefited by the meeting. On Friday evening I addressed her pointedly on the subject of seeking her salvation, and urged her to go into the Mount Holly tent with me to prayer-meeting. She went, and I left a moment to get a chair, and when I returned found she had given me the slip. I requested Sister P—— to go with me to look for her. After searching for some time we found her and brought her back. She wept much, and seemed on the point of yielding to go forward as a penitent, but the time for evening preaching being near, she said she would defer kneeling at the mourner's bench.

After preaching I again went in pursuit of her and brought her into the Mount Holly tent, where a prayer-meeting was going on with great power. She knelt as a mourner; her heart was completely broken up. For two hours she continued weeping and praying, but found no comfort. In the morning after breakfast I took her into our tent. My heart was all glowing with the Savior's love, and in His strength who "giveth power to the faint" I endeavored to show her the way of faith. She said she was willing to give herself to Christ fully and be His forever. She had renounced the world, and all she desired was to be a child of God and an heir of heaven. I told her if the consecration was made, if indeed she had given herself to God, He certainly did then accept her according to His own blessed promise, and now it was only to believe with all her heart that she was accepted and the evidence would immediately come, and her heart would be filled with joy and peace in believing. She was enabled to believe and entered into rest. We commenced singing:

"He has taken my feet from the mire and the clay,  
And placed them on the Rock of Ages ;"

and M—— joined her sweet voice with ours in singing praises to Him who had loved her and given Himself for her. . . . I proposed her coming home with me to spend a few days, hoping she would gain spiritual strength. She has been here a week and has been gaining daily. Her evidence of justification has become very clear, but she says nothing short of holiness will do for her. She must be a whole-hearted Christian. She says, in reading the Bible, she sees it fully and clearly set forth as the privilege and the duty of Christians to be holy, to love the Lord with all their heart. . . .

She has been watching Christians for years, and has seen so few who were consistent, that she felt a disgust almost at the name of Christian. O Robert, is it indeed true that the mass of professors are really stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners? Awful thought! . . .

M— wrote a letter to her mother, which she gave me the privilege of reading. She said: "Dear mother, can you realize, can you believe, that I, who left you a proud, rebellious, wicked girl, am coming back to you a meek and humble follower of Jesus? Mother, what reason have you to rejoice! . . . I wish to be a deeply devoted Christian. You know I served Satan faithfully, and now I hope I shall serve the Lord as devotedly."

Some thirty years had passed, during most of which the lady then converted had been a happy wife, when her friend was telegraphed of her sudden death. All through those years the convert clung to Mrs. James with warmest love. Only a few days before her death they had conversed together and promised each other a longer interview in the near future. The bereaved friend wrote to her son:

I have sustained a loss which I deeply feel. She was a congenial spirit and a firm and loving friend. Her character was lovely in many respects, always doing good with her means, and so sympathizing and kind. To me hers was above ordinary friendship, and I prized it.

After speaking of influences that had been helpful to her departed friend, especially in her later life, Mrs. James adds: "O what a glorious thought, that we have helped a precious soul to heaven! What can compare with it!"

In 1856 Mrs. James and her son spent some weeks together at Cape May. The son returned to his pastoral work at Westfield and the mother went to Philadelphia to accompany her brother, Mr. Edmund J. Yard,

and some friends of his, to a camp-meeting at Penn's Grove, N. J. Finding that Mr. Yard had already gone, and some of the Philadelphia people were to follow on Saturday, Mrs. James went with this party so as to anticipate, by forty-eight hours, the opening of the regular services. A letter to the son, giving a detailed account of many incidents connected with this meeting, was published in the *Guide to Holiness*, with the title: "The Power of Perfect Love in Usefulness." Some extracts from this letter will give the reader an idea of the manner in which the time was packed with sacred exercises.

First is an account of the delightful preparation for the regular work in quiet tent meetings, one of them specially profitable on account of a discourse by the Rev. Andrew Longacre, from the words, "I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Then follow some incidents of the meeting itself, but it is of a sort of after-meeting that the letter has most to say :

On Saturday, 9th, the camp-meeting was formally closed ; but many of the Union Church Company remained till Monday, and a number of others stayed with them. On Saturday night Brother E— [Mr. Yard] remarked, in the prayer-meeting, that, on the coming day, there would be a great work for us to do, as there were comparatively few of us to labor ; and it would be necessary for us to be clothed with divine power, that one might chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. A multitude of unconverted persons would be on the ground, and we must pray God to give us power to prevail with them to be reconciled to Christ. We thought, indeed, when we saw them coming the next day, and looked at our "two loaves and a few small fishes," "What are these among so many?" But we knew our omnipotent Lord could make them sufficient. So He did. Blessed be His holy name!

On Sabbath morning I arose early and walked some distance from the camp that I might have a season of communion with God. I had been longing for this ; for no religious communion, no privileges, however exalted and precious, can compensate for the loss of this holiest, sweetest, most precious privilege, of communing with God alone. It seemed to me more delightful than ever before. All nature was sending up her orisons. The beautiful trees, as they waved their branches in the morning breeze, were praising the great Triune. The lovely birds, flitting so joyously from tree to tree, were singing their matin songs. And, as the bright rays of the morning sun darted their radiance through the foliage, it seemed to me they were emitted from the Sun of Righteousness to cheer my heart.

O there was a sanctity, a hallowed sweetness, in that blessed Sabbath day. As I lifted my heart to the Most High and asked Him to fill me with the Spirit, that I might be empowered to work for Him, I felt it descend upon me, and I was so strengthened with might in the inner man that I could not have hesitated to do any duty. I said : "Now Lord, I am ready to go out to battle ; for Thou hast equipped me for the war, and in Thy strength I can do valiantly.

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts, a worm  
Shall in His glorious might prevail."

I returned to the camp and sat for some time on a pile of boards, lost in the contemplation of divine things and in communion with Jesus. How clearly He made me see that, of myself, I was perfect weakness, but, through His strength, I could do all things. Overwhelmed with a sense of His stupendous love and condescending goodness, I scarcely realized where I was ; for, as yet, there had nothing occurred to break the quiet of that hallowed spot, our company being hardly awake. There I sat, rapt in the most blissful meditations for some time—how long, I know not. That precious Sabbath morning I never, never can forget. At length I went into our cooking department and talked to the poor colored people about Jesus. I found one only out of six who loved the Savior. The Good Spirit helped me to talk with them, and one promised to seek the salvation of her soul.

Again I said : "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do ?" A dear

sister, who had been blessed the night before, needed some instruction. I went to her with a message. She said it was a great blessing to her.

At nine o'clock our experience meeting commenced, and the presence of the Highest overshadowed us. It was a season of great interest and profit. Many had come expecting preaching, and they listened with deep attention to the testimonies which were given. When I arose to speak I was looking to God for help. He, indeed, gave me something to say. I never was more conscious of resting in Christ, and being under the direct guidance of His Spirit, than then ; but I was led in a singular manner. After relating a portion of my own experience, a message was given me to sinners, and in the strength of the Lord I delivered it.

I was only the organ of clay through which God chose to speak to the people, but the power of the Spirit rested upon me. I felt it like fire in my bones. I believe I could have faced a thousand, yes, ten thousand people, without being daunted, and talked to them of Jesus and the joys of His salvation. I have often wondered how our beloved Sister Palmer could stand up and talk before large congregations and seem so undaunted. Now I understood it. She

“ Sees the Lord, her keeper, stand  
Omnipotently near ;  
Lo ! he holds her by the hand  
And banishes her fear.”

That is the secret. It is not because she has so much self-confidence. O no ; but because she trusts in the living God. He is her Strength and her Shield. Glory be to His name.

While at the dinner-table, some one said, “ Sister W—— is yonder, talking with a Universalist lecturer, and a crowd is about her.” I thought, “ I would not like to be in her place ; I should be afraid to argue with a Universalist.” Then I thought again, “ Why, yes, I would, if called by God, and He filled my mouth with arguments.” I went to see how Sister W—— succeeded, and found she had just closed the conversation ; her opponent still maintained his position, stoutly denouncing the Bible and religion, declaring that all the people in the world were sure of heaven. I had no idea of saying a word until Sister W—— had ceased ; then I was impelled to

speak. I told him I desired to ask him a question. He replied, he had no time to stay and could not converse with me. I replied: "I do not wish to hold a conversation with you, only ask you a question." He hurried away, although several gentlemen urged him to listen to my question. I then addressed the others, saying: "I will ask you the question which I intended to put to the man who left us. You have been listening to the conversation, and some of you may have been influenced by his arguments; for, although utterly false and without foundation, the doctrine of Universalism seems plausible, and to the unrenewed and carnal heart it is pleasing to cherish the belief that you may indulge in all the sinful pleasures of the world as long as you live, and be sure of heaven after death. This is what you are naturally inclined to do, and perhaps many of you now cherish these sentiments, and are thereby preventing the salvation of your souls.

"That man is in a delusion, and I have no doubt but, at some period of his life, he has been enlightened and powerfully influenced by the Spirit of God, and now he is walking in darkness, and perhaps is given up to 'believe a lie,' that he may be damned; because he 'has pleasure in unrighteousness.' Possibly he may once have known the way of righteousness, and has departed from it; for apostates generally become the darkest and most hardened in sin." "Yes," replied some one, "that man was a Methodist for seven years." I replied, "This is the secret of his blindness of mind, and I fear, from his present position, he is given up by the Holy Spirit to believe a lie. But the question I was about to ask is this: Admitting the possibility that Universalism is true, and that no place of punishment is for the wicked, will not Christians be as well off as others? Will it be any disadvantage to them that they have loved and served God? You answer, certainly it will be as well with them as with others. Now I ask, supposing Christianity to be true, and Universalism false; suppose there should be a place of punishment, as the Bible declares, and the wicked should be 'turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God,' who then will be on safe ground? Will not sinners find themselves in a sad condition then?"

The countenances of all seemed to indicate an affirmative answer. Then I said, "How wise it would be for you all to secure an interest in Christ to-day! If religion can do you no harm, but will

make you much happier, even in this life, and give you good security for an inheritance in heaven, is it not the best thing you can do to embrace it now?"

Then I commenced singing,

" We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,  
Will you go?"

Some of the brethren and sisters joined me, and we sang it in good earnest, for the Holy Spirit helped us. Many looked deeply serious. One fine-looking gentleman, as he approached our circle, looked at me with an expression of contempt and derision, making a remark to some one beside him; but, as I was singing, "Will you go?" I prayed, "Lord, send it to his heart!" Then, fixing my eye upon him, I repeated the words, "Will you go?" His countenance fell. He looked as if an arrow had pierced his heart. He stood and listened with a solemn countenance. After the second verse was sung, I said, "Will you go? Jesus, your Redeemer, asks, 'Will you go?' The Holy Spirit asks, 'Will you go?' God has sent us, His servants, to ask, 'Will you go?' This may be the last time the question will be asked, 'Will you go?' You may never again be invited to heaven. O will you go?" We sang the other verses; then one of the brethren prayed with much power. God was evidently influencing the hearts of the people, and we afterwards had the joy of seeing several of them bow at the foot of the cross and give themselves to Christ.

When I turned from this group, I saw several men sitting near and looking serious. I felt urged to go to them. Two of them were intemperate, and looked as if they were very poor and wretched. They were brothers. My mission was to them; and, while talking to them, I saw that they felt deeply. They were sober and understood themselves perfectly. After pleading with them for a long time to set their faces toward heaven, one of them gave me his hand and said, in a solemn manner, "I will promise you to set out for heaven this very day. I promise now I will meet you there, and think I will know you when I see you in heaven." He said he would go into the prayer-meeting and kneel with the mourners; but had made an engagement and was obliged to leave. His brother also left, but promised to return in the evening. He

came to the meeting and was converted before the meeting closed. His wife, who is a pious woman, was seated by him when he was blessed, and seemed overwhelmed with joy. "Oh," said she, "I have been praying for him so many years and he has come at last." They both expressed much gratitude to me for the interest I had taken in him. I never, I think, will forget his look when he took my hand to bid me farewell. I expect to meet him and his brother in the kingdom above. Several men and some females were blessed that night. We closed up with an experience meeting which was deeply interesting.

About midnight, Brother E—— said, "It is now time to close our meeting." Just then, Sister W—— brought in a man who was stricken by the Holy Spirit, and we had to stay and pray for him. She left him with us and went to seek for more of the wounded, and directly brought in another. We prayed for them till nearly three o'clock in the morning, but they were not blessed. Next morning one of them was converted, and the other promised never to give up seeking till he should find Jesus.

Nearly all our company went down, about ten o'clock in the morning, to Penn's Grove, as it was raining, and they thought it best to be at the hotel when the boat would be ready to leave at 4 P.M. But Sister W—— said, "There is no need of hurrying off. I mean to stop and pray for this poor man"—one of those awakened the night before. "We can go into the preacher's stand and be sheltered from the rain, and he may be blessed." I replied, "I will stay and help you, Sister W——." Several remained with us. The poor man knelt down, and we were praying for him.

Suddenly, Sister W—— disappeared and returned with another penitent. There were also two young men who were earnestly seeking entire sanctification; one a class-leader from Harrisburg; he was lamenting that he had come all the way from H—— purposely to obtain this great blessing and now he must go home without it. We replied he need not go empty away. Then Sister M—— C—— talked with him, while some of us were praying with the penitents, and she was enabled to so explain the way of faith that they both laid hold of the blessing. Soon the other two men were converted and we had a glorious time at the preacher's stand.

Nowhere was the rare capacity for effective labor with



individuals more strikingly exemplified by Mrs. James than at camp-meetings. With her own soul newly anointed from on high, she seemed to have a spiritual insight into the condition of those about her and a supernatural wisdom in dealing with them. At one such meeting she found a young lady who regarded herself as utterly indifferent to the claims of religion, and considered her lack of feeling a reason for inaction. This lady was soon made to see that her hardness of heart was the result of having grieved the Divine Spirit, who would return as soon as she would begin to seek God. She obeyed the suggestion and, without emotion, began to ask for pardoning favor. Soon she was rejoicing in Christ as her Savior. That lady for more than a score of years did good service in a foreign mission field.

Martha's Vineyard was the scene of several meetings of great interest and profit to the subject of this memoir. The bracing sea air, the beautiful grove, and the delightful social influences were good for body and mind and soul. On one occasion her sympathetic nature was deeply touched by the evident sadness of a man and his wife, who, though strangers, had been admitted to the tent's company representing the church of which her son was then pastor. Finding the strangers were also "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel," she rested not until they were brought into the fellowship of the saints. So dear a spot did the beautiful grove become to these people that they have nearly ever since resided there.

If ordinary camp-meetings were "Feasts of Tabernacles" to Mrs. James, what shall be said of the National Camp-meetings, specially for the promotion of the work

ever nearest her heart, that of the entire sanctification of God's people? Of the first of these meetings, held at Vineland, N. J., in 1867, she writes to her son and his wife :

From the beginning to the close there was a continuous effusion of the Holy Spirit abundant and glorious beyond description. I cannot hope to be able to give you more than a faint idea of the blessed pentecostal feast. Ministers and people, with one accord, sought the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Is it any wonder that it came in large measure? It was just what we all expected, and according to our faith it was done unto us.

The preaching was all attended with power, because the preachers all had a single eye. No desire for applause, hence no effort to display themselves, only to glorify the Great Master and advance His kingdom. There was no conflict, no drawback, for no discordant elements were there. There were over a hundred ministers, many of whom received the baptism of perfect love for the first time and testified of it before the people.

At the National Camp-meeting at Round Lake, two years later, a sermon of marvelous power, by Bishop Simpson, on consecration, stirred the muse of this Christian poet, and the result was the hymn given below. It was written impromptu with pencil. A few minutes later the author met Mrs. Phœbe Knapp, daughter of her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and showed her what she had written. Mrs. Knapp sat down at her organ and soon had a tune just adapted to its words and sentiment. All the years since, this hymn, with Mrs. Knapp's music, has been one of the battle-hymns of God's consecrated host. Sung by tens of thousands, it has helped multitudes to the full consecration and trust after which there cannot be much longer "waiting for the fire," for God bestows the fiery baptism upon the spirit fully ready to receive it.

*Consecration Hymn.*

My body, soul, and spirit,  
Jesus, I give to Thee;  
A consecrated offering,  
Thine evermore to be.

CHORUS.—My all is on the altar,  
I'm waiting for the fire;  
Waiting, waiting, waiting,  
I'm waiting for the fire.

O Jesus, mighty Savior,  
I trust in Thy great name;  
I look for 'Thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.

O let the fire, descending  
Just now upon my soul,  
Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by Thy cleansing blood;  
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,  
A sacrifice to God.

Of all the rallying-places of God's people, Ocean Grove, N. J., was most precious to this spirit, so many times refreshed amid its consecrated scenes. When first the ground was laid out, by the courtesy of the managers a lot was assigned to Mrs. James. On this she placed a cottage which for years was her summer home. Not more than one season passed without her spending at least a part of the summer there. Again and again did she go early in the season, thinking herself too feeble for any service, but asking for guidance and strength. With the ocean breezes and the greetings of kindred spirits vital energy usually returned, and her letters would soon

report activity and blessing. To some of her personal friends the place seemed lacking in a great attraction when she was absent. Here, besides the preaching services, according to her report for 1876, which was a sample year, there were :

Meetings for young people at 9 A.M. for the promotion of holiness, during camp-meeting at 1 P.M., and subsequently at 6.30 P.M. ; children's meetings daily for weeks together, and previous to camp-meeting one for hungry souls, called a "helping meeting," at 6.30 every evening for six weeks.

During the entire season meetings were held in the morning, conducted by Dr. or Mrs. Palmer when they were present ; when they were not, often in charge of Mrs. James. She usually conducted these meetings through the months of September and October, and rarely did a day pass without some struggling spirit being helped by her words to find the rest of faith, or some one reporting a new impulse to Christian zeal and devotion.

Perhaps the most important work of Mrs. James at Ocean Grove was this, in the early autumn of the successive seasons. The crowd gathered for the regular services would be gone, but hundreds would linger, and many were the sheaves gathered by this careful gleaner from among those who waited for the special blessings God had reserved for them.

Since a part of this volume has been in type a lady, accustomed to work with Mrs. James in meetings for children held after the camp-meeting, remarked to the writer that one season those after-meetings resulted in even greater good to the little people who daily attended them than did the larger gatherings of children during the camp-meeting.

It was hers also to give to thousands, through religious periodicals, a knowledge which they would not otherwise have gained of the work at Ocean Grove. The readers of the *Guide* will recall the "Pearls" which she gathered year after year and reset in its pages, to the admiration and profit of hundreds. In the chapter entitled "The Last Year" will be found an account of the close of her work at Ocean Grove. During the summer she sent the following to the *Contributor*, in Boston.

*Ocean Grove.*

Of all the places on the sea-coast in our country there is, perhaps, not one which can furnish such a combination of superior religious privileges, with the advantages of a delightful summer resort, as Ocean Grove, N. J. To those who value special spiritual helps and the society of the most advanced and devoted followers of Christ, this is a place of wonderfully exalted privilege. Here all denominations meet and worship in perfect harmony, feeling that they belong to the same household of faith, and while in unison they worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, the blessing of the Highest comes down upon them, and the glory of God crowns the assemblies of His saints.

It may truly be said,

"Here names and sects and parties fall,  
And Christ the Lord is all in all."

Never was the prayer of our adorable Jesus answered more signally than in this consecrated ground: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." Often is the inspiring song heard:

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."

To Christians desiring closest communion with Christ, the meet-

ing conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer daily at 9 A.M. is particularly attractive. Many have been greatly quickened and advanced in the spiritual life by this means of grace, which is for the specific purpose of helping the followers of Jesus to a deeper, fuller baptism of the Holy Spirit, and thus they are qualified for the work of bringing the unsaved into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Soul-saving is therefore the result, and not unfrequently are found seekers of salvation in these meetings, for whom earnest prayers are offered, and many have found the Savior in these meetings.

I would not convey the idea that the worldly element is entirely excluded. There are many here who seek pleasure in gay associations and frivolous amusements; but to find billiard-saloons, card-playing, and the festive dance, they must go elsewhere. The sale of intoxicating drinks is not allowed within a mile of either Ocean Grove or Asbury Park, and in Ocean Grove the sale of tobacco in any form is not permitted.

The sanctity of the Sabbath is one of the most admirable features of this place. Perfect quiet is preserved, unbroken by even the milkmen's bells. The trampling of horses and the rumbling of vehicles are never heard here on the holy Sabbath. The hallowed peacefulness of the sacred day renders it more emphatically a type of the "Rest beyond the river." This we deem the crowning glory of Ocean Grove, and as special blessings are promised by the Almighty to those who hallow His Sabbaths, we believe His wings are spread over us for our protection.

In the beginning Ocean Grove was dedicated to God, and to His service and glory it has been appropriated by its founders and its managers. If some have come here for other purposes the Ocean Grove Association is not responsible for their mercenary motives and doings. And while it must be admitted that the spirit of speculation and worldly gain has appeared here, yet we look upon those instances as exceptions, and the worship and service of God as the predominant object, and we think it a matter of thankfulness that there is a summer resort where Christian people can have their children free from the contamination and corrupting influences of fashionable places which now abound in our country.

To her beloved sister in Christ, Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, whose joy it was to mingle with Mrs. James in those

scenes of pentecostal power, Mrs. James wrote, after the meeting closed, a glowing account of it, which so impressed its recipient that after the author's death she sent the following extract from it to the editor of the *Ocean Grove Record* for publication. A year later Miss Nicholson met with an accident at Ocean Grove by which she was maimed for months, and which doubtless hastened her departure to rejoin her kindred spirit in the still more blissful scenes of paradise.

*Ocean Grove Camp-meeting, 1883.*

What a season this has been of the marvelous work of the Holy Spirit, in awakening, reclaiming, converting, quickening, and sanctifying power. No camp-meeting here has ever equaled this one, and the good accomplished has far exceeded the highest estimate that any one would dare to give. The hallowing power resting upon the congregations, the wonderful unction attending the preaching, the pentecostal power in the prayer and experience meetings, was really glorious beyond expression. Wave after wave of heavenly influence rolled over the assemblies of devout worshippers, and they seemed to be on the Mount of Transfiguration. It was blissful indeed!

But how meager are even the fullest, strongest expressions in describing the wonderful work of our God upon these human souls, and the exceeding riches of His grace who has loved us and given Himself for us!

So vast, so grand, so glorious it seems to me that I wish to think and speak of nought beside the blessed, precious things pertaining to our adorable Savior and King, and to show forth His praise must be more than ever my life-work.

The writer of this volume had hoped to give, from the pen of some one more familiar than it was his privilege to be with the details of his mother's work at Ocean Grove, a fuller account of that work. This is not practicable, and to this meager record he will only add that

on "Memorial Day," 1884, Mrs. Mary D. James was mentioned as one of those who had been called from earth during the preceding year, and a tribute to her worth and work was given by \*Mrs. Kennard Chandler. In connection with these services a tree was planted near the auditorium, to which is still attached a little tablet bearing the name of Mrs. James. While those whom she loved and helped shall, from year to year, enjoy the refreshing shade of this tree, this spirit that used to revel in those hallowed scenes and exercises will await the gathering of the mighty host who shall forever thank God for Ocean Grove!

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\* This will be found in the last chapter of this volume.



## CHAPTER XII.

### FURNACE EXPERIENCES.

ONE casually meeting the lady to whose life-history this volume is devoted, or knowing nothing of her but what might be gathered from her exultant testimonies to the power of God's grace, might have thought her a favored child of fortune, carefully shielded from the ills of life. The reader of these pages has learned that this was a sensitive plant, upon which adverse influences made a stronger impression than upon most natures. We have seen, too, that while she was not called to bear such sufferings as have fallen to the lot of some of God's chosen ones, she passed through many and severe trials. Several articles of the series entitled *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus* were devoted to the narration of the triumphs of grace in some of these seasons of adversity. In this chapter extracts from some of these articles are grouped together with little reference to chronological order.

In one of the earlier chapters allusion was made to Mrs. James's uniformly pleasant relations with the women from time to time employed to assist her in domestic affairs. The experience described in the first of these extracts was in such sharp contrast with those of her whole life as made it all the more mysterious as well as hard to bear. The account is abridged from a letter to her son, quoted in the series of papers mentioned.

For the last two weeks I have truly been in a fiery furnace, "heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated." You

have seen and known my kind treatment of the woman who has been with me for the last ten months, and you have spoken of the extra efforts I have made to make her happy and do her good in every way. I remember you said, when you were with us last: "Mother, you are making too much of that woman; she has become the mistress and you the servant; and you make a better servant than she a mistress!" Now you will see how I am recompensed for all my kindness to her.

I had learned, a short time before she left me, that she had been of late saying very bitter things against me; many positive falsehoods. I was much grieved, and felt it my duty to speak to her in reference to her conduct, and after praying very earnestly that I might be enabled to keep my spirit calm, and speak such words as I ought, I had a conversation with her. She became greatly enraged, and said the most shamefully aggravating and insulting things that could come from a depraved heart. Without help from above I could not have borne her abusive language, but looking unto Jesus, and asking that "His own meek Spirit" might "arm my breast," I had the panoply divine, and so "the fiery darts" did not harm me. The wicked woman then hastened away to vent her spite by more scandal and falsehood. I soon heard she was saying all manner of evil against me, at every place where she was acquainted.

This afforded the Adversary a good opportunity for a powerful assault upon me. He said: "Now you see how great a curse to you this woman has proved, whom you thought God had sent as one of your greatest blessings. You thought, too, that He sent her in answer to your prayers, as you always do, and she seemed of all others the best help for you, but you see He has sent a viper into your house which He has allowed you to cherish for ten months, and now He lets her poison you and your family with her cruel venom! Is it well to ask God for such help as you need, and to trust in Him as you have done for all things? Now you see how He cares for you!"

I soon discovered that it was the Arch-deceiver who was trying to destroy my confidence in God, and said: "Get thee hence, Satan! I will believe in Him who is my unfailing Friend. 'I know whom I have believed. He hath done all things well.' He will bring some good out of this, I know He will!" "What good can possibly

come out of this?" asked the Enemy. "That woman is injuring your reputation! she will destroy your influence as a Christian!" "Oh, no!" I replied. "My reputation is in the keeping of Him whom I serve—the great Almighty and all-wise One who 'knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation,' and I can trust it with Him. It is perfectly safe in His hands—all the powers of earth and hell can't harm me. 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' His blessed Word tells me, and I know I love Him, therefore this is going to work for my good. 'The Lord is my Rock and my Fortress, and my Deliverer; my God, in whom I will trust.'"

Then came so sweetly the precious words as a special message of love from the Comforter—"He shall hide me in His pavilion from the strife of tongues, in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me." As I uttered these words, the Lord Jehovah revealed Himself to me as my Almighty Protector and Savior, in such power and glory as filled my soul with rapture and my mouth with praise. I exclaimed: "The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath me are the everlasting arms! Hallelujah!

" ' While Thou art intimately nigh  
 Who, who shall violate my rest?  
 Sin, earth, and hell I now defy,  
 And lean upon my Savior's breast! "

My joy was so great that I could not compose myself to sleep for several hours after I had retired, but lay praising the God of my salvation, while the room seemed to be filled with the glory of His presence.

The next morning, when I entered upon the toils and cares of the day, having no one to assist me in my housework, my heart was so full of gladness that it did not seem as if I had anything hard to do, or bear. All day I went about my work singing and thanking God in my heart for the glorious triumphs of His grace.

A dear Christian sister came in to see me, to offer her sympathy and aid, having heard that I was not well, and without help. I met her at the door with a bright and joyous countenance, exclaiming: "Oh, sister, help me to praise the Lord for His wonderful goodness to me! I am truly in the furnace, but can say:

“ ‘ Though in affliction’s furnace tried,  
 Unhurt on snares and death I tread !  
 Though foes assail, and hell, thrown wide,  
 Pour all her flames upon my head,  
 Like Moses’ bush I’ll mount the higher,  
 And flourish, unconsumed, in fire ! ’ ”

The good sister said, “ Why, I came to express my sympathy for you, but I can’t pity you at all — I really envy you ! ” A blessed season of rejoicing we had together as we bowed before our gracious God, not to pray, but to praise and adore His ever-blessed name.

Having occasion to go to several places during that day, wherever I went I heard of the slanderous tongue, pouring out bitter words against me ; but it seemed no more unpleasant than if I had heard that the best things in the world had been said about me. And all the way coming home my heart was so buoyant it seemed as if my feet scarcely touched the pavement, and my thanks and praises were going up all the time that I was counted worthy to bear a small portion of the reproach that my dear Savior endured, and deemed it an honor to be reviled as He was. His own sweet words came to me : “ Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake ; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.” I said, “ Yes, dear Savior, I will, I do ‘ rejoice ’ ! I am ‘ exceeding glad ’ that I have had this trial. I see Thy design was love, only love, in allowing Satan thus to instigate that woman to this mischief against me. ‘ They meant it for evil, but God meant it for good,’ and He has overruled it for great gain to my soul. I am stronger now than before the conflict. ‘ Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ! ’ ”

Continued triumphs have marked each successive day of trial since, for trials have been my daily portion. Feeble in body, no help, and company to entertain much of the time, yet it has been one of the happiest periods of my whole life.

This morning the mystery of that woman’s conduct was solved. Her husband called and inquired for her. On hearing my account of her strange conduct, he said she had occasional spells of insanity, and he had been a great sufferer on account of her malady, and for

several years had not lived with her on this account. The wonder was that I had endured her so long. She had never remained as long with any one before, and he was surprised to find that the interval since her outbreak had been so protracted. He said, when those spells would come upon her, she had no control of her temper or tongue, and always vented her spite upon her best friends. This accounts for the very strange manner in which she had acted for the last two months.

Had I been informed of this before she came to me I should not have taken her, and so should have missed the privilege of the trial; but it was concealed from me that I might pass through the ordeal, so "that the trial of my faith, being more precious than of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory, at the appearing of the Lord Jesus."

A minister whom she had regarded as eminently devoted and deeply experienced had in her hearing alluded to the abiding consciousness of God's presence as a revelation new to him. This caused her to write in her diary :

I thought to myself, "Why, this has been the joy of my heart for so many years, to be able to say: 'I am ever with Thee.' The mainspring of all my work for this blessed cause and the source of my spiritual life is the felt reality of the indwelling presence of the living Christ." In the contemplation of this exalted privilege and its fullness of blessings, my heart was overwhelmed with a sense of the wonderful condescension of the Highest to me, so unworthy, so utterly nothing, thus to have blessed me from my early childhood with the greatest of all blessings, the sense of His own glorious presence abiding ever with me. And then there came such an unfolding of His glorious character, His infinite perfections, the attributes of His Divine and human nature as the GOD-MAN: and then of His love to our fallen race, and to me; that He had taken me into a hallowed union with Himself and allowed me to be a co-worker with Him in the salvation of immortal souls, oh, how amazing it seemed to me!

*July 11.*—Fifty days have passed since that blessed hour of holy privilege, and from that hour I date a deeper experience in the in-

ner life which has made the presence of Jesus the most vivid reality of my existence. Most of those fifty days I have been suffering from severe sickness, but each day has been crowned with signal mercies and every day has borne on its wings praises to God from a grateful heart.

Another entry thus testifies to God's help in time of need :

I went to visit my dear son. Soon after my arrival I was seized with pain in the region of the heart, which caused intense suffering and prostration. While gasping for breath during the whole night, alone, no one being aware of my illness, I lay praising my precious Savior, whose presence cheered the weary hours. As soon as I had recovered sufficient strength to return home, I came, but was much exhausted by the journey. In forty-eight hours after my return I was attacked with erysipelas in my face and head, and also a return of oppression in the chest. I knew my case was a very critical one and my first thought was to look to Jesus. The next thought was, "He is here. I am in His arms—I am safe! 'Living or dying I am the Lord's.'"

Then I said: "Dear Savior, 'with lamblike patience arm my breast.'"

The prayer was answered. Throughout the whole period of my illness all was peace and thankfulness and love. I saw so much of merey and goodness divine and had such abounding comforts that my soul and my lips were full of praise. When agonized with pain I as sensibly felt Jesus comforting and soothing me as if my eyes had seen Him and my ears had heard His words of love.

But I must not forget to record a remarkable interposition of the Almighty Healer. At one period of my illness the disease seemed to have concentrated in one of my eyes, causing such excruciating pain as to throw me into spasms. I had several of those terrible shocks, during which I was conscious and had a full realization of the anguish which convulsed my frame. I thought all at once, "The Almighty Jesus is here and He has the same power to heal the suffering body that He had when He lived on earth; He is willing to heal me and I will ask Him." I then asked that I might not have another spasm and that I might be relieved from the awful

suffering. The spasms ceased at once. I had no more severe suffering, and from that moment recovered. After the spasms had ceased the eyeball seemed to be running out. There was a constant stream of hot water issuing from it; and knowing of some who had lost their eyes from *crisis*, I feared I should lose mine.

Then I thought, "My prayer was answered when I asked to be saved from the spasms, and why can't I ask with the same faith that my eye may be preserved?" I did ask, and with the same result. There was a gradual improvement in my eye, and now it is perfectly restored, and my general health is as good as it was before my sickness. I will praise Him with all my powers, "who healeth all my diseases," and who crowneth me with loving-kindness and tender mercies. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!"

It may interest the reader to know that it was during the time of this trial that Mrs. James was called upon to take leave of her son as he went to his work as an army chaplain. Of this more is said in another chapter.

In connection with the expression of intense longing for the death of self and blessed realizations of the purifying work in her heart, it is remarked, in the record of her inner life:

It is wonderful how self-will remains concealed sometimes, and we think it is gone and that we are all the Lord's, when suddenly something occurs to arouse the hidden enemy, and lo, he makes his appearance again and we are surprised to find he still lives.

A devoted Christian once remarked to me that he had thought self was dead long ago, he had such intimate communion with Christ and felt that his heart was fully given to Him. Yet self was not dead. Finding it still lurking within, he besought the Lord to drive out the dreadful foe, and the question was put to him, "Will you go into the furnace fires that self may be consumed?" He replied: "Yes, Lord, let the foe be destroyed any way!" Into the furnace he was led and suffered long. The object was gained. He came out "as gold seven times purified."

Am I willing thus to be tried? I have often been in the fires—

am I willing the furnace should be heated seven times hotter than ever, if God will? Perhaps He will test me now, for He says: "Many shall be purified and made white, and tried." Can self exist after the heart is purified and made white, so that we need to be placed in the crucible again? "Even so, Father, if so it seem good in Thy sight." "Be it unto me even as Thou wilt." New tests of the special grace given (as narrated above) were soon applied.

After several days upon the mount with Jesus she had to go down into the garden of sorrows. New afflictions came upon her which were truly agonizing, like furnace fires, indeed, well calculated to test thoroughly all the grace she possessed.

Just after the experience here described came the removal to New England, with all its sorrows and mysteries elsewhere alluded to. This statement may make more clear what follows:

The testing process had to come again and again; and often was I reminded of a saying of good Father Thatcher: \* "We can never take any grace into heaven but what has passed through the fire. All the grace we receive must be tried. 'Gold tried in the fire' is the only kind that God accepts."

How fervent and how sincere had been my prayer that "I might know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, and be made conformable to His death." But I did not fully comprehend the meaning of that prayer, nor is it possible for me to do so until the testing comes. Suffering the loss of all things, when realized, is very different from the mere contemplation of such a trial. When my husband's business prospects were blasted, and poverty stared us in the face, my poor heart had a struggle, but victory came very soon, and the song of praise was again on my lips. His sanguine expectations that success would surely crown the efforts of his inventive genius, and wealth and ease for himself and family would be our portion, were not to be realized. What should we do? Had God brought us here to destroy us? It really seemed so. I looked back to our pleasant home and loved friends in my dear native city, and sighed and

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\* An eminent minister whom she loved to remember as a pastor in her youth.



wept as did the Israelites when they thought of Egypt and longed for comforts lost. A dark prospect was ours indeed. What had we to look forward to but destitution and sorrow ?

At this time of sore disappointment and loss my husband's health had also failed, and his life was in great peril for months. Our expenses, rapidly accumulating, now appeared more formidable as the means to meet them were fast melting away. Amid the darkness a voice spoke to my heart: "Don't be afraid of anything your Father permits. What if a dark and rough way is before you? the Almighty arm is upholding you, and 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'" "Yes," I said, "I know it! Oh, why did I for one moment feel sad? I know my loving Father, whom I have loved and served from my childhood, will not permit anything to come upon me or my dear ones but what will be for our good. I will rest my soul on this solid Rock, though the billows roll mountain high."

And here I was tested again. Trials of a still more painful nature followed; some which seemed like tearing asunder the very life-cords. Just in the midst of this tempest of troubles the glad tidings came that my beloved friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, were in the city, and would hold a meeting the next day. My heart leaped for joy. Oh, how rich would be the privilege of meeting those blessed servants of God again, and listening to their precious message from above. The next day I was sick from nervous excitement and loss of sleep, and thought I should not be able to attend the meeting, but my heart so longed to go, and sent up fervent petitions to the Heavenly Healer that the distracting pain in my head might cease, so that I might enjoy the great privilege which I so much needed and desired. By the time I desired to go my head was relieved, and I went, thanking God each step of the way for His great goodness. Just as I had become seated Dr. Palmer announced the hymn :

“Thou hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am while Thou art mine;  
And lo! from sins, and grief, and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.”

I seemed as a bird let out of a cage, so joyous, so bright, so free! The realization that Jesus was to me all that was expressed in that glorious hymn so filled my soul with joy that I mounted above all the sorrows that had been crushing my spirit, and forgot that I had any trouble. The third stanza was unspeakably sweet to me, as expressive of my feelings :

“ Jesus, my all in all Thou art ;  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
 The medicine of my broken heart,  
 In war my peace, in loss my gain ;  
 My smile beneath the tyrant’s frown,  
 My joy, my glory, and my crown.”

How full of heaven was that meeting. The prayers offered, the words of exhortation, all were so blessed to me. And then in the evening I spent another blessed hour in sweet converse with dear Sister Palmer. Opening my heart to her, I found a response of sympathy and love which was most grateful to my tender heart, so sore from recent suffering. She too had passed through just such peculiar trials as some of mine, and her narration of them and of the triumphs that followed was so comforting to me, and her loving and wise counsel was a real help and blessing to me. How I did thank God for these springs in the desert, so refreshing to my weary spirit !

Not long after those triumphs my husband came in one day, pale and his lips trembling, as he said : “ Mary, I have had my pocket picked and have lost \$250 that I had just drawn from the bank, and some notes also that would have been worth \$1,000. I am ruined ! for there are only \$50 remaining in the bank.” As he left me that he might look for a detective to search for the thief, I closed the door, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed : “ O Heavenly Father, Thou knowest we can’t afford to lose that money, and Thou knowest where the thief is and canst so order it that he may be detected.” But the thought came, “ It may be we are to be stripped of everything, as Job was, and how often I have sung :

“ ‘ I’ll gladly reckon all things loss,  
 So I but Jesus gain.’ ”

“ Didn’t I mean it ? Yes, I did. Can’t I say it now from my heart ? Yes, I can, I will : Blessed Jesus, I do say it, and now ‘ be

it unto me even as Thou wilt.' Take all, if Thou scest it needful that we should be stripped, as Job, for an example of suffering patience, and my heart shall say with Job: 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'" Then there came such a sense of the tender love of God to me and such a heavenly peace as I cannot express; and the words were spoken to my heart by the Comforter: "You shall never want on account of the successive losses you have had, your needs shall all be met." "I haven't a doubt of it," my heart replied, "and if the money we have just lost is never returned, I shall be perfectly satisfied." Had I just then received a million of dollars I could not have felt more sure that I and my dear ones would be provided for.

I was sitting, calm and happy, contemplating the security of God's children and the certainty of their supplies, when a knock at the door aroused me from my reverie, and opening it I met a friend, one of the boarders, who kindly addressed me, saying: "I have just heard of your loss, and wish to express my sympathy for you." Returning his kind salutation with a smile and an expression of gratitude, I said: "It seems a great loss to us, but you know we are assured that 'all things work together for good to them that love God,' and therefore we should rejoice even in our losses. I do not feel sad, but very happy, because I believe in my heart that even this seeming calamity is really going to 'work for good' in some way." The kind gentleman replied: "Well, I am truly glad you can look at your loss in such a way, and feel so cheerful." I afterward learned that in speaking of it to others he expressed great surprise that I was so reconciled to our loss, and said that grace must have more power than he had ever realized, although long a professing Christian, and he now saw its beauty and strength brought out more clearly than he had ever witnessed it. Thus was the savor of the knowledge of God made known in a place where vital religion was scarcely known, at least by most of the inmates of the house. This was the result of being able to "triumph in Christ" under trials.

I was not disappointed when my husband returned, saying the efforts of the detective were fruitless, and he did not expect to ever hear of his pocket-book again. Looking at me, he was astonished to find a peaceful expression of countenance and to hear me say: "I suppose our Father sees it needful to try our faith a little

more. Let us be submissive to His will." He said: "Do you think, then, it was His will that the thief should steal my property?" "That He allowed him to do it is very certain," I replied, "and that He can make our loss a great gain to us and to others is equally certain. I know one thing, that already God has made it a great blessing to me, and I trust He will enable you also to be spiritually benefited by it." As we knelt in prayer we felt that the Ear which is ever inclined to listen to the suppliant was opened to us, and the sweet, soothing influence of the present Comforter was resting upon the heart that had not till then been free from agitation and anguish on account of his successive losses. This added so much to my joy, to see my husband lifted up and to hear him say in reply to the question, "Can't you trust now that God will take care of us and all will be well?" "Yes, I believe His Word, 'The Lord will provide.'"

But the trials were not ended. Week after week our clothes were less in number when they came from the wash than when they went in, till our wardrobe began to be scanty, and old garments which had been laid aside had to be brought out and repaired for our use. One day my husband came to me, saying: "I have lost a very valuable gold watch." Diligent search was made without success, and it was given up as lost. Soon after that he said to me: "I have just drawn our last money out of bank—\$50—and must pay it nearly all away to-day! What shall we do? I see no way for us." I said: "We will trust in God. He brought us here, and He will take care of us. Let us pray."

As they prayed God drew near and both hearts were comforted. The trials continued, but every day was the promise fulfilled: "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Philippians, iv: 19.

This chapter cannot be more fittingly closed than with the following, which was published in the *Guide to Holiness*, under the title, "Triumph in the Darkest Hour." The poem is published in leaflet form by James H. Earle, 178 Washington Street, Boston. The words have been

set to music by several composers. The occurrence took place years later than those above described, but was certainly among the "furnace experiences" of this Christian woman.

One day in the year 1874 seemed to one who had seen many dark days the darkest in her life. Her pleasant home had been broken up, and with her only daughter she had come to spend some time with her son, the pastor of a church in New England. The daughter became seriously ill, and soon the mother too was prostrated, and compelled to be separated from the dear one, committed to the care of a stranger nurse.

As the mother lay suffering from pneumonia, a letter came bearing the sad news that her husband was sick in a boarding-house, among strangers, two hundred miles away. To go to him was impossible. In addition to all these troubles, their circumstances were straitened, and peculiar difficulties beset their way. In her extremity she exclaimed: "This is the darkest hour of my life! O God, Thou art my only Refuge!" Instantly the precious promises came to her mind with unutterable sweetness and comfort, and her loving Savior stood by her side, so near that she could lay her aching head upon His bosom. He said: "I, even I, am He that comforteth you." Then she exclaimed: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid!"

Her dear son came in and found her exultingly happy. She said to him: "I would like to have a pencil and a sheet of paper." They were brought to her, and she wrote the following lines—an effusion from her heart.

*I Love to Trust in Jesus.*

"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."—Psa. xxxi : 1.

I love to trust in Jesus,  
 My Savior so adored:  
 As solid rock beneath my feet  
 Is His unfailing Word.  
 I know this firm foundation,  
 And feel I'm so secure!  
 His precious Word is tried and proved,  
 His promises are sure!

When arms of flesh are failing  
And earth seems cold and drear,  
I love to trust in His strong arm,  
For then He draws so near.  
In deepest midnight darkness,  
When not a star I see,  
The harder then I lean on Him,  
For then He's nearest me.

And when the raging billows  
Are threatening to o'erwhelm,  
I love to trust in Jesus then,  
For He is at the helm.  
Though clouds obscure His presence,  
I know He's just as near :  
And still I trust His changeless love,  
And will not yield to fear.

I love to trust in Jesus  
In life's bewildering maze,  
When not one step ahead I see  
In all the devious ways,  
For well I know He leads me,  
I feel His mighty hand  
Is holding mine each step I take  
Through all this hostile land.

And when, in life's last conflict,  
My heart and flesh shall fail,—  
When o'er this frail mortality  
The last foe shall prevail ;  
O then I'll trust in Jesus,  
The glorious, conquering King !  
Who vanquished the destroyer Death,  
And took away his sting.

## PART FOURTH.

### THE SAINTLY MATRON.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### INDIAN SUMMER.

IF the life we are examining reached its maturity at forty-three, there came to it in later years a fullness and beauty which no ordinary word describes, and which it is hard to characterize in a single expression unless it be "saintly." If to any it should seem almost sacrilegious to use this term with reference to a mortal, let it be remembered by those who never met her to whom it is applied, that all who knew her intimately recognized in her, especially in her later years, a saintliness not often seen in denizens of earth. Probably none of them would hesitate to use this word in speaking of her. It was the divine within that shone through the almost transparent little form and made those who met her think of angels and Jesus. It is with this in view, and with the thought that it was the habit of the early Christians to speak of each other as "saints"—men and women sanctified, consecrated wholly to Christ and His service—that the expression is used. The furnace experiences which we have been contemplating doubtless had much to do with the purity and luster which subsequently appeared in her character. If afflic-

tions harden and sour the rebellious, the chastening of the Lord "afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." In this case such was certainly its results.

Had Mary Yard been a hero-worshiper, the objects of her adoration would have been elderly people. From childhood it was her joy to listen to the conversation of her grandmother, and the good women of that lady's time of life, who were wont to visit her. All through life the subject of this biography delighted in the society of those advanced in years. While yet in middle life this feeling was expressed in a poem entitled :

*The Indian Summer of Life.*

Dedicated to Aged Christians.

Summer had gone, and stern Winter  
Threatened his premature reign;  
Summer comes back "on a visit,"  
Gladdening our spirits again.

Welcome, sweet Indian Summer !  
Following the dread, chilling blast,  
Emblem of summer unending,  
After life's storms shall have passed.

Flowers spring up in thy pathway,  
Fragrance is breathed in the air ;  
Music and gladness attend thee—  
Loved Indian Summer so fair !

Birds stay their flight to caress thee,  
O'er them thy magic is thrown ;  
Singing the choicest of carols,  
Charms of thy beauty they own.

Thus, in life's dear closing autumn,  
Heaven seems drawing so near !



Music celestial is wafted  
Weary, worn pilgrims to cheer.

“Down to old age” they are carried,  
Borne on the bosom of love,  
Crowned with their silvery beauty,  
Ready for mansions above.

Charms more than youthful invest them,  
Wisdom’s rich treasures untold  
Drop from their lips as rare jewels,  
Jewels more valued than gold.

Now they are dwelling in Beulah,  
Near to the land of the blest :  
Only a stream intervening,  
Only a step to their rest !

Sweet are the breezes that fan them,  
Fragrant with odors of love,  
Borne from the gardens of spices,  
Fresh from the Eden above.

Beautiful Indian Summer,  
Closing the autumn of life :  
Cloudless and calm, the old pilgrims  
Welcome the end of earth’s strife.

Glowing as autumn’s bright foliage,  
Sweet as its soft, balmy air  
Laden with loveliest fruitage,  
God’s blessed signet they bear.

Precious life’s Indian Summer!  
Brightened by Heaven’s own light ;  
Cherished the days of the aged ;  
Soon they will pass from our sight.

Fain would we have them still linger,  
Blest by their mission of love ;  
Links of a golden chain, binding  
Earth to the heaven above.

Blessed their hours of waiting,  
After the day's work is done ;  
Resting in calm, peaceful twilight,  
Ere the night's sleep is begun.

Leaves in the autumn are falling  
Not from untimely decay—  
Ripe in the fullness of beauty,  
Rich in their gorgeous array

Thus, when their mission is ended,  
Dropping at Heaven's behest,  
Spreading an elegant carpet  
Over earth's desolate breast,

So do the dear aged pilgrims,  
Ripe in the graces divine,  
Falling in life's tranquil autumn,  
Grand in their loveliness shine.

Returning from this digression, in which we have examined phases of the work and peculiar experiences of Mrs. James, we again take up the thread of the life-story at the point where this description is peculiarly applicable to its writer.

With her own entrance upon life's Indian Summer there came to Mrs. James marked changes, some of them far from pleasing. Her husband's inventions were not bringing to him the pecuniary gains he had anticipated. His failures, like those of most inventors, seemed only to brighten his hopes of final success. The pursuit of the object of his life involved frequent changes of residence. After the breaking up of their Trenton home Mr. and Mrs. James did not attempt, except for a short period at a time, to keep house. Mr. James would find a boarding-place where for the time he desired to be in order to perfect or introduce his improvements. Frequently the

temporary home selected by the husband could not be made comfortable for the wife also. It was a great trial to both to be separated. Especially did the sensitive nature of Mrs. James suffer on account of the unsettled mode of life which seemed necessary.

It was a peculiar trial to her also to be separated from her only surviving daughter, to whom she clung with increasing fondness after her sister's death. Rarely during these ten years was it possible for the three to be together more than a few weeks at a time, and only once, and for less than four months, had they a "home" of their own.

Far from being least among the trials of this period was that of knowing that her course must be the subject of unfavorable remark by those who could not understand the reasons for such a domestic break-up. She could only commit the whole matter to the all-wise Disposer of human affairs, who knew the love which bound together these hearts, and had permitted the family to be thus divided.

If there was a compensation for the loss so deeply felt, it was in the enlarged opportunities for Christian work afforded during these years. There can be no doubt that hundreds, perhaps thousands, came within reach of the personal influence of this anointed messenger of God, who would never have seen her if her life had moved on in the path which her husband and herself would naturally have chosen. The intensity of her desire for usefulness caused her to see in this arrangement the Hand divine, and to enter every door of service for Jesus thus opened to her.

In early life this consecrated woman had thought herself called to be a missionary. Had He who called her

prepared her, by a training of half a century, and then thrust her out upon this unique mission work? Mistakes may have been made, but her heart was loyal to Christ, and He overruled all to her large usefulness. In her case was the promise fulfilled: "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." The last ten years of the life we are tracing were by far the most fruitful in evident usefulness.

The "Elim," at Pennington, N. J., where, as we saw in the chapter entitled "Once More in New Jersey," Mrs. James found a resting-place after the turmoil attending the breaking up in Trenton, was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Avard. "Evergreen Farm," where they spent many years, had often afforded her a haven from the cares and unhealthy influences of the city. Mr. and Mrs. Avard had now removed to the village of Pennington. To Mrs. Annie M. Mecker, their only daughter, and the wife of Mr. Cornelius Meeker, now of Bloomfield, N. J., we are indebted for a tribute to Mrs. James, part of which will be in place just here:

"From my earliest childhood she was a frequent visitor at my home, where she was highly esteemed for her Christian graces. Praise and prayer seemed to be her native language, and in social gatherings at my father's house I well remember how ready she was to turn the conversation in a religious channel. Some little incident or vivid experience would be the entering wedge. Then she would discourse so sweetly of the good things of the Kingdom that she held her listeners almost spellbound. At the same time she was very apt in drawing others out and helping them when their way was not plain.

"We have often thought that in her social life her influence was as widespread as in her public efforts. She had a pleasant word and winning smile for all. She and my mother were once at a

church-gathering in a grove. In their walk they met three old colored women. Mrs. James stepped up, shook hands with them, and spoke in her pleasant manner. The question was asked: 'Do you know them?' 'Oh, no,' was the answer; 'but kind words cost nothing, and then I wanted to point them to my Savior.' At another time the family were invited to tea in an ungodly family and among uncongenial people. Mrs. James had come for quiet and rest, as she often did to my mother's, and was busy with her pen. She did not know how to take the time, but said: 'Perhaps I can carry a message for Jesus,' and went. They listened to her attentively. Thus she made it her life-work to sow 'beside all waters.'

In many other homes where Mrs. James was a guest a similar impression was made, especially in the years now passing under review.

The chapter on temperance work gives some account of the manner in which Mrs. James spent the winter of 1873-'74. After a summer, much of which was spent at Ocean Grove, as, indeed, were nearly all her later summers, she found herself again in Philadelphia, where Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding the famous "depot" meetings. The reader will not be surprised at her statement:

I go occasionally to the meetings of Moody and Sankey, and have been deeply interested and often thrilled with the simple, yet wonderfully powerful, presentations of gospel truth and the glorious result in the awakening of souls. On Sabbath evening hundreds arose for prayer and afterward flocked into the inquiry rooms. As I stood and saw them coming up the aisles, young men, middle-aged, and old pressing their way through the crowd, I thought the scene more interesting than I had ever expected to behold in this world. Then, in one of the inquiry rooms, the multitudes listening with such eager faces to learn the way of Christ, and the gleam of light coming over their countenances as they apprehended the way of faith and laid hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel was inspiring; a scene never to be forgotten.

A ticket having been sent to me as a worker, I have gladly availed myself of the privilege of helping some precious souls to Jesus at every meeting I have attended, and hope to be useful while favored with working in this great harvest.

During this winter in Philadelphia Mrs. James was exceedingly frail and suffered much, but again and again found rest from pain as well as great spiritual comfort through prayer. In a letter written in February, 1877, she thus alludes to Psalm ciii :

Papa and I repeated that precious psalm over together last night before prayer. When repeating the words, "who healeth all thy diseases, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies," my heart overflowed and I could scarcely refrain from praising God aloud. The fifth time in my life the Almighty Healer has interposed to restore this feeble body when prostrated by disease. After months of suffering I was instantly healed of the terrible malady which had caused the agonizing pains from which I had only brief respite during all that time; never entire freedom from conscious distress for more than a few hours together. A week ago on Tuesday I had the most severe attack of all. I was very near going into spasms. The doctor sent papa for Dover's powders. When he brought them I felt great reluctance to take one, having so great an aversion to anodynes. Lifting my heart to God, I said: "Thou canst give me ease and I will trust that I shall be relieved without the powders." Then, giving myself over into the hands of the Great Physician, I asked him to give me ease, and I was quickly relieved. Then I said: "Thou canst just as easily arrest the disease and cure me as to give present relief. Thou hast in years past healed me of various diseases, now, if it please Thee, blessed Savior, remove this inflammation and prevent a return of the pain." I believed it would be done. I fell into a quiet slumber and had the best night I had passed for weeks. The next morning I awoke thanking the Lord for His goodness.

It is remarkable that the next day, when her physicians came, the appearance of inflammation was gone. She

rapidly regained strength, and had no reason to doubt the completeness of the cure.

In January, 1878, Mrs. James accepted a kind invitation to visit Mrs. Edward Moore of Wilmington, Del., with whom she had long cherished an intimate friendship, and in whose hospitable home she had before been delightfully entertained. All her life long this simple-hearted child of God had continually sought divine guidance, but now that she was not hedged about by controlling circumstances, and decisions as to the best course must, in many cases, be made independently of such indications, she was more careful to seek and more reliant upon the leadings of the Spirit. Very soon after her arrival in Wilmington at this time she began to see special tokens of the divine guidance and favor. She met a gentleman whom nine years before she and her associate in toil for Jesus, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, had found at Ocean Grove in despair, and whom they had been permitted to show the way of deliverance. This young man had now obtained an education and was actively engaged in Christian work. Through her acquaintance with this gentleman Mrs. James says:

I was invited to be present at the Sabbath-school and to address the children. Afterward met a number of children in a class-room and several gave their hearts to Christ. In the evening, before the service began, the pastor came to me and asked if I would address the congregation at the close of Dr. Matlack's sermon. I had thought for some time that I had not physical strength to warrant a public effort of that kind, and so expressed some hesitancy, but he said: "I feel very desirous for you to speak. Your address to the Sunday-school was a blessing to many, and I believe you will do great good by speaking this evening." I consented, believing it to be a call from God, and that He would give the message and strength to deliver it. When the presiding

elder closed his sermon Brother Hill introduced me, and I spoke to a very large congregation. Never have I realized more fully that the God in whom I trust "giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might increaseth strength." The message was truly from Him. The large assembly listened with fixed attention, and deep feeling was manifested. A number came forward for prayer and five professed conversion.

She whose work we are contemplating was too truly taught of the Spirit to be governed in important decisions by mere feeling. Impulses to a particular course or to changes in her plans were tested by God's Word and providence, and were only obeyed when in harmony with Christian common sense enlightened by the Divine Spirit. In response to a letter from her son, in which he spoke of a new field of labor as different from what he had expected, yet "all right," she remarks :

When we fully commit to God all our interests, only desiring to do His will and glorify His name, He certainly overrules and directs to this end, and we may rest in the assurance that His hand disposes, whatever be the doings or the motives of those who may have the arrangement of our affairs. I am so confident that this is true that all anxiety is excluded both in reference to my own personal concerns and those of my dearest ones. . . . As to myself, I am learning more and more to accept everything as from the hand of my loving Father, looking away from second causes and seeing only His guiding hand.

She then mentions a recent occurrence, showing, as she believed, the special leading of the Holy Spirit. She was journeying toward Philadelphia, intending to return in a few days to Bustleton, Pa., the home of relatives. Rather suddenly it occurred to her to leave the train at Holmesburg Junction and go at once to Bustleton, and after the thought came she had barely time to have the



necessary change made in her ticket as the train stopped. She had scarcely arrived when her cousin, Miss Martha H. James, proposed for the next day a trip to the House of Correction, with a company who had arranged to go. Of this Mrs. James writes :

Instantly I felt the warmest response in my heart, and replied, "Yes, I would love to go." So I went. As I entered the inclosure my heart was sending up fervent prayer that I might there win some souls for Jesus. We visited several departments and I talked and prayed and sang. On entering the men's hospital I had most peculiar feelings, and such intense desire for the salvation of the poor sufferers as prompted the ardent prayer, "Oh, give me special power here, dear Savior!" I asked for strength of voice to sing, for my vocal organs seemed very weak, and I wanted to sing Faber's precious hymn, "There's a wideness in God's mercy." The strength was given, marvelous power and clearness of voice and enunciation, and with it such a sense of the divine unction. After I had sung the hymn I spoke of the wonderful compassion and love of Jesus, His tender pity for erring and suffering humanity, His readiness to save all who will come to Him, and the certainty that every one that comes penitently, seeking pardon, will receive it and be saved. I was conscious that God was speaking through me to hearts there. Cousin Martha prayed with much power also.

The attending physician, a man advanced in years, sat near me and listened most attentively. The thought came: "I wonder if he is a Christian? If not, O send Thy Spirit to his heart, dear Lord, and bring him now to seek Thee!"

All seemed attentive, but there was a very interesting young man to whom I spoke afterward personally, who promised me to give his heart to Jesus. He was to be discharged the next day, and said he should go directly home to his parents, from whom he had run away. They were good people, who had prayed for him all his life. He had been wayward and wild, but had found the way of the transgressor hard; had been arrested for his wickedness and brought there. He had been very sick, but was now convalescent. He was a fine, noble-looking, intelligent young man, about nineteen. O how my heart yearned toward him with fervent desire

that he might be saved, and I felt that the Spirit of God had indeed arrested him. I conversed with others personally, some of whom seemed to feel deeply.

Nearly two weeks had passed when a dear, Christian lady, one of the committee who visit the House of Correction every week, called to see me in Philadelphia, and said, "Won't you go with me next Wednesday?" I said I would gladly go if my strength would warrant it, but I am very feeble, and have a severe cold and cough. Said she, "I do so want you to go, for you don't know how God blessed your labors there two weeks ago. The doctor who was present, when you talked in the men's hospital, was awakened and converted through the blessed message which God gave you for those men."

I visited the same institution last Wednesday and special strength was again given, and I trust I shall hereafter know of results. Never was I so impressed with the momentous interests of souls as there. Most of them never heard the Gospel except while there.

The results of these two visits, including the conversion of the physician, and eternity alone can reveal what other good, hinged upon this sudden decision, for the carrying out of her previous plans would have interfered with her going to this prison. Many instances might be cited in which her implicit trust was honored by special blessings.

The winter of 1880-'81 was a memorable one in the history we are tracing. Most of it, as, indeed, of nearly all the winters after her housekeeping was broken up, was spent by Mrs. James in New England with the family of her son. Nothing but her conviction that the work of the Master demanded her presence elsewhere reconciled this family to the mother's wanderings, of which mention has been made. Now it was the joy of the household to minister to the dear one in their home at Norwich, Conn. Her health was more than usually feeble during the early part of the winter. There were symptoms of serious disease of the heart. A judi-

cious physician was consulted, but held out little hope that the patient could ever be free from this affection, and she was evidently losing strength.

Just at this time Mrs. James's conscientiousness in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks was illustrated. The doctor insisted that she should try the effects of lager beer. She demurred, especially because of the embarrassment to her son, who had opposed license in the place, in obtaining such a remedy. One day the lady was surprised to have the physician himself bring a bottle of that which he had prescribed. She, however, concluded that it was not best for her to resort to such means, and the bottle of beer was put out of sight. One evening the family and some guests were startled by the sound of an explosion. The cork of the bottle and the good woman's secret had escaped! That beer was not used for the purpose intended.

More and more unfavorable were the symptoms of the invalid. Her husband had been summoned from New York in anticipation of her speedy death, when a change took place which Mrs. James described in a letter to Dr. W. C. Palmer, then editor of the *Guide to Holiness*, and which appeared in that magazine. It was headed,

*A New Ebenezer.*

As you kindly offer to assist me in "adding another stone to the monument already reared to the memory of God's great goodness," I will allude to my experience during the last decade, which, added to the *Fifty Years'*, will make *Sixty Years' Walk with Jesus*. Having now entered upon the seventy-first year of my natural life and the sixty-first of my spiritual life, I feel like raising a doxology to the glorious triune God. I think my experience during the last ten years would, if recorded, show forth the praise of Him who hath led me quite as much as that of the preceding years.

An experience ever deepening and widening has led me to dis-

cern more clearly the devices of Satan, my own weakness, infirmities, ignorance, and utter nothingness, and the infinite perfections of God, His power, wisdom, and love; so that, while I have been humbled in the dust before Him, I have longed more than ever to exalt Him who "is made of God unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Hallelujah to the Lamb! "Oh, the blood! the precious blood!" It covers my whole life and hides all my defects.

And now it is my privilege to record for God's glory another marvelous cure. I have been wonderfully healed in answer to prayer.

I had been for some time on the brink of the river which divides the heavenly land from ours, and was expecting to cross over very soon and enter through the gates into the glorious city of God. For several years a heart affection had been indicated by unmistakable symptoms, and for six months these had become greatly aggravated, so that my case was pronounced very critical. My physician prescribed tonics to keep up my strength, which he said was all that could be done, and although the tonics were taken three times every day for months, I was constantly growing weaker. During the last month my decline was rapid, which the doctor admitted, and said I was liable to die at any time.

Fainting or sinking spells were very frequent, and other alarming symptoms, and I felt that I was certainly failing fast, but felt no solicitude whatever. I thought of going home with unutterable delight, supposing it was God's will I should go, yet thinking it might be otherwise. It seemed to me my work was not done, and the thought sometimes came, if the Lord desires me to do any more work for Him, He can cure heart disease as well as any other. There are no limits to His power, and my life will be prolonged if He please. I only desire His will to be done and His name glorified. Some of my Christian friends, I have learned, were making my case a subject of special prayer for weeks previous to my recovery.

January 26th I realized more than ever that my stay on earth must be very short unless Almighty power should interpose, and so thought all who knew my condition. It was a memorable day to me, on account of my vivid sense of the presence of Jesus and the nearness of the heavenly world. The river of death (as said the sainted Payson) had indeed dwindled into an insignificant rill which

might be crossed at a single step, and I was on the very margin. I thought of the dying words of Bishop Haven: "*There is no river here! There is no death!*" It was just to *step* into life; and the out-beaming glory appeared to shed its rays upon my soul and made me exultingly happy.

That night was one of exceeding blessedness. I was in the closest, sweetest converse with my precious Savior, whose arms inclosed me. He showed me His marvellous mercy and love, in all His leadings through my past life, making "all His goodness to pass before me," till I was overpowered with the revelation, and while tears of grateful joy flowed freely, I was adoring and praising His precious name. I was permitted to talk to Him just as really as if He had been visibly present in person. I told Him how I had loved Him, how sweet I had felt the privilege of working for Him, but was sorry I had not done more and would be glad if I might be permitted to do something yet on earth for His glory. And oh, what a sense of my unworthiness I felt! how like a little worm of the dust! And how amazing was His condescension in bestowing upon me the riches of His grace and making me an heir of His kingdom! He had "washed me from my sins in His own blood," and clothed me with His own robe of righteousness, and taken me into union with Himself, indissoluble, eternal! Oh, it was more than my mind could conceive to be possible, yet it was a glorious reality! I think that was "an earnest of my inheritance" above that I received on that memorable night.

When the morning dawned I was quite surprised to find myself still an inhabitant of this world. I arose and dressed, feeling that I had new strength. All who saw me noticed a change. All day I was free from the debility I had felt previously, and had no faintness. The next day I had still more strength, and from that time to the present I have been *well!* Nearly four weeks have passed, and no recurrence of those symptoms which betokened the approach of death, and I am apparently in a better condition of health than for years past. I certainly consider myself a monument of the healing power of God, and with all my heart ascribe the glory to His name.

My cure is most remarkable, for several reasons. First, the nature of the disease—heart affection. Second, the long period of debility which preceded the cure. Third, my advanced age. Fourth, the absence of any special faith for healing on my part. Some sci-

entists claim that all such cases are the result of the influence of imagination upon the nervous system. There certainly could have been nothing of the kind in this case.

Now I am praying that every hour of my added life may show forth His praise who has signally blessed me through all my seventy years' pilgrimage, and that my last days may glorify Him more than all my past years.

Truth to history requires that it be said that in this case the cure was not permanent. The distressing spells of sinking which had caused so much suffering to Mrs. James and anxiety to her kindred were not experienced until the next summer. Then, undue haste in trying to overtake a street-car in New York caused a return of these symptoms. A few weeks after this, in a letter to her husband, then in England, she writes :

I am feeling feeble to-day. Have sinking-spells occasionally which indicate a return of heart affection, and I may one of these days be called home suddenly. I think the purpose for which God raised me up last winter may have been accomplished here at Ocean Grove this summer. Precious souls have come to Jesus and been saved through my instrumentality. . . . Perhaps my work is nearly accomplished. May His will be done and His blessed name be glorified, whether it be by my protracted life or speedy departure to the better land.

That there was little, if any, radical change in the condition of the heart is shown by this statement, and by the fact that, according to the diagnosis of her physician, the death of Mrs. James two years later was caused by the same affection.

The writer of these pages has no theory in regard to faith healing to advocate, and simply makes this record as a matter of fact. When physiology or psychology shall reveal the dividing-line between body and spirit, or

even that between the inworking divine and the co-operating human energy, it may be possible to find how much of a cure results from the use of remedies, how much from atmospheric or other external influences, what is due to the human will or imagination, or nature's recuperative power, and how much comes directly by the divine interposition.

Not long after the sudden recovery described above Bishop Jesse T. Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, being in Norwich, took the opportunity to renew an acquaintance of former years with the subject of this memoir, by calling upon her at the house of her son. In the course of the conversation at that time the venerable man remarked in substance: "When I want something done that I can't do for myself, and I ask God to do it for me, and it's done, I call that an answer to prayer, and I think I ought to give thanks to God."

Here all believers in divine Grace and Providence can unite. Certainly, one to whom the inspired declaration "in Him [God] we live and move and have our being" is so real as for sixty years it was to Mrs. James, will have no difficulty in committing all questions of health, as every other interest, to God in believing prayer. Nor will such an one fail to acknowledge that "Every good and perfect gift"—healthful breezes, the helpful medicine, the influence of the imagination, the power of the will, the restorative energy of nature,—cometh "from the Father of Lights" as truly as healing directly traceable to the divine Hand.

To her latest hour Mrs. James was accustomed to use medicines and other remedial agents when they seemed to be providentially indicated as likely to be helpful. On the other hand, perhaps a hundred times she asked and

obtained relief from suffering without the use of such means, when they were not within reach. Especially was this true of attacks which came upon her in the night-time, or when to obtain medicines would involve inconvenience to others. Unwillingness to call upon friends for services not absolutely necessary was a marked feature of her character. Indeed, her shrinking from becoming burdensome more than any other feeling prompted her oft-repeated prayer that she might be spared a long sickness—a prayer which was signally answered.

No sojourn of the mother with the family of her son is recalled by its members with more interest than that now passing under review. During the early part of the winter the dear one was so prostrated that she was an object of constant solicitude. The attacks of faintness would come upon her suddenly, and she would be compelled to take a sitting or reclining posture instantly. These occurred several times a day for weeks, yet, strange to say, in the good providence of God, she never fell or received injury from this cause. She was not able to attend many religious meetings, but would occasionally call upon the invalids and elderly people of her son's parish, always bearing to their homes God's sunshine. Most of her time was passed in a delightful room with southerly windows. She was occupied as far as her strength permitted in writing *The Soul Winner*. Almost daily she would find some need for consultation with her son in regard to this work, and many were the blessed hours of communion in that almost sacred room. From it was written the letter to the Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., from which quotations are made in his address at her funeral, which will be found in the last chapter of this book.



There was a mellowing and thorough ripening of the Christian graces which made the character we are contemplating more than ever saintly, and which was especially noticeable at the time just alluded to, and during the succeeding months of her earthly career. Gentle and lovable as she had always been, there seemed an almost heavenly atmosphere about her exceeding anything that had been observed before. Not only was her walk with God increasingly intimate, but her whole spirit seemed to receive a finishing-touch which caused it more fully than ever to bear the image of the Heavenly.

After the wonderful change in her physical condition, described above, letters went to several of her special friends, filled with thanksgiving to her Mighty Healer. In one to her friend, Mrs. Morton, of Red Bank, N. J., she speaks of being "ready to die, yet glad to live and labor." Some months later she writes to Miss Emily Bates, of Wilmington, Del., of that winter as "one of the happiest of her life." By her kindred, and those with whom she mingled in such delightful Christian intercourse in Norwich, and the many who have read with profit the life-story of her brother, it will be regarded as one of the most fruitful.

The following poem by Mrs. James was published in the *Christian Advocate* of January 20, 1881. Years before, the writer had heard of a lady who expressed to the late Bishop Janes her sorrow at the apparent lack of success attending her efforts for souls. The good bishop replied: "Sister, you forget the *doubtless*. 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall DOUBTLESS come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT." The worker took fresh heart and soon saw fruit of her efforts.

Mrs. James often quoted the bishop's words, and they probably suggested this poetic setting of the inspired and inspiring truth :

*Doubtless.*

Go forth, thou weeping sower,  
 Sow precious seed each day,  
 Fear not, nor be discouraged,  
 Still work and trust and pray.  
 Though signs of coming harvest  
 Seem long to be delayed,  
 Remember the word "doubtless,"  
 And never be dismayed.

Think'st thou the ground so stony  
 The germ will surely die ?  
 Thou knowest not how 'tis cherished  
 By Him who dwells on high.  
 Some little seed thou droppest  
 Will find a genial soil,  
 Some germs will "doubtless" flourish  
 To crown thy faithful toil.

Toil on, then, Christian worker,  
 For "doubtless" is the word,  
 The glorious word of promise,  
 From thy unehanging Lord !  
 Yes, "DOUBTLESS !" blest assurance !  
 "Thy labor's not in vain,"  
 Thou'lt "come again rejoicing,"  
 With "sheaves" of ripened grain.

The early summer found Mrs. James once more at Ocean Grove, ready for the work of the season, into which she entered with unabated zeal. In August she and her son were summoned to New York to witness the departure of Mr. James, the husband and father, for England. He had conceived the idea that his improve-

ments in time-keepers would be more highly appreciated by watch manufacturers in England, and made the journey with the hope of securing there what he had failed to do in America. It was a severe trial to the wife, but was accepted in the spirit, so constantly manifested, of acquiescence in the arrangements of Divine Providence. After this midsummer visit to New York, as above stated, symptoms of the old trouble with the heart again appeared. In September she writes to her husband :

I have not had strength to do much in meetings, but the Lord Jesus has sent many hungry souls to me to be fed, and helped me to give them gospel food.

The necessity for some work upon her cottages at Ocean Grove caused Mrs. James to remain there during the autumn and a large part of the winter of 1881. In January, 1882, she was once more in Wilmington, Del., enjoying the society of friends, and busy in efforts for the salvation of the souls, especially of the young. She writes of an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Richards to address the young people of his church, and remarks :

I did not feel at liberty to refuse, and am feeling so well. It is such a privilege to do what I can for Jesus, and I do not believe my life will be abridged one day by my labors for Him. I am amazed at the interest manifested in my efforts here, and the results. Never more evident aid from God. Blessed be His name!

In February she returned to New York, whence she wrote, March 2, of the exhaustion which might have been expected to follow such labors, and of chills and other unpleasant symptoms, but adds :

I have seen very clearly God's hand in all my leadings, and my heart is praising Him all the time for His wonderful love and

tender care. I think I never have been able to do so much for Jesus in the same length of time as in the last six months. Hands and feet, tongue and brain and soul, all employed in His blessed service constantly in all my waking hours. My pen has been more busy than ever. My mind seems remarkably clear and my thoughts seem so easily conveyed, both by tongue and pen. In composing I find wonderful freedom and am helped from above. . . . On New Year's morning, as I awoke, it was said to me: "Ask what thou wilt." I replied: "That I may glorify Thee, O my precious Savior, more than in any year before. Let me do more and bring more glory to Thy blessed name."

During this winter Mrs. James wrote to Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, a member of the Society of Friends, but not on that account less dear to the heart in such fellowship with Jesus that all His chosen ones were beloved in Him, on the "blessed life of entire consecration to God."

More and more I am impressed with the immense importance of urging this upon Christians as their high calling in Christ Jesus and as a qualification for usefulness in the world. The infinite advantages in both worlds should be presented to believers in Jesus with unremitting earnestness and diligence. How great beyond all estimate is their loss who fail to come up to the divine requirement so clearly set forth in the precious Word. In my own daily experience of this great salvation I am proving more and more its richness, its sweetness, and its fullness of blessing. How it elevates the spirit above all earthly, sordid things! How it brings eternal realities before the mind and makes the presence of the Invisible a vivid realization! How it clears the spiritual vision and disperses the mists of worldliness and the clouds of doubt and fear, and opens to the soul the infinite resources of divine love by which we "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory!"

After a trip to Ocean Grove in May, 1882, made necessary by business requiring her attention, Mrs. James was once more welcomed to the home of her son, at that time in Danielsonville, Conn. In August

the lady wrote to the friend of so many years, Rev. George Hughes, editor of the *Guide to Holiness* :

Another milestone of my life journey reminds me that I have come nearly to its end, for with my frail condition of health I cannot expect to add even another year. Yet if He whom I serve has anything more for me to do while in "this tottering house of clay," He can "prop" it up and make it last a little longer. I am finding it very delightful to have the sanctuary so near [the parsonage adjoined the church] that I can enjoy its hallowed privileges without the fatigue of walking any distance. I see the hand of my loving Father very clearly in my being here in the home of my dear son this summer, instead of at Ocean Grove, because of my feeble condition. I was not able to endure the excitement and fatigue inseparable from its hallowed enjoyments. But how strange it seems that I am not there.

It matters little, however, where we are if the blessed Comforter is with us, and His presence is ever with me. Companionship with Jesus never was a more vivid realization than now. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

This letter accompanied a poem of which its writer speaks as "A Birthday Tribute" for her entrance upon her seventy-third year. It appeared in the *Guide* of October, 1882 :

*In Sight of Home.*

"At evening-time it shall be light."

At evening-time I find it light ;  
 Each passing hour it grows more bright ;  
 For heaven's own beams shine on my way  
 As on I travel day by day ;  
 And nearing now the end, I see  
 The glorious home prepared for me.

I've journeyed twelve and threescore years  
 In what is called "a vale of tears ;"

But all along the thorny road  
 I've found fulfilled the precious Word,  
 "My grace sufficient is for thee,"  
 And "as thy days thy strength shall be."

When all too rugged seemed the way,  
 I heard my loving Father say,  
 "I'll take thee up and bear thee o'er  
 This weary path to yonder shore."  
 Then, safe within His sheltering arms  
 I felt no dread of earthly harms.

"Down to old age" He's carried me ;  
 His wondrous love and grace I see  
 Through all the way in which I've come,  
 Thus far, toward my heavenly home ;  
 And all His promises are sure  
 To those who to the end endure.

Now to my covenant-keeping God  
 I give all praise : His precious Word  
 Has been fulfilled : each day and hour  
 I've proved His love and saving power ;  
 Now, nearing the celestial shore,  
 My pilgrimage will soon be o'er.

O glory to my Savior's name !  
 'Twas through His blood I overcame,  
 In all my conflicts, through His power  
 I've triumphed in the darkest hour ;  
 And on the everlasting shore  
 I'll sing His praise forevermore.

The excessive weariness and other unfavorable symptoms disappeared at length, almost as suddenly as did those from which Mrs. James suffered in Norwich. This time the cure could be traced to the coming of cool weather. Not the less fervent was the thanksgiving to God.

During the summer Mr. Henry B. James returned from his trip to England. Husband and wife remained

with their children a few weeks and then went together to New York.

To some members of that household the parting with the beloved one that September night was the final one for earth. With all, the memory of that last visit is fragrant as with the perfume of heaven.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LAST YEAR.

AFTER leaving Connecticut, Mrs. James spent some weeks in New York. One enterprise in which she was at this time specially interested was the Sunday-school for Chinese, connected with the Trinity Baptist Church in that city. An article from her pen, in regard to this work among the Chinese, appeared in the *National Baptist* for November 9, 1882. The school was originated by Mrs. Carto, the widow of a Baptist clergyman, who had, with her husband, labored among the Chinese in California. As little is known of this humble but useful work outside of New York, and in this country "John Chinaman" is receiving so much attention of entirely a different sort, it may be worth while to give some brief extracts from this article :

I found thirty Chinamen, each with a teacher by his side, with patient, cheerful effort engaged in teaching him to read the sacred pages and explaining to him their hallowed truths. It was deeply touching to see the eagerness and absorbing interest of the learners, and the joy that brightened their faces as the light of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God dawned upon their benighted minds. Yielding their hearts to the claims of their Redeemer, many have entered into "the glorious liberty of the children of God." Eleven are baptized members of Trinity Baptist Church.

It was thrilling to hear them singing "What a Friend we have in Jesus" and to know they realize His love who is the Friend of sinners. In a service at the close of the session they joined in



choosing and singing "Gospel Songs" with evident zest, both words and tunes seeming quite familiar to them. At 6 P.M. they surrounded a table provided with a bountiful supper. In this generous kindness there is a twofold object; to show the goodwill and interest of the teachers and also to induce the pupils to remain to the evening service. This repast links them all together as one family, and they greatly appreciate the favor shown them. Doubtless the kindness of their teachers contributes much to secure attendance till interest is awakened.

After supper there was another service, conducted by themselves, partly in Chinese and partly in English. Several of the converts read portions of Scripture, expounding them to their countrymen. Christ's Sermon on the Mount, Matt. v., formed the basis of the first address in Chinese. The expressive countenance and gestures of the speaker showed that his soul was in every utterance, and the fixed attention and seriousness of his audience evinced their heartfelt interest.

After several had taken part in this way, invitation was given for the relation of Christian experience. Then followed testimonies; some in broken English, others in their own language, telling the story of their salvation, and their gratitude and joy for the new life upon which they had entered.

Statements made by those who teach the Chinese show that these down-trodden people possess excellent traits, in some of which our own people are deficient, namely: high appreciation of favors; warmest gratitude; affectionate attachment to their teacher and friends; great veneration for the aged; tender respect and love for their parents; marked generosity and kindness; docility and gentleness; and meekness and forbearance when ill-treated and abused.

As Christians they are models of consistency, watching over each other, marking the least delinquency or impropriety of an erring brother, and faithfully and boldly telling him he "Must stop that—that not good! You Christian now; you must not do so;" and the reproof is kindly received.

No wonder that this enthusiastic lover of Jesus and souls was interested in efforts in behalf of this people, so

strangely treated in this land. The article closes with some statements that are in contrast with common notions, and a question worth pondering by Christian Americans.

Cleanliness and neatness also distinguish these people when converted. In their person and apartments they are neat, also in apparel and way of living. All these admirable characteristics belong to the better class of Chinese; and these are the people who, by an act of our government, are excluded from our shores! What a foul blot upon our nation! Will not God have a controversy with us for this?

The stay of Mrs. James in New York was not long, as business called her to Ocean Grove. Thence she wrote to her son of "surprising ability to walk, and powers of endurance." In November, it was her joy to attend the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia. The holiday season found her with relatives in Trenton, N. J.

Christmas was always a time of peculiar interest in the home of Mrs. James. When her children were young the season was always made to them bright and happy, that, through tokens of love, their minds and hearts might be lifted toward Him whose birth is then celebrated. As years passed on some love-token for every member of her family marked each joyous time.

On the morning of Christmas, 1882, as the guest entered the breakfast-room of the family of her brother-in-law, she handed to each of the circle a copy, in her own handwriting, with her signature, of the following little poem, at the same time expressing her sorrow that she could not bestow a more valuable gift:

*Christmas.*

Christmas greetings, sweet and tender,  
 Fall upon our ears to-day.  
 "Merry Christmas!" "Happy Christmas!"  
 Loving ones delight to say.

Christmas gifts and kindly missives,  
 Beauteous cards, with words so sweet—  
 Sacred day, so dear, so cherished,  
 When the loved and loving meet.

Christmas Day, we bid thee welcome!  
 Precious mem'ries thou dost bring;  
 Thoughts of *Him*, *God's gift*, so priceless,  
 Jesus Christ, our glorious King.

Sweetest, in this day of gladness,  
 Is the thought of Him whose love  
 Brought Him down to live in sorrow  
 Here, that we might live above.

There, in blessed, sweet reunion,  
 When this fleeting life is o'er,  
 May we meet in heaven's communion  
 All our loved ones gone before.

A New Year's letter to her "very dear friend," Mrs. Dr. Gause of Philadelphia, thus expresses the feelings of Mrs. James at the threshold of the year 1883:

I think, of all my seventy-two years, this has been the happiest. Truly, my path is growing brighter as I go onward to my heavenly home. At the close of each day I can say:

"One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One less of life for me."

My heart exults in grateful praise to Him who in life's early morning led me to devote my whole being to Him. It has been

such a delightful service! Could I live a thousand years longer on earth I would so gladly devote all my powers to the same hal-  
lowed service that has engaged my life for nearly sixty-two years. I have found it so sweet to live and work for Jesus. Tell this to your dear class of young people as my testimony, that *IT PAYS WELL TO SERVE GOD*. What a mistake young people make in thinking they must go to the world for pleasure and seek in its vain amusements and follies for happiness. You and I know from our own experience that in spiritual things, in the work that Jesus has given us to do and in the approving smiles of our God, there is solid, pure, and perpetual enjoyment.

How I do long to see our young Christians wholly consecrated to God! Dear sister, you may have many years yet to live. Let it be your constant effort to influence the young to devote themselves without reserve to God. . . . When, at the missionary meetings, prayer was asked that God would send more young ladies for foreign work, I felt like saying, "In order to this, let us older Christians try more earnestly to influence our young ladies to be all consecrated. Then they will be ready to enter upon missionary fields or any other work for Christ."

It has been my constant effort all these years to bring others to entire consecration to His blessed service to whom I have delighted to give my heart, my life, my all. O how this great matter of entire devotion to God looms up before me now as I am nearing the end of my life's journey! . . . Every consecrated one may influence others to a life of devotion. And each one thus brought nearer to Christ may bring more, and thus, as the number multiplies through the years, what results of incalculable good! It is beyond the computation of our finite powers, and will task our immortal capacities through all eternity to make the grand estimate. In view of all this can we be too earnest, too self-sacrificing, or too persistent in our efforts to bring souls to Jesus and to build up and strengthen Christians in a life of holiness?

During the month of January Mrs. James once more found her way to the home of her friends at Bloomfield, N. J. How she was employed may be gathered from the following letter of the Rev. D. R. Lowrie, then pas-

tor of the Methodist Episcopal Church there, dated December 17, 1884:

“The memory of your precious mother is very dear to me and my church. The first time she assisted us here was on Sunday, January 7, 1883. She then delivered, at my special request, an address to the young people of my congregation. She shrank from speaking to so large an audience, but consented. I find a note in my journal as follows: ‘A most blessed influence rested upon the congregation and deep impressions were made.’

“The memory of that hour lingers on my heart like a divine spell. It seems as though it was but yesterday she was with us in the above service. Her face shone like that of an angel.

“Your mother was here at the above time for several weeks and spoke a number of times to the young. A goodly number of young persons joined the church at that time. Some of them are very bright Christians.”

Of this sojourn in their home, the letter of Mrs. Meeker, elsewhere quoted, gives the following account:

“In her visit during the winter of 1882-’83 the beauty of her Christian life impressed us more than ever, her light shone with such steady brilliancy. We enjoyed the quiet hours spent with her, when she would lay aside her busy pen and speak with a deeper earnestness, it seemed, than ever before.

“She labored in the meetings that were being held in our church, and many were quickened and brought to Jesus. Our little son, ten years of age, had been prevented, by whooping-cough, from attending her meetings. One Sabbath he asked to go to the children’s meeting. We consented. He took a seat in the rear, was deeply moved by the words spoken, came home and gave his heart to Jesus, and has been striving ever since to follow her teachings and be one of Jesus’ boys.

“She was truly one of the ‘housetop saints,’ always rejoicing. In the midst of trouble and trial that would have crushed stronger and less sensitive organisms she was peering around in the darkness, counting the mercies that were left. I have often heard her

say: 'I WILL REJOICE, for my trials have been God's purifying furnace.'

"She once remarked to me: 'I never write a letter without bearing testimony for Jesus.' Her heart was so full of the love of the Master that it was constantly overflowing and letting His light shine through her. This was the secret of her great usefulness."

To Miss Nicholson, of Philadelphia, Mrs. James wrote:

In New York city, most of the winter, my labors, in revival services, Bible readings, visiting, etc., have required all the strength I had, and, indeed, the weariness of the flesh at times has been very great; but the soul-rest has been so sweet, in the realization of the divine Presence and love, that I often forget that I have a frail body. I have been signally helped and blessed in my labors for Christ's precious cause, and am rejoicing in Him all the time. Blessed be His name!

In the spring Mrs. James was again temporarily called to Trenton, by the illness of a relative, but the season of special work at Ocean Grove found her there once more. If she could have known that this was to be her last summer amid those scenes, always so enchanting to her, she could not have been more diligent in improving every opportunity.

During the year now before us her communications with her immediate family were less frequent than usual, and were mostly by postal cards. This is explained in a letter to her son, July 31: "I have intended every day to write to you, but each day has brought its duties, filling up every hour and every minute."

Allusion is then made to the Convention of Chaplains and Delegates of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, and other army workers, which she had greatly desired that her son should attend, but duty called him in another direction, to her regret as well as his.

The death of Dr. Walter C. Palmer, early in the summer, produced a profound impression upon Mrs. James. The Christian friendship of more than forty years between them, her intimate relations both with Mrs. Phœbe Palmer and the present Mrs. Palmer, the suddenness of his removal and all the circumstances attending it, caused her to feel most deeply. Her hymn, *Hold up the Banner*, suggested by words of the doctor in his last moments, was set to music by Professor Sweeney, and sung by the people at Ocean Grove with great interest. In the letter to her son, already quoted, Mrs. James remarks:

The Lord is good to me, wonderfully good. I have more strength and ability, both physical and mental, than I could have expected to have at my age. Two weeks from this day will be my seventy-third birthday. It certainly must have been the Power divine that has preserved me to this age and the Hand divine that has led me all the days of my life. I have a most blessed sense of the special guidance of that Hand every day and every hour. It is evident to me and to many others that God has brought me here this summer. He has already given me to see fruits of my labors, and daily my heart is cheered by assurances that my "labor is not in vain in the Lord." I am trying to be careful not to overtax my little strength by excessive work. After the 9 A.M. meeting I try to rest. Have taken a room away from Hodson Cottage [where she was stopping] for the purpose of being quiet and getting rest between the services. Those through the day I seldom attend, for I am not able. . . . My appetite is tolerably good, and I have much to be thankful for.

My spiritual comforts abound. My "peace is as a river." Not a cloud intervening between the bright Sun, my dear Redeemer, and my soul. Such sweet resting in His blessed will. Such unwavering trust in, and such conscious help from Him who is my strength and righteousness, my wisdom and my all. Oh, it is indeed "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

A month later she wrote :

At the beginning of the meeting I was so feeble that I thought of leaving, but prayed that if the Lord had anything for me to do, He would renew my physical strength. It was done immediately, and I have been well ever since, and feel stronger than I have in a long time, though in labors abundant.

Mrs. Walter H. Morton, of Red Bank, N. J., whom it was the joy of Mrs. James to have with her during part of this memorable season, writes :

“It gives me pleasure to live over in my mind those precious days at Ocean Grove. Truly we were on ‘the Delectable Mountains.’ I was surprised to find your mother able to accomplish such an amount of work every day, and then sleep so sweetly every night.”

After alluding to the confidential chats in their pleasant retreat, Mrs. Morton continues :

“It was her custom to rest a little time just after children’s meeting. One day there was a little dwarf lad who said: ‘Mrs. James, may I speak with you? If I could see you alone I could tell you what I couldn’t tell any one except my own mother.’ She said: ‘Yes; I am very tired and must go to rest, but you may come with me for half an hour.’ She was deeply interested in his case, and told him if he was faithful she believed the Lord would make him very useful. That seemed to inspire him. She said to me: ‘I think he probably thought his a useless life.’ He was about fourteen years old, but about the height of a boy of eight years. She talked in the cottage with him until he said: ‘Mrs. James, you had better rest now. Are you very tired?’ ‘Oh, no,’ said she; ‘I feel rested.’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘I have been praying that God would give you strength to talk with me.’ I think she said they had talked over an hour, and he was so much comforted.

“That night I called with her to see a friend on our way home, and it must have been ten o’clock when we left there. . . .



“After service, each day, I think it took from fifteen to thirty minutes to get away. As I stood watching the people these words would come to me: ‘The people thronged Him.’ I said: ‘How much like the Master; unmindful of self, and an ear and hand for all.’ I felt honored to be the guest of such an one.”

The work of Mrs. James at Ocean Grove in the summer of 1883 was performed with more than her ordinary intensity of zeal and activity. With all the multiplied demands upon her for public labor, she did not lose her wonted interest in individual cases. Two ladies whom she casually met and found to be seeking to know the higher life, won her heart. One of them gained a blessed baptism of the Spirit, and dropped a note to her new friend, who “was wishing so much” to have her address, and promptly replied. Her counsels to this new initiate into the richer experiences of grace are characteristic :

Remember, henceforth your motto is to be: “Looking unto Jesus.” This is the secret of happiness, of safety, of usefulness, of holy living. Looking unto Jesus constantly, unwaveringly, you will insure victory every step of the way. Conflicts and trials you will have, but in Christ is your strength, your wisdom, your all. In and through Him you will be sure to triumph.

In a second letter, after congratulating the lady upon her progress, she says :

Now God can use you for His glory as He could not before. You are entirely in His hands, and I trust will be instrumental in the accomplishment of great good. But you must look for testing, dear one, testing that may be severe, for all the grace we receive must pass through the fire and be tried as gold is tried. But do not fear the fiery ordeal, for you know the apostle says: “That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may appear unto praise and honor and glory at the coming of the Lord Jesus.” Then we must

not shrink from the testing process, but welcome it as evincing our Father's tender love, designing to make of us the finest jewels.

The associate of this lady did not seem to come at once into the clear light, and Mrs. James wrote to her a letter of counsel. After speaking of the pressure upon her time the writer says :

But, had I ever so much time to devote to you, all I could say would amount to this—simply take Jesus at His word and trust Him as your complete Savior. You allude to a blessing recently received, a gracious uplifting, but think it was not what you had been asking for—something less than full salvation. Although all consecrated to God, all on the altar and waiting for the fire, your offering not accepted! Why not? If you had complied with the divine requirement it would be strange indeed if acceptance were refused. It would be dishonoring God to think He would not keep His own contract. Now, dear, don't do so again, but be in an expectant attitude, looking every moment for the hallowed fire, as, in devout supplication, you continually wait upon the Lord, reckoning yourself all His, saying, "Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine."

When light and comfort come, receive the blessing as the one asked for, and honor your Savior by praising Him for it. After all, is it not the *Blesser* you want, and having Him you have the blessing? Surely Jesus is yours and you are His, and now He wants you to recognize Him as your soul's great need and full supply, and just rest in His love, saying,

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find."

Is He not made of God unto us (you) wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption? What more do you want?

You say, the evidence that the work is accomplished. That will come when, with perfect reliance on Jesus, you say:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's and He is mine,"

if you just rest there and look no farther than to Him as your sanctification.

Praying that the Holy Spirit will show to you the simplicity of the way, and you may speedily enter in and find your rich inheritance in Christ, I am yours in Him,

MARY D. JAMES.

This was probably her last letter of counsel to a seeker of full salvation. It embodies the results of threescore years of investigation and experience on the subject, and well illustrates her way of helping inquirers.

In September the writer of these pages was unexpectedly called to New York. His sister had been arranging to spend the winter at his New England home, and he was glad to go to Ocean Grove to meet her, as well as to greet once more his beloved mother. His reception was what might have been expected after a separation of nearly a year. In the afternoon, leaning upon his arm, the precious one walked through those pathways so often pressed by her weary feet, to make farewell calls upon several friends. It was her last walk amid those scenes, sacred to her and to so many.

In the evening a company of kindred spirits talked and sang and prayed together in the sitting-room of Hodson Cottage. The next morning the mother and daughter met the son at the depot and the three went to spend a few hours with Mr. and Mrs. Morton, at Red Bank.

Mrs. James's work at Ocean Grove was done.

At Red Bank mother and son called upon one or two friends and the morning was spent in delightful converse. While yet they sat at the dinner-table the carriage came which must bear daughter and son to the train for New York and Danielsonville.

Then came the last kiss, still warm upon his cheek, and the clasp of those dear arms which seems yet to hold him to mother and God and heaven !

Of this interview Mrs. Morton writes :

“That day we little thought would be our last together here, for she expected to come over the next Wednesday, and we would make calls together and have a good time. She rested a while, then we sat in our parlor eating fruit. Then we took a short walk, laying plans for the next camp-meeting, if both were spared, gathered golden-rod and other flowers, and talked of our Father who had made them so beautiful. Then we sat on the porch and awaited the omnibus which bore her from my sight forever in this world. But I often feel her spiritual presence and hear her words of encouragement.”

From Red Bank Mrs. James went to Little Silver, N. J., where she spent a week with Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thomas, to whom, from their girlhood, she had been warmly attached, and with the Rev. and Mrs. S. Townsend. Her friends noticed her febleness, but her visit was a source of joy to hosts and guest. Her next visit was at Freehold, the special errand being to see her nephew, Mr. Daniel Yard, who was wasting with consumption. With joy she writes of having been to him the bearer of a message by which his faith was strengthened. They parted, hoping to meet in heaven. His departure occurred only a few days after.

Mr. Avar, of Bloomfield, was quietly sinking into the arms of death, and Mrs. James, prompted by her interest in the family, made a trip to that place.

Of this visit the Rev. D. R. Lowrie, in the letter already quoted, says :

“The last time your mother was here was Sunday, September 23, 1883. I made a note again in my journal of her presence. She said the Gospel was never more precious than it was that morning. I asked her if she was going to stay in Bloomfield for a while. She answered : ‘I know not just what my Father’s will is as to my

future, but it will be the very best for me and for all my dear ones.'

"It was the last time I ever spoke to her. She met the children's class of which her friend, Mrs. C. Meeker, is the leader, and addressed them that same day."

After kind, wise words to the little people of Bloomfield, many of them her own children in the Lord, Mrs. James went back to the home of her friends, never again to walk to the temple of God on earth.

## CHAPTER III.

TRANSLATED.

MRS. SARAH A. LANKFORD PALMER, so often mentioned in these pages as for twoscore years a cherished friend, kindly arranged for Mrs. James to spend some weeks at her home in New York, made lonely by the death of her husband, Dr. W. C. Palmer. Rev. and Mrs. George Hughes were also to be there, and all had anticipated a delightful season together. Toward this haven of quiet rest the weary pilgrim turned her eager feet on the morning of Tuesday, September 25, 1883. The journey to the city was without incident, but there had been a rain the night before, leaving the streets muddy, and, as the lady stepped from the plank floor of the ferry-house upon the paving-stones, she slipped and fell. Of this accident she wrote to Mrs. Hodson, of Ocean Grove :

In coming off the boat I fell, and was very near being trampled to death by horses' feet that were just coming upon me when two gentlemen caught me up and saved my life. It was a wonder of mercy that I was not killed. I should have gone to the bright world above, but it would have been an awful way to go. I am so thankful, for the sake of my dear ones, that I did not go that way. I had severe bruises, but the greatest injury was the effect of the shock upon my heart. I have had much suffering since from oppression and distress about my heart. Mrs. Palmer called a doctor and he is still attending me. But I am looking to the Great Physician and trusting in Him. I am unable to use any exertion or bear any excitement. Several times I have felt as if I could not live another hour, I have had such extreme suffering.

The effects of the accident did not prevent the attendance of Mrs. James at the Tuesday meeting in the house of her kind hostess on the day of her arrival. One day she went to the House of Refuge for Girls, at Randall's Island, and addressed the inmates. During the week she took a few short walks, and greatly enjoyed greeting friends who called at the house of Mrs. Palmer.

One guest has since spoken of his observation, that Mrs. James had so much to say of God's care, during an evening that he spent at the house, and so often said, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Another was impressed with the quickness of her motions and her almost abnormal activity. All realized, if possible more than at other interviews, the sweetness and gentleness of her spirit.

She was invited to address a Sabbath-school on Sunday, September 30, and had arranged to do so, but as she was not feeling well enough, Rev. G. Hughes went in her place.

With all her feebleness and suffering, this earnest woman could not be idle. She was engaged in the preparation of a *\*Bible Holiness Chart*, intended to serve the double purpose of being a sort of memorial of Dr. Palmer, whose likeness it bears, and a collection of Scripture passages and poetic verses for each day of the month upon some phase of the doctrine of Christian holiness. Her work just then was writing the little poems.

On Tuesday, October 2, Mrs. James once more took her place in the Tuesday meeting. More than forty years before she had for the first time attended a like service at Dr. Palmer's, then on Rivington Street, and found it a source of blessing. How often during those years

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\* Since published by Palmer & Hughes, New York.

had she turned her steps to that delightful gathering of Spirit-baptized disciples of Jesus. When her relatives were expecting her to come to them by way of New York they knew well that she would not come on a Tuesday. Rarely, if ever, did the fascination of that meeting fail to hold her there. Never did she fail to reap profit from the exercises. On this occasion the service was progressing as usual, when Mrs. James began singing with more than her ordinary vocal energy, the company joining, the verse expressing in such simple language a precious truth, No. 30 in *Gospel Hymns* :

“ God loved the world of sinners lost  
And ruined by the fall,” etc.

with the chorus :

“ O ’twas love, ’twas wondrous love,  
The love of God to me :  
It brought my Savior from above,  
To die on Calvary.”

Her hearers remembered afterward the peculiar fervor with which she sang. After the singing, she rose and bore a strong, clear testimony, as was her wont, to the power of saving grace, dwelling especially upon the amazing love of God in Christ Jesus to her.

On Wednesday morning, the hymn at family devotions was :

“ One more day’s work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me.”

How little the group gathered for worship that morning realized that, to one of their number, there was but “one more day” in which to work for Jesus on earth.

It was always a favorite with Mrs. James, who sang it



at this time with unwonted fervor. Through the day she continued her writing. In the afternoon she put on her bonnet for a walk with Mrs. Palmer, but the calling of friends changed their plans. In the evening, Mr. Hughes and Mrs. Palmer went to prayer-meeting and Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. James remained in the house. Of this evening Mrs. Hughes writes :

“It was my privilege to be with your dear mother the last evening before her death, and I wish I could call to mind all the words that fell from her lips that night. She had been writing the verses for the Wall-Roll, and seemed to have such a sweet content and satisfaction with the work she had done for Him whom she loved so much.

“She looked so weary, I remarked: ‘You have confined yourself too closely to-day to your writing.’ ‘Oh, no,’ she replied, ‘I never wrote with more ease,’ her countenance giving expression to her words. The evening soon passed, and she remarked how profitable it had been and how she was refreshed. I then assisted her in preparing for bed, and she, thanking me for all I did, bade me ‘Good-night.’”

Her friends afterward learned that she had suffered much during the entire night, but enjoyed sweetest communion with God.

Early on Thursday morning, October 4, Mrs. James called Mrs. Hughes and requested her to send for a physician. Dr. Miles W. Palmer was not long in reaching the sufferer, and his remedies seemed to have a favorable effect. At the usual hour of breakfast the patient dressed, but not being well enough to go down-stairs, her breakfast was brought to her room. A glass of hot milk seemed greatly to refresh her, and she was relieved.

The account above quoted continues :

“Mrs. Palmer, husband, and myself spent an hour in her room after breakfast, in conversation. She was so happy in the thought

that she was with dear Sister Palmer, but did not want to make them any trouble. After loving words of assurance that it was a pleasure and no trouble, Mrs. Palmer was called from the room and my husband also."

With her wonted unwillingness to cause anxiety to her friends, Mrs. James had refrained from all allusions to her accident in writing to her children. A postal card, written October 1, said: "I am not feeling well, but am in good hands, and expect to be better soon."

In the conversation with Mrs. Hughes, above mentioned, the invalid spoke of sending to her children the information concerning her condition. Mrs. Hughes remarked: "I do not think you are going to leave us." She replied: "Oh, no, I have no premonition of any change." Yet it was decided that, as her condition was critical, it would be wise that day to make the fact of her illness known to her friends in New England. The invalid now complained of coldness of feet, and rose from a sofa where she had reclined and seated herself in a chair, placing her feet near the stove.

The conversation was largely upon the things of God. Mrs. James alluded to a letter written a few days before, in which she had exhorted her son to be faithful in seeking to promote the work of holiness, and remarked that if that should prove her last letter its impression might be all the stronger. Much was said of the precious texts that had come to the memory of the sufferer during the night before. One was: "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Another was partly quoted: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Mrs. Hughes continued the quotation: "Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed," when the

sufferer added: "And though I am removed I will not fear."

That hour of hallowed communion! With what sweetness and power it lingers in the memory of the two survivors! Many such hours, that seemed to pass in the confines of heaven, are recalled by these ladies. This only differed from others in that it was spent with the pure and happy spirit just pluming its wings for the final flight. Should not the thought of the influence of remembered conversations cause Christians to see to it that their words are such as will honor their Lord?

During this interview the invalid alluded to her letter of nearly three years before to the Rev. Dr. Stokes, in regard to her funeral sermon, and remarked that all her preparations had been made. In such converse perhaps an hour passed. Says Mrs. Hughes:

"I shall never forget the tone of her voice or expression of her face, so heavenly, so peaceful. Mr. James then came in [he had spent the night before in another part of the city] and, immediately after, the doctor."

The physician took the hand of his patient, and remarked: "Mrs. James, your pulse is as regular as clock-work." She replied: "Doctor, I don't feel very well," and spoke of the return of the distress in the region of her heart. After some further conversation the doctor asked for a glass and water, and stepped to a table to prepare some medicine. A moment later Mrs. Hughes exclaimed: "Doctor, she's going!" Immediately turning, Dr. Palmer found the head drooped upon the breast. *The spirit was gone!*

The last subject of conversation had been the importance of being always prepared for death, and the fact

that it makes little difference what are the circumstances to one who is "ready." The sorrowing husband and the cherished friends recall that the last words of Mrs. James were :

"I AM READY!"

The dear friends gathered in that room had little thought that the death-angel was in their midst, so silently, so quickly, had his work been done. Yet there is the memory of an earnest gaze, as though the spirit, refined by grace, and passing from earth, had recognized the heavenly messenger, and those last words were in response to the call of a voice unheard by those about her.

Beautiful close of a beautiful life!

Upon the casket prepared for the precious remains was a plate bearing the words :

"TRANSLATED OCTOBER 4, 1883."

Since he who, in the long ago, "walked with God," and "was not, for God took him," there have been few removals from earth so like a translation. One moment the spirit was communing with saintly ones on earth, the next was with the glorified around the throne of God.

To the New England home the telegraph flashed the words, "Your precious mother is with Jesus." The next day the son and his wife were in the hospitable home in New York. There was the father and the precious form of the mother, but for the first time the kiss upon the cheek called forth no response.

All that the most thoughtful kindness could suggest was done for the stricken family, and with the memories

of their bereavement will always be interwoven those of such Christian courtesy as can never be repaid.

On the Sabbath a company assembled in the parlors at 316 East Fifteenth Street, New York, and the pastor of Mrs. Palmer, the Rev. J. R. Day, D.D., conducted impressive and appropriate services, in which the Rev. Dr. Lowrey, the Rev. G. Hughes, and others took part.

On Monday all that remained of the dear one was tenderly borne to her native city, Trenton, N. J., and to the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church, with which she had been connected for nearly a score of years. The house of worship was well filled with sincere mourners, yet all were impressed with the absence of the sadness generally so marked a feature of funerals. The prevailing feeling was that produced by the thought of the triumph of the departed one in life and in death. A report of the services alludes to the symbols of "a flower-wreathed harp and sheaf of wheat on the casket containing her remains as most expressive of her poetic genius and ripened religious character." Beautifully appropriate were the exercises in which the Rev. Messrs. J. Y. Dobbins, R. J. Andrews, J. L. Sooy, J. S. Porter, D.D., and Andrew Longacre, D.D., participated. Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., delivered a discourse, the substance of which will be found in another chapter. The Rev. George Hughes described the last hours, and paid a touching tribute to the memory of her with whom his own spiritual life and work had been so long and so intimately associated.

It was not the gaze of idle curiosity, but the tender look of those who feel that they have lost a friend, which the large company gave at the face, beautiful in death. With tear-filled eyes one after another turned

away, but not to forget her whose features and whose words were photographed upon so many hearts.

In the Mercer Cemetery at Trenton, among her kindred, the tenantless form was laid to rest. Upon a granite monument, with her name and the figures 1810-1883, is the simple statement :

HER LIFE WAS

“ALL FOR JESUS.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### REMEMBERED.

“THE righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance” is an inspired declaration which may be understood as indicating a duty to keep green the memory of God’s saints, and suggesting the indestructible nature of their influence. A right life so impresses other lives as to become a part of them. It may be a fitting close of this volume to introduce some expressions that show how the life we have been contemplating impressed persons whom it touched.

The first place is due to the Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., once the pastor and for many years the highly esteemed friend of Mrs. James, who, at her request, delivered the discourse at her funeral. The following report was given in the *Ocean Grove Record*:

#### A JOYFUL HOME JOURNEY.

*Funeral Sermon of Mrs. Mary D. James, preached in the State Street M. E. Church, Trenton, October 8, 1883, by Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.*

Just forty years ago, Mrs. Mary D. James, in the town of Mount Holly, N. J., dangerously ill and expecting to die, said to her pastor, Rev. J. K. Shaw, “I want you to preach my funeral sermon from the text, ‘The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion,’” etc.,

Isa. xxxv: 10. This was said in the evening, and just before the hour for holding the weekly prayer-meeting. The pastor's heart was burdened. He felt that the death of Sister James at that time would be a loss which the church could not bear. He was a man of commanding faith, he believed in God's Word. He did not cavil, question, or criticise. It was enough for him that it was said: "The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." He went to the prayer-meeting, told the people of the condition of Sister James. "She thinks," said Brother Shaw, "that she is going to leave us, but the church can't spare her yet; let us pray!" The whole congregation fell upon their knees. The pastor prayed with vehemence and wonderful power. All the people took hold of God,

"And wrestling, would not let Him go."

The burden of the cry was: "Spare Sister James to the church and to her family a little longer." The prayer was heard, and that very hour Sister James declared, "A change took place; I began to recover and soon got well." Twenty-five years ago last Friday (October 5, 1858) Brother Shaw himself died, leaving Sister James still active in her Master's work.

Three years ago I received a long letter from her, narrating the above facts, and in view of her great feebleness of body and prospect of very soon passing over to be forever with the Lord, asking me to preach her funeral sermon from the same text named to Brother Shaw: "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion," etc. "My funeral will be in Trenton," she continued; "that is our burial-place, and you will probably not be too far from there for a summons to reach



you in time." After stating two or three reasons why she desired me to perform this work, she closed with this request: "Please do not exalt me, but exalt the dear Savior, who has done so much for me. I am of no account; let Christ be all in all. This is the reason why I wish a sermon preached—to glorify Him who ransomed me; who hath loved me and washed me in His own blood. Unto Him be glory, now and forever, Amen." These statements set the whole question clearly before you and the reasons why this text is selected.

It is a beautiful passage of Scripture, one upon which the eye of the church has for ages rested with peculiar joy. It is like a torch in the cavern of despair. It is the morning-star on the starry brow of Night. It is the voice of hope to the soul's sadness—nay, more, it is a sun, flashing out great billows of light on shoreless oceans of darkness, flooding all things with joy and gladness. It is the blue-bird's trill in springtime, assuring us that the winter is past and that the summer and flowers and fruits are just at hand. Beautiful book of Isaiah, and this thirty-fifth chapter is the Kohinoor diamond of the book, and this tenth or last verse is the chapter's center jewel. No doubt this departed saint read it a thousand times in life. It would naturally attract her poetic and sensitive nature, and having read it so often in life, she desired that in death it might be caroled as her latest song. We, therefore, only do her bidding when we say again in your hearing: "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Zion, to the captive Jews, away off in idolatrous Babylon, bound and enslaved, was the type of everything

beautiful and good. Hence, when they came back and, after years of captivity and bondage, from the summit of Mount Olivet saw for the first time the holy city of God, they cried out, almost delirious with joy: "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." It was to them "Home, home, sweet home." So, in the text, Zion means home, heaven; blessed, glorious, eternal heaven.

"Come to Zion with songs!" Going home to heaven with songs! Joy in the soul and joy expressed in songs by tongue and lips. Everlasting joy upon their heads! Joy shall enwrap them; joy shall crown them; joy shall flash out from them like dazzling rays of splendor from a diadem filled with precious stones, glittering in the sun. They shall obtain, they shall get more joy and gladness as they get nearer home, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. The older they get, and the nearer heaven they get, the more joy and the less sorrow! Why? Sin, the cause of sorrow, is taken out, and purity, the cause of joy, takes its place. I used to think old age was joyless. I have changed my view, and now, with increasing years, more experience, and wider observation, say, Christian! old age is sorrowless! Come to Zion with songs.

Redeemed captives return home glad. They sing for joy. The nearer home, the more joyful they are and the more they sing. They shall obtain, get more joy; it shall fill their souls, shine in their faces, and crown their heads; it is everlasting, the same by day, the same by night, the same in toil and care, in suffering and bereavement. It does not pass away like the morning cloud and early dew. No; it stays. It is everlasting. "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

A Holy-Ghost Christian does not complain, but sings. Will you please take particular notice, it is everlasting joy. Some will say this everlasting joy is to be in heaven. No, no, we are not to wait till then; it is everlasting joy on the way to heaven. "They shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Flee is a word which denotes swiftness. How sorrow flees before some blessed promise of the divine Word; flees quickly, as distance before the locomotive; as shores melt away at the stern of the out-going steamer; as light before the rising sun flees, and holy joy comes in its place.

"Quick as their thought their joys come on,  
But fly not half so swift away,  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be."

"Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in the day of salvation have I helped thee: that thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves. They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them. I will make all my mountains a way, and my highway shall be exalted. Sing, O heaven, and be joyful, O earth; break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting Light, and thy God, thy Glory. Thy Sun [which is the eternal God] shall no more go down; neither shall thy Moon [which is the eternal Son] withdraw itself: for the

Lord shall be thine everlasting Light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.”

Mary D. James lived in just such an atmosphere, crowned with just such glory. She continually ascended, and as she went up, drawn by the increasing attractions of her Lord, blessed by His eternal Spirit, she saw all the mountains filled with horses and chariots of fire round about her.

Not that her human pathway was thornless ; far from it.

“ What mighty troubles thou hast shown  
 Thy feeble, tempted followers here ;  
 We have through fire and water gone,  
 But saw Thee on the floods appear,  
 And felt Thee present in the flame,  
 And shouted our Deliverer’s name.”

So that her feet, shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, walked their thorny ways in joyful triumph. Such was our sister’s life—a joyful home-going on to the end.

*She was a joyful Christian child.* Born August 7, 1810, in the city of Trenton, N. J., delicate, sensitive, spiritual, even by nature, she became a joyful partaker of the grace of God, and was clearly and fully conscious of her sins forgiven in old Bethesda, corner of Greene and Academy Streets, in her native city, when only a little past ten years old. She was indeed a converted child ! Then the church had but little faith in converted childhood. But they sung over her, and she sang with them :

“ My God is reconciled,  
 His pardoning voice I hear,  
 He owns me for his child,  
 I can no longer fear.  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.”

It is a great thing to start well, and she started joyfully on her long Christian pilgrimage of sixty-three years, and came home to Zion with songs, and, through the grace of God, with everlasting joy upon her head.

*She was a joyful Christian woman.* I mention this to show that her joy was not simply the exuberance of youth or the outgrowth of poetic fancy, but rather the result of deep communion with God. It is easy to rejoice or to be joyful when the sun shines and all around is pleasant, but to be triumphantly calm when the sky is black and the tempest howls around us requires the help of Omnipotence and Abrahamic faith. She had it.

“When passing through the watery deep,  
I asked in faith His promised aid;  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head;  
Fearless their violence I dare,  
They cannot harm, for God is there.”

This faith made her joyful in the darkest hours, so that she says, in her letter to me, “There has never been a moment of suffering but His glorious presence has so comforted me that the flames did not kindle upon me, and I came out of the ordeal not only unharmed but exultingly happy, praising my Deliverer not only for bringing me out of the fire but for placing me in the furnace, that His abounding grace might thus be shown, so that others might be encouraged to trust in the covert of His wings. How I do thank Him that He has enabled me to come as one of the ‘ransomed of the Lord’ thus far on the way to Mount Zion, with songs of rejoicing, and now I am so near the end that I feel quite sure I shall reach the Mount still singing, with everlasting joy upon my head.” Thus her own testimony shows, and all you

that hear me this day know full well that this testimony is true, that she was a joyful Christian woman.

*But she was a joyful Christian laborer.* Christian duty to her was always a privilege, never a task. She never went to her work like a schoolboy whipped to his lessons, but with light, elastic step, her face wreathed with smiles—and such smiles—with a song in her heart while her lips exclaimed, “I delight to do Thy will, O God!” What a tireless laborer she was! She wearied in the work, but never of it.

Forty years were added to her life after Brother Shaw and the Mount Holly people had prayed her back to the world, and she says, in the letter referred to: “Thanks be to His dear name who has thus kindly lengthened out my days and enabled me to do a little more work for Him, so that each day, at its close, I have been permitted to say:

“ ‘ One more day’s work for Jesus,  
 One less of life to me;  
 But heaven is nearer,  
 And Christ is dearer  
 Than yesterday to me.  
 His love and light  
 Fill all my soul to-night.’

“I hope,” she continued, “when the last shall come, I shall

“ ‘ My labors with my life lay down,  
 And cease at once to work and live.’

“How sweet this will be,” she said, “if thus my Father wills;” and how beautifully this patient and submissive prayer was answered we shall see.

“When I used to see my dear brother Edmund,” she continues, “working beyond his strength, I used to say

to him, 'You are shortening your life by overtaxing your feeble frame,' and he would say, 'Why, sister, you know that "man is immortal till his work is done."' 'So,' said she, "I am really inclined to think. It may be, too, the Lord has something for me to do, if so, he can

" ' Prop the house of clay  
And lengthen out my day.'

Then with all my heart I say, 'Thy will be done.' It was a constant prayer from my conversion that God would guide me in every step of my way, that He would choose all my changes for me, and I dare not doubt He has answered that prayer. If I have made mistakes, He has overruled them for good, and I have no doubt that, through the atoning blood, which I every moment need, and every moment have, I shall reach the celestial city, and when I shall arrive there I shall say, 'Surely He hath brought me by the right way to a city of habitation.' My only trust is in that precious, all-cleansing blood. My heart has always said and felt,

" 'I nothing have, I nothing am,  
My glory is the bleeding Lamb.'"

In her labors she forgot self, went out of self, and joyfully toiled for those around her; and if in these toils she was instrumental in leading a soul to Jesus, her songs in the house of her pilgrimage became all the more heartfelt and enthusiastic.

*She was a joyful writer.* The church, around the globe, is to-day full of her joyful songs. Thousands, ay, hundreds of thousands, millions, perhaps, who never saw her face or heard her voice, will sing her songs for hundreds of years to come. Blessed be God for such

joyful hymnologists! How many hearts those hymns have comforted, inspired, led up and on the highways of immortality, will not be known until the history of the earth is unfolded in the light of the eternal day. She wrote for newspapers and magazines articles by the hundred, if not by the thousand. She was the author, too, of a number of very precious books, the names of all which I cannot here enumerate, but prominent are *The Shining Path*; or, *Life of Mother Munroe, of Boston*, and *The Soul Winner*, the life of her sainted brother Edmund, just published. Her brain, always active, kept her pen constantly at work, and the good she did is beyond our estimate. We have wondered a thousand times as we have looked at the frail body, often prostrated by disease, how she did do so much. It was the grace of God in her that enabled her to do it.

Converted to God in childhood, she felt the liveliest interest in children. She talked for them and was instrumental in leading many of them into the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd. And thus she went, from year to year, for more than threescore, on her happy way, singing as she came to Zion, with everlasting joy upon her head.

*She was a joyful observer of nature.* "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." She was pure, and she saw God in everything. The Christian enjoys nature above all others because nature is the handiwork of his Father. How she enjoyed the sky, sea, earth, flowers, birds, everything. Speaking of the home of her son, where she was always a welcome visitor, she says: "The parsonage is very pleasant; my room sunny and cheerful; the windows commanding lovely views of the grand hills and beautiful mansions, with surrounding lawns still green as in summer. I came here just in time



to see autumn's charming beauties ere the trees had dropped their variegated display. It is a scene of surpassing grandeur. A miniature Niagara is within five minutes' walk and magnificent views of picturesque loveliness abound. Thanks to our gracious God who giveth us all things richly to enjoy;" and how she enjoyed, with the sweet love of God in her heart, all things richly.

After some other kind words she closes her blessed letter thus, a close which so encouraged me then, and still more so now: "Dear Ocean Grove, next to heaven to me, I may not again mingle with the worshipers there in person, *but I surely shall in spirit*. I shall be hovering around there if disembodied, and though with other celestial visitants, unperceived amid the throng, shall sometimes fan you with my spirit wings and whisper to your heart when weary: 'Look up, brother! think of the bright beyond and the glorious recompense of reward.'" "

In connection with these endearing words concerning Ocean Grove, which to me were so sweet that I could not refrain from their mention here, I am permitted to say that her work at that place, like that of the sainted Dr. Palmer, at whose house in the city of New York she died, is in value beyond all computation. In this work she was incessant, early and late, year in and year out, always peaceful, always happy, always triumphant, though always having cause of sorrow if she had inclined to be sorrowful, but the grace of God in her enabled her to work and sing away her sorrow into everlasting joy.

*She was joyful in prospect of and even in death itself.* In a postal-card addressed to her son only last Monday she said: "I am not feeling very well, but I am in good hands, and shall soon be better." Through blinding tears

this dear family and all of us can say, the glorious "better" has forever come. To her everything here was good; heaven eternally *better*. How much better, earth has no words to tell. If I understood the language of heaven I would tell you, but I do not, and therefore we must wait to know. If she could tell us she would, but if she did, with our poor dull ears of earth and finite comprehensions, we could not understand. We must wait, wait. "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

Mrs. Dr. Palmer had invited Sister James, with Brother Hughes and his wife, to spend a little time with her in her lovely New York home. The days were gliding sweetly by. Last Tuesday a week she had a fall near the ferry; she probably injured herself more than was thought. Still she kept up and was cheerful, thinking all would soon be well. Last Wednesday night she was uncomfortable and suffered much, but said the passage, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," was very precious to her all through the night. In the morning early, Brother Hughes went for the physician. He prescribed for her, but while he was there she complained of coldness in the extremities. Efforts were made to produce warmth, but in the midst of it, suddenly, while sitting in her chair, her head dropped on one side, and she was gone! The eternal better had come! Not as she or any one else supposed, but as God saw was best. The last work she did was to assist Brother Hughes in getting up a Bible Holiness Chart, or Wall-Roll, and composed a verse or two of poetry for each day, to suit the subject. Thus was the ruling passion strong in death.

She taught the great doctrine of Christian holiness, not offensively, but kindly, tenderly, Christianly; professed it,

enjoyed it, lived it, and died in its blessed possession. None doubted that Mary James was holy. A lovely, pure, Christlike, and saintly woman, who has lived with us for so many years, has gone home to live with God. She who walked sixty-three years with Jesus here shall walk with him forever in heaven. She came to Zion with songs, and sorrow and sighing forever fled away. The beloved Mary James has met her Mary, our Mary, your Mary, more than all, Jesus, on the other shore.

Here is a sad and desolate husband. Courage, brother, take a new hold of divinity to-day, and you will soon meet her, forever free from all things that embarrassed you here. There, too, is a daughter, fragile as her mother. O Annie, take a fresh hold of mother's God to-day, and he will carry you through as the ransomed of the Lord. You, too, shall return and come to Zion with songs, even in your sorrow. Here, too, is a son she so dearly loved and of whom she was justly proud, of whose wife the mother-in-law said, "no daughter could be kinder," and their children, who so dearly loved grandmother, whom they shall see no more here—courage, all of you, sing on your pilgrim way until you meet your wife, mother, grandmother, aunt, who sings eternally in heaven. "For the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Learn from this whole subject that the grace of God in the human heart produces joy on earth and leads to joys immortal beyond the grave. May you and I possess that grace in its fullness, so that we may be as happy and as useful as our translated friend. Amen.

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On the funeral occasion, the Rev. George Hughes delivered an address in regard to the work of Mrs. James, and especially her later days. This was delivered without notes and cannot be reproduced. No one was in a position to better understand the character or work of Mrs. James than Mr. Hughes. Their Christian friendship extended through many years. They were associated in work for the Master in such a way as caused their hearts to be closely united in Him. He has kindly prepared the following for these pages :

TRIBUTE OF REV. GEORGE HUGHES.

It is under the promptings of a loving heart that the writer presents this grateful tribute to the memory of the beloved one whose life-work is so beautifully portrayed in this volume.

Mrs. Mary D. James was one of his dearest earthly friends. In form and in disposition she strikingly resembled his precious sainted mother. For this, as well as for other reasons to be hereafter stated, he was drawn toward her peculiarly, by the strong cords of Christian love.

His acquaintance with her commenced about thirty-five years ago, when he was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mount Holly, N. J. In entering upon his work she at once gave him a hearty welcome to her home, and it was his privilege, during the two years of his ministry, constantly to share her generous hospitalities.

The Christian friendship then formed has been strengthened by the roll of years. He has, therefore, enjoyed the priceless advantage of her pure example, excellent counsel, and effectual prayers. Indeed, she has sustained

to him such precious relations as to be more like a mother than a sister in Christ. She has followed him in all the vicissitudes of his earthly life with maternal tenderness and love. In consequence of this he has been crowned with benedictions of which he has been altogether unworthy, but which will add to the luster of her crown throughout the ages of eternity. It gives him, therefore, joy inexpressible to occupy the space allotted to him in these pages to acknowledge his indebtedness to the dear one who is now so brightly filling her immortal sphere.

In seasons of perplexity she was ever ready to give him good counsel; in the deep sorrows which at times came upon him "like a wide breaking in of waters," she was full of tender sympathy; in severe conflicts (and he has had such conflicts, when the pressure was terrible) her inspiring words nerved him for the battle, and her loving hands were ready to entwine the laurels around his brow as he came forth from the field with the shout of a conqueror. She knew how "to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep." Her life was full of practical illustrations of that beautiful Scripture.

During the pastorate in Mount Holly, referred to, Mrs. James gave her pastor her warmest co-operation in every effort which he put forth to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. There was, however, one drawback to these pleasant relations, which gave that pure and gentle heart continual sorrow. Her pastor was not entirely sanctified, nor was he favorably inclined toward "special meetings" for its promotion. There was a little gathering of the devoted ones held each Saturday evening, at which Sister James was a happy attendant. But the minister in charge always had what he esteemed a sufficient reason

for his absence—he was too busy on Saturday evening with his pulpit preparations. God was, however, an observant of the many tears shed by that holy woman in her closet, and His ear was attent to her earnest pleadings for her minister.

The remembrance of his course of action at that time is very painful to him now. But, amid it all, his cherished friend dealt kindly with him. She never pressed the subject upon him improperly; whenever it was introduced it was with such humility and gentleness as to strike tender chords in his heart. Her spirit and life constituted an unanswerable argument in favor of the doctrine and experience. And, however much he might be inclined to criticise other professors of this grace, in the presence of Sister James criticism was disarmed. It is one of the mysteries which he is not able to solve, why he was not then and there led into his New Testament privilege. Unhappily for him, not for long years after did he grasp the heavenly prize. And when the goal was reached, none rejoiced more than dear Sister James. In a letter to her son she poured out her heart in expressions of thanksgiving to the Lord.

While revival services were being conducted in Mount Holly the following remarkable incident transpired. It was Saturday evening, and a very interesting meeting had been held. The writer was, however, very much pressed in spirit in anticipation of the Sabbath services. He had been all the week in quest of a subject for the morning, and he had made his preparation, but it was not satisfactory. As he was retiring from the church, in going down the aisle he met Sister James. She greeted him with her sweet smile and encouraging words. While conversing she said, with her usual modesty: "There

was a passage of Scripture on her mind which she would like to hear him preach on sometime." He inquired what it was, and she replied: "It is this, '*Who is on the Lord's side?*'" On the mention of the passage a voice seemed to say: "*That is the very text you need for to-morrow morning!*" The Church was not working as earnestly as could be desired, although sinners were being converted. He went home, retired to his study, spent some hours in meditation and prayer, made a sketch of a sermon, and went to rest about one o'clock.

On Sabbath morning he entered the sanctuary with a solemn weight of responsibility resting upon him. His feelings were peculiar. As he reached the pulpit he saw Sister James occupying her accustomed seat in the gallery with the choir. At times her eyes were closed as if in prayer; doubtless she was praying for her pastor. While conducting the opening services strange emotions seemed to be struggling for the mastery, and it was with difficulty that he could proceed. On rising to announce his text he stated to the congregation that he did not know that he would be able to preach, and asked a special interest in their prayers. The text was announced: "*Who is on the Lord's side?*" The subject, from the first utterance, opened to him with such clearness, his mouth was so filled with arguments and such a Divine unction rested upon him, that the truth fastened upon the congregation. At the close of the sermon he appealed for an immediate response, asking all who were determined to be on the Lord's side, from that time henceforth and forever, to stand upon their feet. The people sprang to their feet on the lower floor and in the galleries. Then they were called to kneel in prayer, one or two of the brethren leading, asking for a special in-

duement for the Lord's service, and the power of the Highest overshadowed the assembly. That was a memorable hour; from that time the work of revival moved forward with increased interest. The preacher has never used the text since; he never could see anything in it. It was given for that occasion, did its work effectually, and God honored the beloved one who suggested it. It is a matter of special interest to remember that in the company of those who arose that morning was a youth about fourteen. He was at the altar that night among the seekers, and was happily converted. He has risen to eminence in the church, is a man of extensive learning, and is honored by being president of a prominent State university.

Following that remarkable Sabbath was another beautiful incident which is worthy of record. One evening the people were in a jubilant frame, praising the Lord with joyful lips, as they were gathered in groups at the close of the service. Sister James was in the midst of them, joining in the songs, her face shining with unwonted radiance. At length, under some overpowering heavenly vision, made to the view of her faith, she bounded up and down so gracefully that she hardly touched the floor. No one had ever seen her before in such ecstatic movements; it did not accord with her gentle nature. But who that witnessed that scene could ever forget her countenance; truly might every one say: "*They had seen the face of an angel!*"

Mrs. James was accustomed to visit the writer in charges which he filled after leaving Mount Holly. Those visits were highly prized, and were made a great blessing both to children and adults. She had rare gifts in ministering to the "*little people*;" once having seen



her, and listened to her sweet words, they never forgot her.

She made one of those kindly visits while the writer was pastor of St. Paul's, Jersey City. At that time he was a free user of tobacco—a smoker. The tender heart of his loving friend was grieved. She prayed much about it, and had many conversations with his dear companion. She felt that he was doing himself irreparable injury. At length those two congenial spirits agreed to take the matter to the Lord and hold Him to His promise: “That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.” Their dear Heavenly Father was put to the test and His Word was magnified. The writer had been engaged in special services continuing *four months*. At the close he was thoroughly exhausted, and went to his bed with a fever preying upon him. For weeks he was confined to his room. On recovering he arose from his couch with a *strong aversion* to tobacco; it was utterly repulsive to him. He could not account for it, but he held on his way, *the appetite was gone*, and he has never touched the unclean thing unto this day. Prayer was answered, as he learned subsequently. That precious Sister James was made the instrument, undoubtedly, of saving his life, for he would surely have broken down long ago if he had not been emancipated. To God be everlasting praise!

And now, starting out with a heart glowing with love, gathering inspiration as he has proceeded, the pen of the writer has carried him beyond the space which he might reasonably be allowed to occupy. And lo, he has hardly touched the pleasing theme! But he must pause. What

is the conclusion of this whole matter—the estimate which a calm review of this life of true devotion suggests, after these years of holy fellowship and deliberate survey ?

In brief, it is this: As to *character*, in the course of forty years' ministry he has met with none who more fully possessed the mind of Christ than Mrs. Mary D. James. The love, humility, meekness, patience, gentleness, and compassion of Jesus were lustrously blended in her character.

As to *life*, it was pre-eminently Christly. In all the mutations of time, amid sorrow, conflict, and provocation, Christly, ever Christly, to the latest hour Christly. To her, emphatically, "to live was Christ." Her thoughts were Christly, her will was Christly, all her aspirations were Christly; her affections were concentrated upon Christ as "the Chiefest among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely!" Her tongue was ever busy in telling of the loveliness of Christ, her songs were all of Christ, the sweet lyre which she held in her pure hands was ever attuned to the praise of Christ. In a word, her life from the bright morn of consecrated childhood unto the quiet eve of advanced age and of ripe Christian development, was a continuous and effulgent comment upon the beautiful motto which she had adopted: "ALL FOR JESUS!"

A word about the triumph hour, the hour of translation to the palace of angels and God. It will, to the close of his earthly life, be a sweet memory that the writer and his dear companion were privileged to spend the last days of Mrs. James on earth with her, under the kindly roof of their mutual and beloved friend, Mrs. S. A. Lankford Palmer. What days of hallowed fellowship they were! What sweet converse at the family altar

and in the Tuesday meeting! With what profound satisfaction did he witness her tireless work for Jesus, while, from day to day, she was busy preparing the Wall-Roll, her last service for Jesus on earth. And when he suggested that she was overtasking herself, her face lighted up with smiles and she sweetly said: "O no; it is delightful; if this is my last work on earth I shall rejoice, especially, *that it was for the cause of Christian holiness!*" Very soon after these precious utterances came the Father's welcome, "*Child, come home!*" The glad response was made, rapturously made, "*I am ready,*" and lo, in an instant she was gone!

Jesus has fulfilled His gracious word: "*He giveth His beloved sleep*"—a word of wide significance; sleep in life to refresh and invigorate; sleep at its quiet close, as a preparation for an immortal awaking. That word hung as an illuminated motto over the couch upon which this beloved of the Lord had often reclined and enjoyed quiet slumbers. Now she proves its richer significance. She sleeps, sleeps well, sleeps beautifully; sleeps in Jesus as she lived in Him. That is, her frail, delicate, physical organism sleeps; her spirit is wider awake now than ever, glorified before the throne. For over three years now, this glorified one has been saying, O with such rapture, "*My cup runneth over!*" By and by the voice of the Redeemer will be heard, saying: "*I go to awake my beloved out of sleep!*"

On her casket, the day her earthly remains were borne to their resting-place, there was a floral tribute, "The Broken Harp," fit emblem of the passing hour. The sweet melodies flowing from that well-attuned harp no longer salute mortal ears. Now she is among the celestial harpers, holding in her hands an instrument that

shall never be broken, discoursing more than seraphic music, in celebration of Jesus and His love.

Roll on, then, ye tides of time! Heaven be pleased to confer upon us who survive the grace needed to enable us to finish our course with joy and bring us at length to a blissful reunion with the loved one who has gone before. And to the triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, shall be everlasting praise.

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For many years Mrs. James was delightfully associated in Christian work with a lady whose words will be read with interest.

#### TRIBUTE OF MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

Mrs. James was possessed of a symmetrical Christian character, such as comes only from early piety and long-continued and uninterrupted communion with God. Those who knew her best could truly say that "she had been with Jesus and learned of him."

Her spiritual sensibilities were very acute. She was quick to detect false doctrines and visionary and unscriptural theories. Being familiar with the Scriptures from her youth, she did not hesitate to put every new theory or singular experience to the test. Everything must have scriptural warrant to pass current with her. If false teachings were presented, she arrested thought at once with such rare, sweet charity, that no offense could be taken, although the false theories were exposed and the truth made manifest. She was for years the balance-wheel in meetings for the promotion of Scriptural holiness, held at Boston, Ocean Grove, and elsewhere, and not the least of the many services rendered

the church by this eminently pious woman was that of holding a high standard of pure, true gospel teaching, and insisting that the daily life should correspond with the profession of faith.

But, more than anything else, she was an angel of mercy. She went forth to herald the glad tidings of salvation with a constancy and zeal that never flagged. The words of life were continually on her lips. Her whole being seemed wide awake to every opportunity to present the truth or to do good. She was always ready, "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Sometimes it was a word fitly spoken, in her tender, pleading tones, from the car-window as she hastily greeted a godless friend, that sent that friend to her home to weep and pray and seek salvation. Sometimes it was a gentle reproof, given in such pathetic tones of grief that the blasphemer stood confounded before her, with scarcely strength to ask her forgiveness and her prayers. She was never taken unawares; she was always ready, night or day, to admonish, comfort, or lift her voice in prayer.

In dealing with souls she had the wisdom that cometh from above; the spiritual discernment that enabled her to find the difficulties in the way and clear the path to God.

Multitudes were brought to Christ through her earnest words and shining example. Among the white-robed throng who walk the streets of gold there are thousands to greet her as the messenger of mercy who helped them to find Christ and heaven.

Mrs. James possessed that rarest of all gifts, *power with children*. She understood their needs and they understood and loved her. Like her blessed Lord, she gathered the children about her and "took them in her arms and blessed them" by teaching them the way to

Christ. Brought to the knowledge of the truth when but a little child herself, her whole heart went out in earnest longing to bring every little child to the Savior's loving arms. Hundreds were brought to Christ through her instrumentality, who are now engaged in church and missionary work.

Her feet were planted on the Rock; her Christian experience was deep and abiding; her faith was steadfast, immovable. She walked out upon God's promises with unshrinking feet and with trusting heart. Joy in the Lord was written all over her face, and from the warm, rich experiences of her heart she sang the praises of her God in such sweet and graceful numbers that the church and Sunday-school, taking up the strain, have gone on singing the words she wrote, and will go on repeating them while there are redeemed souls on earth to sing praises to God.

Delicate and refined in person and manners, her face was made still more beautiful by the lines that grace had traced and chiseled out during the long years that she, like "Enoch, walked with God." So that when at last she stood among the shining throng, and the white light of a Savior's presence beamed upon her, His image was already there, to reflect the glory of her divine Lord. Methinks that she will be so little changed that those who knew her on the earth, who shall be privileged to join that shining throng, will recognize her in heaven.

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Since the chapter of this volume entitled "At Camp-meeting" was put in type, the following paper, prepared for and read at the Memorial Service at Ocean Grove in 1884, has been received, and is with pleasure

placed among the expressions of appreciation of Mrs. James.

## TRIBUTE OF MRS. KENNARD CHANDLER.

Her going was so beautiful. The night, with its darkness, had passed away. Aurora had touched, with rosy fingers, the portals of the dawn, and the glad light had softly wakened the landscape, and crept over "the murmuring sea, where the mariner, watching his compass, was steering his bark for home," when the messenger angel touched her softly, saying: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." In that wonder hour of vision, as she recognized her angelic escort, with lifted, shining face, and outreaching hand, in glad, clear tones she responded: "I am ready." Passing city wall of jasper, through a great pearl which swung back on glittering hinge, she entered that city so shining and fair.

To Mr. Hughes the church is indebted for the Wall-Roll upon which she was engaged at the time of her death. Its posthumous publication is a splendid monument to its author; upon its enduring pages are engraven her full completeness, her highest development. Her "star blazes brightest at her tomb," throwing its radiant beams upon the walls of hundreds of homes, and with shining gleam of hope illumining the darkness of many weary, aching hearts.

Never did her rare gift of authorship shine with brighter luster than at the close of her beautiful earth life. Her manuscript, with its last almost inspired lines, lies unfinished here, but dipping her immortal pen in the violet hue of the purpling flood which crimsoned Calvary she writes and sings forever: "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and

hath made us kings and priests, unto Him be glory forever and ever."

One golden evening, six years ago, sitting at the sunset hour in a tent at Ocean Grove, there came into it a little woman, having the sweetest face I thought I had ever seen. "Who is that lady?" I inquired of my sister. She whispered back to me: "That is Mrs. James; she has written *Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus.*"

The meeting went on, but I studied that quiet face, her eyes like mirrors, reflecting the peaceful sky of soul, so that it needed no voice to tell me there was before us, even in our midst, a half-century verification of the Christ gift: "My peace I give unto you: My peace I leave with you. Let not your heart be troubled."

It was shortly after my privilege to meet her personally, and I was honored with her friendship and confidence till the hour of her translation. One could not converse with her without being impressed with the beautiful harmony of her character, the intimate union of the good and beautiful, and comprehending, in some measure, the depth of her consecration. She lived constantly "in union with the Purest One," and its results were voiced in her soul-breathed hymn, "O blessed fellowship divine." She had rare power to win others to Christ.

One Sabbath evening we went together to a little country church, where for years there had been no outward manifestation of the working of the Spirit, and whose pastor was discouraged at the lack of revival indications. As, in her simple, womanly grace, she stood before those people, and in true eloquence, born of passionate desire, pleaded with them to be reconciled to God, by giving their hearts to the Savior, the Spirit began to



move upon yielding hearts, and to the surprise of the pastor himself, several persons presented themselves at the altar as penitents, and that night was the beginning of a gracious revival.

She was not exempt from trial. Many times has she come to me, in an hour of trial, speaking of it with trembling voice but always with brightening eye and shining face, ending by saying, in her sweet voice, "But I have told Jesus all about it, and I know He will help me now just as He always has in the past." She possessed, in a most marked degree, a sympathy with other people in sorrow or trial of any kind, and she believed for them just as simply as she trusted for herself.

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If these estimates of the life so imperfectly portrayed in this book are not greatly exaggerated, its light shone with a brilliancy comparable to that of the electric light.

Not alone by its brightness does the electric light illustrate Christian influence. Its radiance is borrowed, not inherent. It shines from a piece of carbon—wood, the old life of which has been burned out. It is seen only while the carbon is connected with a distant battery. The tiniest "incandescent" receives its brightness from the same source as the largest "arc" burner, and may serve its purpose as well.

So the Christian's light is all divine. It is bright in proportion as the old self-life is burned out by "refining fire." It shines only while the soul abides in Christ and manifests His life in loving service. The humblest child of God may be as important in the great plan of illuminating the world as one in an exalted position. The place of each is divinely assigned with the imperative

command : " Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven."

For three years there has been upon the writer of this volume a weight of responsibility. His mother's papers were a sacred trust. Upon every page she had sought the light divine. Fervently has the son prayed that the new setting might not dim the light, but cause it to shine on to the glory of Him who gave it.

This paragraph will end the work of the writer, and the book with all its defects must be committed to God. If the writing has involved responsibility is there none connected with the reading? One might read the life-story of a hero of earth much as he would the description of a marvel of nature, with little thought beyond that of its strangeness. The record of a life made sublime and useful by God's grace shows what that grace will do for others. Dear reader, if these pages have thrown light upon Christian privilege or duty, your privilege and your duty, are you not under fresh obligations to walk in that light?

# LINES

ON THE

## DEATH OF MARY P. JAMES,

Who passed away to the Better Land, December 18, 1867,  
aged 24 years, 5 months and 4 days.

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As the sweet lily bends to the tempest,  
As the tender lamb yields to the knife,—  
So meekly, so gently, our Mary  
Resigned, in youth's morning, her life.  
So patient, so calm in her sufferings,  
No murmuring word did we hear:  
But, smiling, when others were weeping—  
Her eyes were undimmed by a tear.

When soothed by her own tender mother,  
She said,—“precious words came to me”  
*“As one whom his mother doth comfort  
Even so will I comfort thee.”*  
And does Jesus comfort you, Mary?  
And can you on His promise rest?  
“Yes, mother;” and, like a dove nestling,  
She hid her dear head in His breast.

“Now sing me that hymn—‘ROCK OF AGES’—  
 The ‘ROCK’ that was once cleft for me—  
 Those sweet words—*I always so loved them*—  
 Now seem even sweeter to be.”

She joined in those pure, sacred stanzas,—  
 We sang with emotion and tears,—  
 Her voice the sweetest and strongest !  
 She triumphed o’er sorrow and fears !

She had found, in the ROCK CLEFT FOR SINNERS,  
 A refuge most blessed and sure ;  
 And now, in the last dreaded conflict,  
 Her spirit in Christ was secure.  
 The dart of the cruel destroyer  
 Might sever the cord of her life,  
 But the spirit, so sheltered in Jesus,  
 Was all undismayed in the strife !

As she came to the brink of the river,  
 And felt its cold damps on her frame,—  
 She looked at its dark rolling billows,  
 Then called upon His blessed name  
 “ Who loved her and gave Himself for her,”—  
 Who ransomed her soul with His blood,—  
 And, quickly, His arms were extended  
 To carry her over the flood.

Then she said, with her eyes brightly beaming,  
 “ *Blessed Jesus, I’m willing to go !*”  
 And stepped into death’s chilling waters,  
 Nor feared the deep current below.

Amid the dark swellings of Jordan,  
 She looked on her loved ones once more—  
 A glance of her soul's pure affection,—  
 As, weeping, we stood on the shore.

“OH! WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT JESUS?”

She said as she leaned on his arm,  
 And felt Him so strong to deliver  
 Her spirit from death's dread alarm.  
 Then, smiling, she looked up to Heaven,  
 Its portals she saw open wide;  
 Its glories beamed brightly around her,  
 And shed their blest rays on the tide.

O, then, no more dark was the river!—  
 All gleaming with Heaven's own rays—  
 It shone with a radiant splendor,  
 That filled her glad spirit with praise.  
 How quickly she passed o'er the waters,  
 And stood on the blest shining shore—  
 At the gates of the Heavenly City  
 Where sorrow and pain are no more!

And now, at the bright pearly portals—  
 She paused on the threshold awhile,  
 And beckoned us over to join her,—  
 With her own, loving, angelic smile.\*

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\*An intimate friend of Mary, in a dream or vision, saw her standing at the entrance of the Celestial City, beckoning with her hand and smiling.

Oh! we cannot feel we have lost her,—  
She has only passed on before,—  
And soon we will have a re-union  
Where parting will be never more!

As we viewed the dear clay in its coffin—  
It seemed in a calm blessed sleep—  
So peaceful, so lovely, so holy,  
It seemed almost sinful to weep :—  
For we know she will wake in the morning,  
*Blest morning, when Jesus shall come!*  
And even more lovely than ever,  
Our Mary will rise from the tomb.

M. D. J.

TRENTON, N. J.









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